

2590-13

THE
MONTHLY
MAGAZINE;

OR,
BRITISH REGISTER:

INCLUDING

MISCELLANEOUS COMMUNICATIONS FROM
CORRESPONDENTS ON ALL SUBJECTS
OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.
BIOGRAPHY AND REMAINS OF EMINENT
PERSONS.
STEPHENSIANA.
COLLECTIONS FROM FOREIGN LITERA-
TURE.
ORIGINAL LETTERS, &c. IN THE BRITISH
MUSEUM.
POETRY.
ACCOUNT OF NEW PATENTS.
PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.
REVIEW OF THE NEW MUSIC.
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTEL-
LIGENCE.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS, WITH A CRITICAL
PRÆMIUM.
REGISTER OF THE PROGRESS OF BRITISH
LEGISLATION.
REPORT OF DISEASES IN LONDON.
REPORT OF CHEMISTRY, &c.
REPORT OF THE STATE OF COMMERCE.
LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS.
REPORT OF THE WEATHER.
REPORT OF AGRICULTURE, &c.
RETROSPECT OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.
MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c.
BIOGRAPHIANA.
DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES, CLASSED AND
ARRANGED IN THE GEOGRAPHICAL
ORDER OF THE COUNTIES.

VOL. LIII.

PART I. FOR 1822.

London :

PRINTED FOR SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS AND CO.,
BRIDE COURT, BRIDGE STREET ;

By whom Communications (Post-paid) are thankfully received.

[Price Fifteen Shillings, half-bound.]

Printed by J. and C. ADLARD, 23, Bartholomew Close.



THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 364.]

FEBRUARY 1, 1822.

[1 of Vol. 53.



BILTON HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF ADDISON.

At the pleasant village of Bilton, one mile and a half from Rugby, and two miles from Dunchurch, stands the irregular but spacious mansion, once the property and residence of ADDISON. He gave £10,000 for it and the adjacent manor, furnished it, and hung it with pictures, as a lure to the Countess of Warwick, to whom he was then paying his court. His only daughter, imbecile in her understanding, lived here till 1797, when she died in her 79th year. A long walk is still called Addison's walk, and the spacious gardens retain the fashion of the age of the "Spectator." The adjoining Parish Church, and other places in the vicinity, are consecrated by the habits and presence of the once illustrious-occupant.

For the Monthly Magazine.
ACCOUNT of a JOURNEY from CUCUTA
to CARACCAS, performed in the
months of August, September, and
October, 1821.

THE time occupied in the preparations indispensable for a long journey, made it nearly evening on the 17th August before we left Rosario; but having at length put every thing in readiness, and taken leave of a friend or two who accompanied us a short distance out of the town, we set forward seriously upon our march. Night however advanced rapidly upon us, and

MONTHLY MAG. No. 364.

obliged us to seek a lodging at a small house probably about two leagues from Capacho, at which latter place we arrived the following morning at an early hour. We found the temperature of Capacho, as before, very cool and agreeable, and partook of some potatoes grown in the neighbourhood. The chief object of our attention here was the Lancasterian school which the Padre Sebastian Mora, had, with infinite credit to himself, lately established. We found about twenty boys learning reading and writing, in both of which the greater part of them had made considerable

B

derable progress, and were able to spell and write, with accuracy, almost any word proposed to them. Padre Mora had learnt the Lancasterian system while a prisoner in Spain, and has rendered a most important service to his country by having set the first example of reducing to practice in Columbia this admirable method of diffusing instruction, and has proved the facility with which such establishments may be founded and regulated, by the success which has attended his institution in the small village of Capacho.

We left Capacho about eleven o'clock, and arrived at San Cristobal at five in the evening, where we were detained three days, from the difficulty of procuring mules for the continuation of our journey. San Cristobal has probably a population of about 3000 persons, and contains nothing particularly worthy of remark, unless it be the church, which is handsomely ornamented. The atmosphere is temperate. There is a market on Sundays, where such provisions, as are exposed for sale, are disposed of at moderate prices.

From San Cristobal to Tariba, was but an hour and a half's ride, but the heat of the sun compelled us to take shelter for a few hours, as we arrived at mid-day. We then proceeded towards the Caneyes, where we found the miserable remains of a house in which we judged it expedient to pass the night, in order to be in readiness at a very early hour to cross the Paramo on the following morning. The house had originally been constructed for the accommodation of the Spanish troops, and has, I believe, subsequent to our leaving it, been repaired for the convenience of persons charged with the conveyance of letters.

We mounted the following morning at the earliest practicable hour, and commenced the ascent of the Paramo, most justly termed the 'Zumbador,' from the incessant violence of the wind upon its summit. The ascent occupied us several hours, and is in some places rendered extremely dangerous by the narrowness of the road and strength of the wind, which frequently threatens to hurl both mule and rider into the abyss below. We were armed with much extra clothing, but notwithstanding we suffered most sensibly from the cold, and more from the wind, which was almost irresistible, and would often

drive the mules sideways several paces. Fortunately, the space across the summit is short, and the descent, although very tedious, soon puts an end to danger, as the road, with the exception of being extremely stony, is not much to be complained of in other respects. I reached 'El Cobre about twelve o'clock, where, having rested ourselves and our animals for an hour or two, we continued our route to La Grita, which we reached about six in the evening. As the temperatures of 'El Cobre and La Grita are both cool, we found several wheat fields and tobacco plantations in the neighbourhood of each. At 'El Cobre we obtained also a few peaches, but they were small and of an inferior quality. This place took its name from the belief of copper mines existing in the neighbouring mountains; it is merely a station for the men charged with the conveyance of letters, all of whom treated us with great civility, and one of them, with infinite difficulty, succeeded in procuring us a fowl.

La Grita is a moderate sized town, but comparatively abandoned; as such of its former inhabitants as have escaped the effects of the revolution, have withdrawn themselves to the surrounding country for the greater convenience of superintending their plantations of tobacco and wheat; visiting the town only on Sundays to hear mass. The population of the town alone, in consequence, does not probably exceed 500 persons, but that of the vicinity is more considerable. The grass was growing most abundantly in the square and streets. The houses have generally a most neglected appearance, and the greater part of them are uninhabited. Potatoes and apples thrive extremely well in La Grita, and it might, I dare say, be made to produce most of the fruits of Europe. Provisions are now extremely scarce, and dear in proportion.

The following morning about eleven o'clock we left La Grita for Bayladores, which we reached at dusk in the evening, by making the best of our way, and leaving the cargoes to follow as quickly as they could. We again passed an immensely high mountain, the ascent and descent of which occupied very nearly the whole day. The weather, on the mountain, was cloudy and disagreeable; the ascent in many places very painful, and the road difficult to find. The animal on which I was

I was mounted grew tired previous to reaching the summit, and obliged me to beat him most unmercifully to get him forwards. I arrived, however, at Bayladores a little after sunset, without having stopped any where, much fatigued, and consequently alighted very gladly at the house of a labourer, where we passed the night.

Bayladores is divided into two parts, one of which is termed the town, and the other the parish. We found here a cool atmosphere, and more cultivation of tobacco than I had seen any where previously. The town is small, the houses very much dilapidated, and the population probably about 300 persons. The Spanish general, La Torre, was encamped eleven months in Bayladores, the consequence of which has been a general destruction of its houses and resources. Of the former, but very few have floors, and fewer still a chair to sit upon, or a pair of fowls to breed from; and indigence and want are universal.

The distance from the town of Bayladores to the parish of the same name, is two leagues, and consequently occupied us two hours. It is somewhat less in population and extent than the town, and offered nothing particularly worthy of record. Such part of the surrounding country as is cultivated is very fertile, and a few potatoes we obtained here proved the best we had seen upon our journey. We changed our animals, and left at nine o'clock in the morning subsequent, for Estanques, where we arrived between four and five o'clock in the evening. The road was more level than any we had passed hitherto, although still continuing its course among the mountains. The natural heat of the day was considerably added to by the burning of the bushes on the road side the night previous. We passed about an hour and a half at mid-day in the house of a cottager, near the pathway, whose maintenance, and that of a numerous family, was derived from the produce of a small plantation of tobacco which surrounded the house, constructed by himself, with a species of bamboo cane and mud walls.

Estanques is the name of a cocoa estate, (Hacienda) the property of a family resident in Santa Fé. Although it has been much injured by the Spaniards, there are still nearly 100 slaves remaining, under the superintendence

of a major-domo, also a slave. We were informed, previous to touching here, that this Hacienda, although very extensive, does not produce to its proprietors 2000 dollars annually. It has the appearance of being well regulated, and contains a small church, in which the slaves were all very punctual in their attendance to the morning and evening prayer.

About seven o'clock the following morning we left Estanques, for San Juan, a distance of seven leagues. An hour after our departure we reached the spot where a curious bridge has been constructed across the river Chama, for the conveyance of passengers who travel this road to Maracaibo. It consists of a variety of long strips of hide fastened to a post on each side of the river, on which slides a square piece of leather, on which the passenger seats himself and pulls himself over to the other side with a line destined for that purpose. The Chama, although not very deep in this part of it, runs down with such extraordinary violence, that it would be quite impossible to ford it. We occasionally found temporary bridges constructed where the passes were narrower than in this place.

The road from Estanques to San Juan has most deservedly the reputation of being one of the most difficult and dangerous in this part of America. We had frequently to mount rocks and precipices, where one false step of the mules would have occasioned immediate destruction. I collected two or three specimens of the rocks which form these perilous situations. To crown a most fatiguing day's journey, it rained very heavily before I could reach San Juan. The thickness of the atmosphere, and approaching night, occasioned a most painful uncertainty about the road, which I frequently apprehended I had mistaken. On my arrival at San Juan, however, I was civilly received by the Alcalde, in whose house I immediately changed my apparel, to avoid, if possible, another return of the fever and ague, which the drenching I had received, gave me but too much reason to anticipate.

San Juan, is an Indian village, which has been much injured and depopulated by the Spaniards. As it is much scattered, it would be difficult to estimate the population correctly, perhaps 1000 persons. The church is the only brick building, the remainder are cottages
and

and huts, constructed, as usual, with mud and cane.

The climate of Estanques and San Juan is hot. Between eight and nine o'clock in the morning we left the latter for Meridu. The Alcalde, who had been remarkably obliging during our stay, accompanied us a short distance on our route.

We commenced this day's journey by descending into a stony valley, which apparently had been the bed of a river. The scenery around us assumed a somewhat more agreeable aspect, as the mountains were a little wider separated, and afforded small squares of land, which were in many places cultivated with tobacco, sugar cane, Indian corn and plaintains. About a league and a half distant from the road by which we passed, is situated a lake which, from the description I had heard of it, excited a curiosity I was sorry not to have an opportunity to gratify. In its bed is deposited a species of salt, termed by the natives, *urado*, which possesses most valuable and useful qualities when mixed with an extract of tobacco, named *chimon*. To obtain this salt the Indians are compelled to dive to the bottom of the lake in water four and five fathoms deep, bringing it to the surface in very small portions at a time. Difficult as it is to obtain it, this salt is sold at so reasonable a rate, that an Indian, who exposes his life a dozen times in a day, can seldom earn beyond three or four rials. The *urado* has not yet been discovered in any other part of the republic. It produces extraordinary effects in fattening horses, and is useful for a variety of other purposes, but its chief employment is in making the *chimon* as above mentioned. We remained two hours at the village of 'El Egido, which is rather more than half way between San Juan and Merida. We were here very kindly entertained by the Cura, Padre Pena, an old friend of Don Fernando's, and arrived at Merida about five o'clock in the evening, where we took up our quarters with the governor by previous invitation.

Merida possesses a climate nearly as cool as that of Caraccas, and has suffered equally in proportion by the earthquake of 1812, which has destroyed the whole square and all the principal buildings. A convent is remaining, in which there are now about twenty-three nuns, with some of whom we were permitted to converse through an iron-grating. The city

has evidently been once considerable, but is now comparatively a heap of ruins. Fruits are generally abundant, and the temperature of that extraordinary description, that either cloth or linen clothing are equally agreeable. The water is most excellent. There has been a moderate commerce with Maracaibo since the armistice, and the country round is extremely fertile. The population of the town is probably from 8 to 10,000 souls. The inhabitants are famous for making hammocks and preserves.

The difficulty of procuring the animals necessary for the continuation of our journey, detained us in Merida till mid-day, and we arrived consequently at Mucuchies the next stage, in the rain, after dark. The road, as usual, presented an almost continual surface of stones, which delayed our progress: a long ascent which we encountered in approaching the village contributed also to retard us. We found the atmosphere gradually becoming colder, till when in Mucuchies it appeared to us equal to that of the winter months in England. The want of a fire, and every species of comfort, made this change very disagreeable. We lodged with the cura, who treated us with much civility.

Mucuchies formerly contained 3000 Indians, who are now, by the joint efforts of the Spaniards and the small pox, reduced to less than half that number, and those, as in every other village through which we had passed hitherto, are living in the last degree of poverty and misery. The cura has a few fields of wheat near at hand, which thrive well. Having partaken of some rancid beef and a few bad potatoes, we retired early in the hopes of warming ourselves, and in order to rise early the following morning to cross the Paramo, which the temperature very plainly indicated we had begun already to ascend. There were fifteen cases of the small pox in Mucuchies when we left it.

We arose at day-light and began loading the mules with all possible despatch: the morning was cold and clear, and consequently favourable for passing the Paramo. About eight o'clock, having taken leave of the worthy cura, we left Mucuchies, and continued the ascent, which we found more gradual than any we had yet experienced. The cold increased, and although the rarity of the atmosphere occasioned me much indisposition,

indisposition, I sincerely regretted the loss of my thermometer, which prevented my ascertaining the change with exactness. We reached the summit between twelve and one o'clock. I here felt myself most seriously unwell, a disposition of the stomach to sickness, accompanied with a lightness of the head; drowsiness and numbness in my feet, which made me almost insensible to surrounding objects, which indeed the drizzling rain and thick cloudy atmosphere, would in any case have prevented my perceiving with distinctness. The passage across the summit occupied us but a very short time, but the uneasy motion of my mule on the long and tedious descent, obliged us to seek the Jenta, as I was quite unable to proceed farther without resting. We reached the Jenta between three and four o'clock, where having remained an hour, we continued our route to the next Indian village, by name Timotes, where we arrived at six o'clock in the evening, much fatigued. As the temperature became gradually more moderate in the descent, the sides of the mountain resumed an appearance of vegetation, in which were mingled various species of flowers, blackberries and other fruits, natives of cool climates. Shortly after we passed the Paramo a considerable quantity of snow fell, which we were much congratulated upon escaping; indeed in blustering weather the Paramo is altogether impassable. One of our mules was missing upon the descent and was found dead the following morning.

Timotes is a small Indian village, very similar to Mucuchies, but less populous and more temperate. We here passed the night and departed the following morning between nine and ten o'clock for Mendoza, having obtained a relay of mules and horses.

Scarcely had we left Timotes when we began to ascend the Cordillera. Again the ascent occupied us more than four hours, passing through the clouds as usual, but without experiencing the cold of the Paramo of yesterday, which this morning occasioned me a most unwelcome fit of the ague accompanied with slight fever. We reached the summit about two o'clock, and commenced immediately the descent towards Mendoza, where we arrived without any material occurrence, between five and six o'clock, and took up our lodging with the Alcalde.

Mendoza is a small village similar to Mucuchies and Timotes; the climate is a few degrees warmer than either, and containing fewer Indians. As wheat grows here to great perfection, the inhabitants make excellent bread. Every other description of provision is scarce to a degree scarcely credible. We obtained a change of animals, and left the following morning between eight and nine o'clock.

A strong fit of ague and fever obliged me to stop at the house of a cottager shortly after leaving Mendoza, where we remained till three in the afternoon. At half-past four we passed through the village of Valera, which is important only from the circumstance of its being situated on the road from Truxillo to Maracaibo. General Bolivar had passed through on his way to the latter city only three days previous. The approach of night obliged us to remain in the house of the Estanquero on Savannah Larga, having previously crossed the river Motatan, and obtained a sight of the village of the same name from the Savannah, which is situated upon a moderate eminence.

Having risen early the following morning intending to continue our route to Truxillo, we discovered, much to our surprise and mortification, that our Peones had disappeared in the night with the mules that were furnished us in Mendoza, and had also carried away my pistols. Don Fernando accordingly left alone for Truxillo with one of our own mules, which had fortunately been spared. I remained at Savannah Larga until the day following, anticipating another attack of the ague and fever, in which expectation however, I was most agreeably disappointed. The morning subsequent having passed the wood which succeeds Savannah Larga, I reached at ten o'clock the small village of Paupanito, where I staid during the heat of the day in the house of the Padre. At six o'clock in the evening I arrived at Truxillo, whence Don Fernando had come out to meet me. The latter part of the road as I approached the city, became more populous and presented many specimens of cultivation, of which Indian corn, sugar-cane and plaintains were the principal.

A variety of circumstances occasioned our detention eight days in Truxillo, where we were hospitably entertained by the late Governor, Colonel Carillo. The city is hemmed in on all sides by mountains,

mountains, in a manner which prevents the possibility of extending it beyond its present limits. So badly has its site been chosen, that General Bolivar has interested himself much in trying the practicability of removing Truxillo to Valera, or some part of the surrounding country more naturally adapted to such a purpose. The city was built one hundred years previous to the foundation of Caraccas, and has the appearance of great antiquity. It contains three or four churches, a convent and a population of about 6000 persons, consists principally of one main street and one square. The houses are moderately spacious and lofty, but generally much neglected and in bad repair. The inhabitants are remarkable for their affability, partiality to dancing, music and similar amusements. The circumstances of the revolution have destroyed nearly the whole of the male population and left a quantity of females, which makes the numbers of the sexes very disproportionate in all public entertainments.

It was ten o'clock on Sunday morning by the time our mules were loaded, and we had left Truxillo. Our usual task of ascending began at the distance of about a league and a half after leaving the city. At two we reached the summit of the mountain, and shortly after commenced the descent, which conducted us to St. Anna, a small Indian village, gifted with a most inviting atmosphere, where we passed the night in the house of the Alcalde. At the entrance of the Pueblo, on our left, we passed a stone placed near the pathway, in commemoration of the meeting of Bolivar and Morillo on that spot, to treat of the armistice, which was subsequently realized in the month of November of last year.

From St. Anna to the town of Carache was but six leagues, and we consequently arrived at the latter at an early hour. The surrounding country is fertile, and, previous to the ravages committed by the Spaniards, was remarkably abundant. The site of the town is a small plain, agreeably situated between the mountains. We found the Padre and the Alcaldes very obliging, although not friendly to the patriot cause until lately; but they have now seen their error and changed sides. The town, at the time of our passing through, was afflicted with a malignant fever, productive of the most afflicting

results among the inhabitants. The population is probably from three to four thousand, and the temperature a few degrees warmer than that of St. Anna.

(To be completed in our next.)

For the Monthly Magazine.

ACCOUNT of an OLD MAN of the Age of KING WILLIAM; by DR. SILLIMAN.

TWO miles from Whitehall, on the Salem road, to Albany, in the state of New York, lives HENRY FRANCISCO, a native of France, and of a place which he pronounced *Essex*. He believes himself to be one hundred and thirty-four years old, and the country around believe him to be of this great age. When we arrived at his residence, (a plain farmer's house, not painted, rather out of repair, and much open to the wind,) he was up stairs, at his daily work, of spooling and winding yarn. This occupation is auxiliary to that of his wife, who is a weaver, and although more than eighty years old, she weaves six yards a day, and the old man can supply her with more yarn than she can weave. Supposing he must be very feeble, we offered to go up stairs to him, but he soon came down, walking somewhat stooping, and supported by a staff, but with less apparent inconvenience than most persons exhibit at eighty-five or ninety. His stature is of the middle size, and although his person is rather delicate and slender, he stoops but little, even when unsupported. His complexion is very fair and delicate, and his expression bright, cheerful, and intelligent; his features are handsome, and considering that they have endured through one-third part of a second century, they are regular, comely, and wonderfully undisfigured by the hand of time; his eyes are of a lively blue; his profile is Grecian, and very fine; his head is completely covered with the most beautiful and delicate white locks imaginable; they are so long and abundant as to fall gracefully from the crown of his head, parting regularly from a central point, and reaching down to his shoulders; his hair is perfectly snow white, except where it is thick in his neck; when parted there, it shews some few dark shades, the remnants of a former century.

He still retains the front teeth of his upper jaw; his mouth is not fallen in, like that of old people generally, and his

his lips, particularly, are like those of middle life; his voice is strong and sweet toned, although a little tremulous; his hearing very little impaired, so that a voice of usual strength, with distinct articulation, enables him to understand; his eye-sight is sufficient for his work, and he distinguishes large print, such as the title-page of the Bible, without glasses; his health is good, and has always been so, except that he has now a cough and expectoration.

He informed us that his father, driven out of France by religious persecution, fled to Amsterdam; by his account it must have been on account of the persecutions of the French protestants, or Huguenots, in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. At Amsterdam, his father married his mother, a Dutch woman, five years before he was born, and before that event returned with her into France. When he was five years old, his father again fled on account of "de religion," as he expressed it, (for his language, although very intelligible English, is marked by French peculiarities). He says he well remembers their flight, and that it was in the winter; for he recollects, that as they were descending a hill which was covered with snow, he cried out to his father, "O fader, do go back and get my little car-riole," (a little boy's sliding sledge, or sleigh).

From these dates we are enabled to fix the time of his birth, provided he is correct in the main fact, for he says he was present at Queen Anne's coronation, and was then sixteen years old, the 31st day of May, old style. His father, as he asserts, after his return from Holland, had again been driven from France by persecution, and the second time took refuge in Holland, and afterwards in England, where he resided with his family at the time of the coronation of Queen Anne, in 1702. This makes Francisco to have been born in 1686; to have been expelled from France in 1691, and therefore to have completed his hundred and thirty-third year on the 11th June, 1820; of course he was then more than three months advanced in his hundred and thirty-fourth year. It is notorious, that about this time multitudes of French protestants fled on account of the persecutions of Louis XIV. resulting from the revocation of the edict of Nantz, which occurred Oct. 12, 1685, and, notwithstanding the guards upon the frontiers, and other

measures of precaution or rigour, to prevent emigration, it is well known, that for many years, multitudes continued to make their escape, and that thus Louis lost six hundred thousand of his best and most useful subjects. I asked Francisco if he saw Queen Anne crowned; he replied, with great animation, and with an elevated voice, "Ah! dat I did, and a fine-looking woman she was, too, as any dat you will see now a-days."

He said he fought in all Queen Anne's wars, and was at many battles, and under many commanders, but his memory fails, and he cannot remember their names, except the Duke of Marlborough, who was one of them.

He has been much cut up by wounds, which he shewed us, but cannot always give a very distinct account of his warfare.

He came out, with his father, from England, to New York, probably early in the last century, but cannot remember the date.

He said, pathetically, when pressed for accounts of his military experience, "O, I was in all Queen Anne's wars; I was at Niagara, at Oswego, on the Ohio (in Braddock's defeat, in 1755, where he was wounded). I was carried prisoner to Quebec, (in the revolutionary war, when he must have been at least ninety years old). I fight in all sorts of wars all my life; I see dreadful trouble; and den to have dem, we tought our friends turn tories; and the British too, and fight against ourselves; O, dat was de worst of all."

He here seemed much affected, and almost too full for utterance. It seems, that during the revolutionary war, he kept a tavern at Fort Edward, and he lamented, in a very animated manner, that the tories burnt his house and barn, and four hundred bushels of grain; this, his wife said, was the same year that Miss M'Crea was murdered.

He has had two wives, and twenty-one children; the youngest child is the daughter, in whose house he now lives, and she is fifty-two years old; of course he was eighty-two when she was born; they suppose several of the older children are still living, at a very advanced age, beyond the Ohio, but they have not heard of them in several years.

* For an unlettered man, he has very few *gallic* peculiarities, and those the common ones, such as d for th, &c.

The family were neighbours to the family of Miss M'Crea, and were acquainted with the circumstances of her tragical death. They said, that the lover, Mr. Jones, at first, vowed vengeance against the Indians, but, on counting the cost, wisely gave it up.

Henry Francisco has been, all his life, a very active and energetic, although not a stout-framed man. He was formerly fond of spirits, and did, for a certain period, drink more than was proper, but that habit appears to have been long abandoned.

In other respects he has been remarkably abstemious, eating but little, and particularly, abstaining almost entirely from animal food; his favourite articles being tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. His wife said, that after such a breakfast, he would go out and work till noon; then dine upon the same, if he could get it, and then take the same at night, and particularly, that he always drank tea whenever he could obtain it, three cups at a time, three times a day.

The old man manifested a good deal of feeling, and even of tenderness, which increased as we treated him with respect and kindness; he often shed tears, and particularly when, on coming away, we gave him money; he looked up to heaven, and fervently thanked God, but did not thank us; he however pressed our hands very warmly, wept, and wished us every blessing, and expressed something serious with respect to our meeting in the next world. He appeared to have religious impressions on his mind, notwithstanding his pretty frequent exclamations, when animated, of "Good God! O, my God!" which appeared, however, not to be used in levity, and were probably acquired in childhood, from the almost colloquial "Mon Dieu," &c. of the French. The oldest people in the vicinity remember Francisco, as being always, from their earliest recollection, much older than themselves; and a Mr. Fuller, who recently died here, between eighty and ninety years of age, thought Francisco was one hundred and forty.

On the whole, although the evidence rests, in a degree, on his own credibility, still, as many things corroborate it, and as his character appears remarkably sincere, guileless, and affectionate, I am inclined to believe that he is as old as he is stated to be. He is really a most remarkable and interesting old man;

there is nothing, either in his person or dress, of the negligence and squalidness of extreme age, especially when not in elevated circumstances; on the contrary, he is agreeable and attractive, and were he dressed in a superior manner, and placed in a handsome and well-furnished apartment, he would be a most beautiful old man.

Little could I have expected to converse and shake hands with a man who has been a soldier in most of the wars of this country for one hundred years—who, more than a century ago, fought under Malborough, in the wars of Queen Anne, and who, (already grown up to manhood,) saw her crowned *one hundred and seventeen years since*; who, one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, and *in the century before the last*, was driven from France by the proud, magnificent, and intolerant Louis XIV., and who has lived *a forty-fourth part of all the time that the human race have occupied this globe!*

What an interview! It is like seeing one come back from the dead, to relate the events of centuries, now swallowed up in the abyss of time! Except his cough, which, they told us, had not been of long standing, we saw nothing in Francisco's appearance that might indicate a speedy dissolution, and he seemed to have sufficient mental and bodily powers to endure for years yet to come.

—♦—

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.
SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the *wisdom of Solomon*, we continue to consider ancient practices as inventions. Salt was used anciently to assist in fattening cattle.—See Aristotle, t. 1, p. 906. Edit Lutetiae, 1619. He mentions the same elsewhere. Turnips were given to the cattle of the Gauls.—Columella, lib. 2, c. 10.

Bark was given in wine by the Romans.—*Præterea cortices in vino*, Pliny, lib. 20, c. 3. I do not say the Cortes was Peruvian.

Swallowing swords was a juggler's trick in Greece, for Demades mocked the Lacedæmonian's sword, saying, "Jugglers could swallow them." "Short as they are," replied the Spartan, "they can reach our enemies' hearts."—Plutarch Moralio, Edit. Basileæ, 1574.

SEMPER IDEM.

For

For the Monthly Magazine.

The following Letter has been addressed to the Editor by an English gentleman at Madrid, to whom he transmitted some inquiries relative to those renowned Spanish Patriots, whose names vibrate in the souls of all Freemen. It details various circumstances hitherto unknown out of Spain, which cannot fail to interest the people of England.

Madrid, Jan. 6, 1822.

YOU ask me for some account of the heroes of the Spanish Revolution. I have been just talking over its perils with some of the principal actors in its glories. I am now smoking a segar, given me by the warm-hearted QUIROGA, and, under its inspiration, will try to satisfy your desires.

How shall I begin? Shall I send you a portrait of each of these illustrious patriots? That I cannot do; but I will tell you what a beautiful Spanish lady said to a friend of mine, who asked for a description of RIEGO. "His image is so deeply engraved *here*, (pressing her forehead with her hand,) that were I a painter, you should have his very counterpart. But it is not enough to be a painter: one must burn with the same sacred fire that is kindled in him. That fire is in my bosom. He is not fair—no! but what does *that* matter? If he has not the beauty of form, he has all the beauty of generous passion, and that is better. His black eyes are always sparkling before me; busy, penetrating, enquiring;—his visage is of a pale brown; his lips express the delicacy of his sentiments; his hair is nearly black, but mixed with grey, though he has only seen thirty years to whiten it. His figure is of the middle size, but strikingly martial. You would fix on him for a hero. The love of liberty is in him ever obvious and ever active; he is alive to all its vibrations. You may read his thoughts and his affections. That gloom which hung upon the brow of Napoleon, and which served to cover the deep purposes of personal ambition, never clouds his countenance. He is too ardent to bury himself in long concentrated thoughts. He is the soldier's brother. A sergeant and a man from the ranks are always with him. He was made a prisoner in the war of independence, and remained two years in France, where he cultivated his mind with continual study. He speaks French and Italian admirably. To-

MONTHLY MAG. No. 264.

wards me (she continued) his conduct has been a model of grace and politeness. When he arrived here, I could not separate myself from him. He knew that I loved one of the companions of his perils and his glories; and they say *he* is a lover. This annoys me. He will then devote himself to something besides his country: he may then love something besides liberty! He should never marry; it would be infidelity to the nation. Is he not pledged to her? And then—could other women love him?"

The part which Riego took in the movements of the Isla de Leon—the series of melancholy events which dispersed his little band, and left him to wander in solitude and despair—are such as even now, when the dangers are passed and the victory is achieved, I can hardly think of without trembling. After several vain attempts to enter Cadiz, he left Quiroga in San Fernando, for the purpose of exciting the public feeling in different parts of Andalusia. His division consisted of 1500 men, with whom he marched upon Chiclana, whose authorities fled on his arrival. From thence he proceeded to Algeiras, in the hope that the friends of freedom in Gibraltar would facilitate his objects and provide for his wants. In some of the villages he was received with ecstasy, in others with alarm. At Algeiras the people crowded to welcome him, but refused to join his banners. The coldness of the Governor of Gibraltar, and the interruption of all communication with that fortress, disappointed all his expectations. His troops wanted shoes, and horses, and money. Some supplies were furnished in the midst of immense difficulties by the zeal of his friends. In the mean time, O'Donnell approached with the royalist army. Riego had determined to attack them, when a letter from Quiroga was delivered to him, urging his immediate return. In the plains of Taibilla he was surrounded by a large body of the enemy's cavalry. They were received with shouts of "Long live the Constitution!—long live our Country!" and the ranks resounded with that song which I will here insert, for it has become the watch-word of the Constitutional party, and has been re-echoed a thousand and ten thousand times through the Peninsula, just like *Ca Ira* and the *Marseillois* in France, at the commencement of the French Revolution.

*B

Soldados,

Soldados, la patria
Noi llama à la lid!
Juremos por ella,
Vencêr ò morir.
Serenos, allegres,
Valientes, osados,
Cantemos soldados,
El himno à la lid:

Y a nuestras acentos
El orbe se admire
Y en vosotros mire
Los hijos del Cid.—*Soldados, &c.*
Blandemos el hierro
Que el timido esclavo
Del fuerte, del bravo
La fan no ora vêr.

Sus huestes cuat humo
Vereis disipadas;
Y à nuestras espadas
Fugaces correr.—*Soldados, &c.*
; El mundo vió nunca
Mas noble osadia?—
; Lució nunca un dia
Mas grande en valor?

Que aquel que inflamados.
Nos vimos el fuego
Que excitára en Riego
De patria el amor?—*Soldados, &c.*
Honor al candillo!
Honor al primero,
Que el patriota acero
Oró fulminar.

La patria affligida
Oyó sus acentos,
Y vió sus tormentos
En gono tornar.—*Soldados, &c.*
Su voz fue seguida!
Su voz fue escuchada?
Tuvimos en nada
Soldados, morirs.

Y orados quisimos
Romper la cadena
Que de apenta llena
Del bravo el vivir.—*Soldados, &c.*
Rompimosla, amigos,
Que el vil que la lleva
Ensano se atreva
En frente mostrar.

Nosotros, ya libres
En hombres tomados
Sabremos, soldados.
En audacia humillar.—*Soldados, &c.*
Alarma ya tocan,
Las annas tan solo
El crimen, el dolo
Sabrán abatir.

Que tremblen, que tremblen,
Que tremble el malvado,
Al ver del soldado
La lanza esgrimir.—*Soldados, &c.*
La Trompa guerrera
Un ecos de al viento
De horrores sediento
Ya muge el cañon:

Ya Marti sañudo
La audacia provoca,
Y el genio se invoca
De nuestra nacion.—*Soldados, &c.*

Soldiers! soldiers! hear
Your country's earnest cry!—
Soldiers! soldiers! swear
To conquer or to die!
Valiant, daring, strong,
And serene as gay:
Be our song to-day,
Victory's glowing song.

Worlds are listening now,
Children of the Cid—
His proud fame, though hid,
Shall revive in you.—*Soldiers, &c.*
Wave the glorious steel;
Let the trembling slave,
Of the strong, the brave,
All the triumphs feel.

As the mists disperse,
Shall their squadrons fly;
Shouts of liberty
Fill the universe.—*Soldiers, &c.*
What a glorious day,
Full of light and bliss—
O, how bright a ray
Freedom sheds on this!

When Riego first
Joined our patriot-hands,
And the freezing bands
Of dull slavery burst.—*Soldiers, &c.*
Honor on his brow!
Honor, praise be pour'd—
Who the patriot's sword
Dares to brandish now.

Long our country's eye
Has been veil'd in tears—
Now the smile of joy
On her cheeks appears.—*Soldiers, &c.*
We have heard her call!
Could she speak in vain?
We have sworn for Spain—
Sworn—to perish all.

No!—these eyes shall see
Every fetter broke—
Rescued from the yoke,
Spain shall yet be free.—*Soldiers, &c.*
See, our fetters fall—
And the slaves whose will
Wears those fetters still.
Shall our ranks appal!

Free—to freedom true,
We assume again
All the strength of *men*;—
Slaves are cowards too.—*Soldiers,*
Hear! the trumpet! hear!
Shame and slavery.
They may fear to die—
What have *we* to fear!

While the patriot file
Moves serenely on,
Doubt and danger frown
On the mean—the vile.—*Soldiers, &c.*
Lo! the joyous breeze
Martial music brings:
Cannon's thunderings
Shout your victories.

Mars has called you *his*;
Spain was ever brave:—
Who would be a slave
In an hour like this!—*Soldiers, &c.*

Se nuestran, volemós
 Volemós, soldados
 ¿ Los veis aterrados
 Ni prente baxar ?
 Volemós, que el libre
 Por siempre ha sabido
 Del siervo vendido
 La audacia humellar.—*Soldados, &c.*

They reached Cordoba;—there were only 300 left, and were received in melancholy silence by the inhabitants, who only saw so many victims marked out for certain signal sacrifice. They sought again the hilly parts of the province. The days were dark and rainy; the roads almost impassable; the enemy always at hand. A little band, too few for mutual defence, and unavailing, of course, for attack,—a little band reached Bienvenida; and one of its commanders, Evaresto de San Migués, speaks of its dispersion in the following affecting terms:—

“Our remaining united now served only to expose us to the irresistible attacks of the enemy. We had no breathing time—we had no repose. We were driven to the hard necessity of separating, and this was determined on at a council of all the officers who were left. Tender and sad was this parting! We had made costly sacrifices to our country—our only reward was then the prospect of passing the rest of our days in exile!”

But the progress of the revolution in the rest of Spain is well known to you. Province after province threw off the yoke. The troops sent against Quiroga proclaimed the Constitution, and demanded to be united to those of the Isla, to combat for the holy cause. Madrid was in commotion—the king’s life was threatened: he, before whom millions had bowed in abject servility, was left without one faithful counsellor, or one devoted friend. Such is the fate of despots, when the mists of delusion and of falsehood are blown away by the presence of truth and honesty! How did the patriots punish the tyranny and perfidy of the king—the injustice and the cruelty of his agents? Hundreds came forth from damp and dismal dungeons, from long and mournful exile, to which they had been most unjustly condemned; and how did they treat their oppressors? They forgave—once and again—they forgave! If their generous charity should be rewarded, as it is feared it is about to be rewarded, by new acts of perfidy on the part of the monarch and the reptiles that surround him, who can answer for human endurance? Not I!

The despotism of Ferdinand VII.

Look—the enemy—
 Steady as a rock
 To the battle’s shock,—
 Look—they faint—they fly.

Can a servile crew,
 Bought by tyrants’ gold,
 E’er withstand the bold,
 Freedom led—as you.—*Soldiers, &c.*

was untempered by any thing which could make it tolerable; it had no splendor like that of Napoleon; it had no external influence like that of Alexander; it had no national pride in it like that of Charles III.; it was naked and unadorned; it had the clamorous impotence of decrepity, and the silly waywardness of childhood; it commanded no respect; it conciliated no affections.

I knew PORLIER. His death might serve as a model for a dying patriot;—it was solemn—it was noble—it was worthy of the worthiest! Every thing which cruelty could invent to aggravate—every thing which malignity could imagine to degrade, accompanied his execution. His remains were buried on the sea-shore, and on a day when the roar of the waves, and the chorus of the winds, were most magnificent. I wandered along the sands to visit “the place of his rest.” Poor triumph of baffled hatred—Could Porlier have desired a sublimer sepulchre? Nor were my thoughts unaffected by the awful and well-suited inscription over the gate of the cemetery before which I had just passed:

“El termino de la vida es lo que veis!—

“El dela muerte será segun obreis.”

QUIROGA has a martial air; he is in the prime of life; somewhat above the middle stature, with a pleasing, sometimes even fascinating, expression of countenance. But I shall secure my sketch from severe criticism—you will judge of him yourself, for he is about to visit England. He was, as you know, the commander-in-chief of the liberating army. Neither he, nor any of his compeers had obtained any considerable distinctions, nor had been much known before the great events of the Isla de Leon. It is a strange fact that those who had *failed* in various attempts to rescue Spain, were most of them men of signal reputation; Mina, whose whole public life is one of chivalry; Porlier; Abisbal; Lacy; while those who *succeeded* in the perilous enterprise were men, till then, obscure and unnoticed. Argo Agüero’s talents, as an officer of engineers, were distinguished. Lopez Báno, and, indeed, all the rest, had served bravely and honourably in the Peninsular war. They

They had every one of them been engaged in Abisbal's plot; if tyranny had trampled them under foot; contempt and scorn would have been poured upon their *ignoble* heads;—your worldly-wise ones—your servile, slavish creatures—would have called them rebels and traitors—and have linked their names to shame and infamy; but the bright and glorious success of the *few* heroes who triumph may repay us for the disappointments of the *many* who are baffled in their struggle for national liberty.

Quiroga was well aware of the perils of the task he had undertaken. He told me that he had determined, however, never to fall alive into the hands of his enemies; he always sleeps with a pair of loaded pistols under his pillow, and in case of surprise he had vowed that he would destroy himself and his wife; (then in an advanced state of pregnancy,) "That nothing," he added, "of me or mine might witness the horrors they have prepared for me." His wife is of an English descent; and during the events of the Isla his only child, a daughter, whom he called *Victoria*, was born. "I passed," he said, "many moments of doubt and of agony."—"And which were the bitterest moments?" I enquired. "The first when we attacked the Isla; for I knew, that if it were defended bravely, we never could succeed against it: the second, when Riego left me with his division: the third, when I knew that his troops were dispersed, and that he, a fugitive, was wandering alone among the mountains." And let it be owned, the heart must have been made of stern and solid stuff which would bear its noble projects onward amidst a series of events like these.

But it has been remarked of Spaniards, and it has been *well* remarked, that they never calculate difficulties—they conquer them. Their *no importa*—"it does not matter,"—leads them through every perplexity. When Mina made his unsuccessful attack on Pampeluna, Spaniards were not disheartened—"No importa, Spain will be free."—When Porlier was hanged—when Lacy was shot, the answer to all one's sympathizing regrets was, "*No importa*, Spain will be free;" and when, in the enthusiasm of joy and congratulation, you hail their deliverance, the reply is ready, "I told you before that all which happened *no importa*, and Spain is free."

The plot which was carried on to its full accomplishment by Quiroga had been cherished and conducted by ABIS-

BAL, whose conduct throughout has been mysterious and irreconcilable. It was he who had fostered the spirit of opposition in 1819; it was he who arrested Quiroga, Arco, Agüero, and their fellow officers, amidst cries of "Long live the King;" and it was he who consummated the revolution by proclaiming the constitution at Ocana, in 1820. All parties he had seemed to serve—all parties he had seemed to betray. All have forgotten services whose sincerity was, at the least, doubtful; and Abisbal, who might have become the most illustrious character in Spain, has sunk into obscurity—not to say, disgrace.

Every sort of national honour which can be gratifying to the pride or the patriotism of the heroes of the Isla de Leon has been conferred on them by their grateful country. One of them is already no more. Arco Agüero was lately killed by a fall from his horse in the midst of his youth and of his glory. Riego has been of late the object of the attacks and persecutions of a proud and selfish faction—but Riego is the object of the idolatry of his fellow-citizens.

Is the liberty of Spain secure?—Is it secure if the holy alliance should presume to meddle with it? Yes! *then* you may answer for its security. An attack from without would unite all parties—would blend all hearts—would conciliate all doubts, and remove all difficulties. Spain, too, has a thousand splendid recollections, all reposing in her former freedom—the army is bound by every sentiment of honour and every pledge of truth to its support; the national militia is an institution admirably popular and constitutional; the patriotic *Souches* spread over the peninsula, engaged in active correspondence and influenced by ever-watchful zeal; the universal press, whose power is daily extending; the mass of influential and enlightened citizens; the excitement of national pride and dignity—these are securities which cannot be shaken.

"*Sic erat in fatis*" was the cry when the first stone was laid of the Constitutional column. It is a proud monument!—It will stand though in the midst of clouds and storms!—The best and noblest blood of Spain has been spilt to cement it!—It is adorned by the laurels of victory!—"National sovereignty" is the proud inscription that surrounds it!—Valour and Devotion stand armed for its protection!—Let us not fear—that column is eternal!

For the Monthly Magazine.

SECOND EXTRACT of a LETTER from
an ENGLISH OFFICER, now in the
PERSIAN SERVICE.

Suttlameech, Persia, 16th Jan. 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SEVEN months have elapsed since I had the pleasure of addressing you; during which time I have travelled nineteen hundred miles on horseback, and have witnessed a succession of men, manners, and countries, alike new, and highly interesting to a stranger.

My last was dated from Constantinople, which city I left on the 14th of June, in company with a Tartar attached to the British embassy. On the following day I arrived at Ismia, the ancient Nicomedia, and while our horses were getting ready, I paid a visit to the tomb of Hannibal, whose bones were interred in this town.

We proceeded, travelling all night, and during most of the day, (for we only halted four hours, while the intense heat lasted) until we reached Boti, the Hadrianapolis of the ancients; here I indulged myself in the luxury of a vapour bath, and was much refreshed by its effects. Our next stage was among the beautiful mountains of Hamamley, and I received here such polite attentions from the Turkish Cadi, that I have since sent him a present of a Persian Schawl worth about ten pounds sterling. When the Tartar reported to him that an English traveller had arrived, he came immediately to the post-house, insisted on my accompanying him to his own residence, and treated me in the kindest and most patriarchal manner. He had served with Sir Ralph Abercromby, in Egypt, and spoke of the dead hero in the warmest terms of admiration and respect. On leaving Hamamley, he sent a load of honey, cheese, crisp bread, (baked in a frying pan) and fruits of every description, as far as one hundred miles on the road, and gave me a letter of recommendation to a newly made Pasha, requesting him to shew me every civility, and to render me any service in his power. Departing from this place, I passed through Carajela, Hajiahamassan, Osmanjick and Marsovan. I arrived on the 27th of June, at Asnassia, celebrated as the birth-place of the geographer Strabo. The fruits in this part of the country are delicious beyond conception; the peach—the fig—

MONTHLY MAG. NO. 364.

the apricot—the pomegranate, and the Kishmish grape, were at this time in their highest perfection. The next large town is Tochat, or Toukaut. So far my journey, however fatiguing, was at least uninterrupted; but about two hours after we had left the town last mentioned, we met with a couple of Tartars in full retreat from a party of robbers, amounting to nearly fifty, which formed the van guard of a strong body of them posted in the hills. Thus warned of our danger, we regained our station at Toukaut, and waited on the governor with the intelligence; the problem, however, was soon solved, for a large caravan appeared in the morning, consisting nearly of one hundred camels, and men and horses in proportion. The robbers had received due notice of their approach, but had imprudently shewn themselves previous to the proper time for commencing their meditated grand attack. On the true state of the case being ascertained, the Tartar exhibited our imperial firman, demanding a guard for me and himself in the name of Sultan Mahmoud; and on the arrival of the principal person of the caravan, we agreed to join our guard to their body, on condition that they paid all incidental expences, which terms were promptly accepted. The following day we proceeded on our route, attended by one hundred and fifty Janizaries, horse and foot; I was mounted on one of the governor's horses, which a guard afterwards took back and returned to him.

We now travelled only by day, and consequently found the heat truly oppressive. An hour before sun-set we pitched our tents and lighted our fires: the scene of our encampment was romantic in the extreme; the camels resting under their loads, and the groups of turbans collected round the different fires, strongly brought to my remembrance the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; we only wanted the Caliph, Haroun Al-rashid, his grand vizier, and the chief of the eunuchs, to complete the picture.

In this manner, for eleven days, we proceeded until we arrived at the city of Erzerum, to whose Pasha the letter of my friend, the Cadi of Hamamley, was directed.

From Constantinople to this place, the country exhibits one continued garden, agreeably interspersed with mountain and valley. It is watered

C

by

by noble streams and adorned by numerous cities most delightfully situated; but from Erzerum to the frontiers of Persia, it is wild and uncultivated.

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.

No. XIV.

Sardanapalus, a Tragedy; the Two Foscari, a Tragedy; Cain, a Mystery.

By the RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

IN our strictures upon "the Doge of Venice," the first regular tragedy published by the noble author, we expressed our opinion that this was not the class of composition in which his talents were likely to be exerted with success. We are confirmed in our sentiments by the present productions. There is, in his genius, much force, but no variety; and the drama, above every other species of composition, demands an intellect capable of entering into every diversity of passion and of character. Perhaps the noble lord may be pre-determined to overcome, by obstinate perseverance, the difficulties which nature has thrown in his way; but we should strongly recommend to him to give up the contest, and to pursue those paths which he can traverse with much more ease to himself, and far greater satisfaction to his readers. In estimating the three works before us, we have no hesitation in giving the preference, in point of poetical merit and effect, to the "Mystery of Cain," which we shall accordingly select as the principal object of our remarks. The unity of passion and simplicity of action inseparable from the subject render this drama particularly suitable to the powers of the writer, and we find that he has treated it with a corresponding degree of vigour and effect.

It might have been safely prognosticated that Lord Byron, after the outcry raised against the morality of *Don Juan*, could not lay his hand upon a sacred subject without exciting the horror of certain scrupulous critics, who have accordingly professed themselves thunderstruck with the impiety and blasphemy of the "Mystery of Cain." Such an accusation is sheer nonsense; and it deserves no other reply. The work is not free, to be sure, from allusions to questions of the greatest difficulty and moment; but when a poet, in the person of Cain or Lucifer, adverts to the old puzzles of necessity and free-will, the origin of evil, and other venerable and inevitable dilemmas, it is ridicu-

lous to assume an inquisitorial tone, and to convert a few passages of a speculative metaphysical character, into a serious charge of blasphemy and irreligion.

The Mystery opens, and exhibits Adam, with his whole family, in the act of offering up their morning supplications. After each individual has uttered a prayer, except Cain, Adam turns to him and enquires—

Son Cain, my first-born, wherefore art thou silent?

Cain. Why should I speak?

Adam. To pray.

Cain. Have ye not pray'd?

Adam. We have, most fervently.

Cain. And loudly—I have heard you.

Adam. So will God, I trust.

Abel. Amen.

Adam. But thou, my eldest-born, art silent still.

Cain. 'Tis better I should be so.

Adam. Wherefore so?

Cain. I have nought to ask.

Adam. Nor ought to thank for?

Cain. No.

Adam. Dost thou not live?

Cain. Must I not die?

Eve. Alas!

The fruit of our forbidden tree begins To fall.

This passage affords a key to the temper and frame of mind of Cain throughout the piece. He disdains the limited existence allotted to him; he has a rooted horror of death, attended with a vehement curiosity as to his nature, and he nourishes a sullen anger against his parents, to whose misconduct he ascribes his degraded state. Added to this, he has an insatiable thirst for knowledge beyond the bounds prescribed to mortality, and this part of the poem bears a strong resemblance to Manfred, whose counterpart, indeed, in the main points of character, Cain seems to be. He continues intractable, and desires to be left alone.

And this is

Life! Toil! and wherefore should I toil? because

My father could not keep his place in Eden. What had I done in this?—I was unborn, I sought not to be born; nor love the state To which that birth has brought me—Why did he

Yield to the serpent and the woman? or, Yielding, why suffer? What was there in this?

The tree was planted, and why not for him? If not, why place it near him, where he grew. The fairest in the centre? They have but One

One answer to all questions, "Twas His will,
And He is good"—how knew I that? Because

He is all-powerful,—must all-good, too, follow?

I judge but by the fruits, and they are bitter,
Which I must feed on, for a fault not mine.
Whom have we here? A shape like to the angels,

Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect
Of spiritual essence——Sorrow seems
Half of his immortality. And is it
So? And can aught grieve save humanity?
He cometh.

Lucifer now enters on the stage, and if we allow that he is a different and inferior personage to the Satan of Milton, it is a concession which, we have no doubt, would be made as readily by the author as by ourselves. The Satan of *Paradise Lost* has still a tinge of heaven; his passions are high and heroic, and his motion is vast and solemn. Those of Lord Byron's spirit are less dignified and more abrupt, but charged as intensely with fierce and bitter spleen. The one seems not unworthy to haunt the solitudes of Eden; the other appears to have no little knowledge of the world, and to be most at home in the busy walks of men. After some conversation, Cain propounds an enquiry as to his future state.

Lucifer. It may be thou shalt be as we.

Cain. And ye?

Lucifer. Are everlasting.

Cain. Are ye happy?

Lucifer. We are mighty.

Cain. Are ye happy?

Lucifer. No—art thou?

Cain. How should I be so? Look on me!

Lucifer. Poor clay!

And thou pretendest to be wretched!—
Thou!

Cain. I am: and thou, with all thy might, what art thou?

Lucifer. One who aspired to be what made thee, and
Would not have made thee what thou art.

Cain. Ah?

Thou look'st almost a god, and—

Lucifer. I am none;

And having failed to be one, would be nought

Save what I am.—He conquer'd: let him reign!

Cain. Who?

Lucifer. Thy sire's Maker, and the earth's.

Cain. And heaven's,
And all that in them is? So have I heard
His seraphs sing: and so my father saith.

Lucifer. They say, what they must sing
and say, on pain
Of being that which I am—and thou art—

Of spirits and of men.

Cain. What is that?

Lucifer. Souls who dare use their immortality—

Souls who dare look the Omnipotent tyrant in

His everlasting face, and tell him that
His evil is not good!—If He has made,
As He saith—which I know not, nor believe.
But if He made us, He cannot unmake:
We are immortal! Nay, He'd have us so
That He may torture. Let him! He is great,
But in his greatness is no happier than
We in our conflict. Goodness would not make

Evil; and what else hath He made? But let him

Sit on his vast and solitary throne,
Creating worlds, to make eternity
Less burthensome to his immense existence
And unparticipated solitude.

Let him crowd orb on orb: He is alone
Indefinite, indissoluble Tyrant!
Could He but crush himself, 'twere the best boon

He ever granted: but let him reign on,
And multiply himself in misery!
Spirits and men, at least we sympathize:
And, suffering in concert, make our pangs
Innumerable, more endurable,
By the unbounded sympathy of all—
With all. But He, so wretched in his height,

So restless in his wretchedness, must still
Create and recreate.

Cain. Thou speak'st to me of things
which long have swum

In visions thro' my thought. I never could
Reconcile what I saw with what I heard—
—Never till

Now, met I aught to sympathize with me.
'Tis well—I rather would consort with
spirits.

Lucifer undertakes to gratify the curiosity of Cain, by unfolding to him the secrets of other worlds, and is about to carry him off, when Adah, the sister-bride of Cain, enters, and expostulates, beseeching him not to walk with that spirit.

Adah. Oh, Cain!

This spirit curseth us!

Cain. Let him say on;

Him will I follow.

Adah. Whither?

Lucifer. To a place
Whence he shall come back to thee in an hour,

But in that hour see things of many days!

Cain confides in the safe conduct of the demon, and is wafted at once into the abyss of space, where he surveys the endless succession of worlds, and breaks forth in admiration:

Oh! thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether! and

Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still increasing lights ! What are ye ?

What
Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of
Eden ?

Is your course measured for you—or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Thro' an ærial universe of endless
Expansion, at which my soul aches to think,
Intoxicated with eternity ?

Oh God ! Oh Gods ! or whatsoe'er ye are !
How beautiful ye are ! How beautiful
Your works, or accidents, or whatsoe'er
They may be.—Let me die, as atoms die,
(If that they die) or know ye in your might
And knowledge. My thoughts are not in
this hour

Unworthy what I see, tho' my dust is ;
Spirit ! let me expire, or see them nearer.

After this display of the infinitude of
Being, Cain desires to be initiated into
the mysteries of death.

Lucifer. What, if I shew to thee things
which have died,
As I have shewn thee much which cannot
die.

Cain. Do so.

Lucifer. Away, then ! on our mighty
wings.

Cain. Oh ! how we cleave the blue !

In the succeeding scene, we are car-
ried into the shadows of Hades :

Interminable gloomy realms
Of swimming shadows and enormous
shapes,

Some fully shewn, some indistinct, and all
Mighty and melancholy.

These are the phantoms of the pre-ex-
istent inhabitants of the elder world,
who had, in their season, been,

Living, high,
Intelligent, good, great and glorious things.

Besides these ghosts of a higher na-
ture, there are some departed spirits
which we should hardly have looked
for, amongst which are gigantic apparitions
of mammoths, with tusks like
trees ; the soul of a sea-snake, with head
“ ten times higher than the haughtiest
cedar,” apparently the progenitor of
that which has lately infested the At-
lantic ; and, above all, “ the phantasm
of an ocean” itself, which, Cain saga-
ciously remarks, “ looks like water”—
in which the “ past Leviathans” are
disporting themselves. This exhibition
seems well calculated to answer Luci-
fer's purpose in confounding Cain's un-
derstanding ; and, accordingly, when
he thinks the mystification has been
carried far enough, he returns, as it
were, to business, and touches the right
string.

Lucifer. And thy brother—
Sits he not near thy heart ?

Cain. Why should he not ?

Lucifer. Thy father loves him well—so
does thy God.

Cain. And so do I.

Lucifer. 'Tis well and meekly done.

Cain. Meekly !

Lucifer. He is the second-born of flesh,
And is his mother's favourite.

Cain. Let him keep
Her favour, since the Serpent was the first
To win it.

Lucifer. And his father's.

Cain. What is that

To me ? Should I not love that which all
love ?

Lucifer. And the Jehovah—the indul-
gent Lord,
And bounteous planter of lost Paradise—
He, too, looks smilingly on Abel.

Cain. I

Ne'er saw him, and I know not if He smiles.

Lucifer. But you have seen his angels.

Cain. Rarely.

Lucifer. But
Sufficiently to see they love your brother ;
His sacrifices are acceptable.

Cain. So be they. Wherefore speak to
me of this ?

Lucifer. Because thou hast thought of
this ere now.

Cain. And if

I have thought, why recall a thought [*He
pauses, as agitated.*] Spirit !

Here we are in thy world ; speak not of
mine !

Pursuing his object, Cain would pe-
netrate to the very origin of things—the
great double Mysteries—the two Prin-
ciples—at the risk of instant destruc-
tion, but is told by Lucifer that Death
only can open the gates to this know-
ledge ; on which Cain is somewhat re-
conciled to that agent, but complains
that, after all, he is not much enlight-
ened by his journey, and high words
follow. The pride of the King of Hell
is finely displayed.

Cain. Haughty Spirit !

Thou speak'st it proudly, but thyself, tho'
proud,

Hast a superior !

Lucifer. No ! by heaven, which He
Holds, and the abyss, and the immensity
Of worlds and life, which I hold with him,
—No !

I have a victor—true ; but no superior :—
Homage he has from all, but none from me.
I battle it against him, as I battled
In highest heaven. Through all Eternity,
In the unfathomable gulphs of Hades,
And in the interminable realms of space,
And the infinity of endless ages,
All, all, will I dispute ! And world by
world,

And

And star by star, and universe by universe
Shall tremble in the balance, till the great
Conflict shall cease, if ever it shall cease,
Which it ne'er shall, till he or I be quench'd!
And what can quench our immortality,
Or mutual and irrevocable hate?

We are now about to be relieved from
the dangerous sophistry and impious
acclamations of Satan, the effects of
which, however fatal they proved to
Cain, we do not much apprehend on the
mind of a sober reader. The church is
in no danger from these. With some
words of diabolical advice from his in-
structor, Cain is returned to the face of
the earth, and the second act concludes.

The opening of the third and last act
presents a scene of tenderness and
beauty, powerfully contrasted with the
horrors of its close. Cain and Adah
stand over their little Enoch, who sleeps
beneath a cypress. The restless and
unhappy spirit of the father mourns
over his innocent boy.

Sleep on

And smile, thou little, young inheritor
Of a world scarce less young—sleep on,
and smile—
Thine are the hours and days when both
are cheering,
And innocent! thou hast not pluck'd the
fruit—
Thou know'st not thou art naked! Must
the time
Come thou shalt be amerced for sins un-
known,
Which were not thine nor mine? But now
sleep on.
His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,
And shining lids are trembling o'er his long
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves
o'er them,
Half open, from beneath them the clear blue
Laughs out, altho' in slumber. He must
dream—
Of what? Of Paradise! Ay! dream of it,
My disinterested boy! 'Tis but a dream;
For never more thyself, thy sons, nor
fathers
Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy.

The dark discontent of the father's
temper gives additional effect to these
beautiful touches of natural affection.
The proud spirit, which nothing else
can tranquillize, is melted into tender-
ness by the presence of the lovely in-
fant. Whilst the parents converse near
him, the child opens his eyes upon his
mother, who joyfully exclaims—

Soft! he awakes! sweet Enoch!
Oh Cain! look on him; see how full of life,
Of strength, of bloom, of beauty and of joy;
How like to me—how like to thee, when
gentle,

For then we are all alike; is't not so, Cain?

Mother, and sire, and son, our features are
Reflected in each other; as they are
In the clear waters, when they are gentle,
and
When thou art gentle. Love us, then, my
Cain!

And love thyself for our sakes, for we love
thee—

Look! how he laughs and stretches forth
his arms,

And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
To hail his father; while his little form
Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of
pain!

The childless cherubs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent! Bless him, Cain!
As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but
His heart will, and thine own, too.

Cain. Bless, thee, boy!
If that a mortal blessing may avail thee,
To save thee from the serpent's curse.

Adah then departs with her child,
and the catastrophe approaches. Abel
enters, and beseeches his brother to join
him in sacrificing to Jehovah. Cain
excuses himself, but, soothed by his
brother's affectionate entreaties, con-
sents to choose one of two altars erected
by Abel. The latter offers up a first-
ling of the flock and the fat thereof;
and addresses a humble prayer. Cain
gathers a few fruits, and, standing erect,
accompanies his sacrifice with a very
sullen and stubborn remonstrance.

Spirit! whate'er or wheresoe'er thou art,
Omnipotent it may be—and, if good,
Shown in the exemption of thy deeds from
evil,

Jehovah upon earth, and God in heaven!
And it may be with other names, because
Thine attributes seem many, as thy works:
If thou must be propitiated with prayers,
Take them! If thou must be induced with
altars,

And soften'd with a sacrifice, receive them!
Two beings here erect them unto thee.
If thou lov'st blood, the shepherd's shrine,
which smokes

On my right hand, hath shed it for thy
service

In the first of his flock, whose limbs now
reek

In sanguinary incense to thy skies.
Or if the sweet and blooming fruits of earth
And milder seasons, which the unstain'd
turf

I spread them on, now offers in the face
Of the broad sun which ripen'd them may
seem

Good to thee, inasmuch as they have not
Suffer'd in limb or life, and rather form
A sample of thy works, than supplication
To look on ours! If a shrine without victim
And altar without gore, may win thy favour,
Look on it! And for him who dresseth it,
He

He is—such as thou mad'st him; and seeks
nothing
Which must be won by kneeling. If he's
evil
Strike him! Thou art omnipotent, and
mayst—

For what can he oppose. If he be good,
Strike him or spare him, as thou wilt, since
all

Rests upon thee, and good and evil seem
To have no power themselves, but in thy
will;

And whether that be good or ill I know not,
Not being omnipotent, nor fit to judge
Omnipotence, but merely to endure
Its mandate, which thus far I have endur'd.

Enraged at the rejection of his sacrifice,
Cain resolves to demolish both
altars, but is opposed in his purpose by
his brother.

Abel. Brother! give back, thou shalt not
touch my altar

With violence; if that thou wilt adopt it,
To try another sacrifice, 'tis thine.

Cain. Another sacrifice! Give way or
else

That sacrifice may be—

Abel. What mean'st thou?

Cain. Give—

Give way! thy God loves blood—then look
to it—

Give way, ere he hath more.

Abel. In his great name
I stand between thee and the shrine which
hath

Had his acceptance.

Cain. If thou lov'st thyself
Stand back till I have strew'd this turf along
Its native soil—else—

Abel. I love God
Far more than life.

Cain. [Striking him with a brand, on
the temples, which he snatches from
the altar.]

Then take thy life unto thy God
Since he loves lives.

Abel. [falls.] What hast thou done, my
brother?

Cain. Brother!

Abel. Oh God! receive thy servant, and
Forgive his slayer, for he knew not what
He did. Cain, give me—give me thy hand,
and tell

Poor Zillah—

Cain. [after a moment's stupefaction.]
My hand! 'tis all red, and with—

What? [a long pause. Looking slowly round]
Where am I? Alone? Where's Abel? where
Cain? Can it be that I am he? My brother!
Awake! why liest thou so on the green
earth?

'Tis not the hour of slumber—why so pale?
What hast thou? Thou wert full of life
this morn.

Alas! I pray thee mock me not! I smote
Too fiercely, but not fatally. Ah! why
Would'st thou oppose me? This is mockery,

And only done to daunt me. 'Twas a blow,
And but a blow—stir—stir—nay—only
stir!

Why so—that's well! Thou breathest,
breathe upon me!

Oh God!—Oh God!

Abel. [very faintly] What's he who
speaks of God?

Cain. Thy murderer.

Abel. Then may God forgive him. Cain!
Comfort poor Zillah!—She has but one
brother

Now. [Abel dies.]

Zillah, the wife of Abel, hears the
heavy sound of Cain's mourning, and
rushes forth to call her parents. From
this last scene we shall extract the most
forcible passage, which overwhelms
Cain with the maternal curse.

May all the curses
Of life be on him! And his agonies
Drive him forth o'er the wilderness—like us
From Eden, till his children do by him
As he did by his brother. May the swords
And wings of fiery cherubim pursue him
By day and night—snakes spring up in his
path—

Earth's fruits be ashes in his mouth—the
leaves

On which he lays his head to sleep, be
strew'd

With scorpions! May his dreams be of his
victim!

His waking a continual dream of death!
May the clear rivers turn to blood, as he
Stoops down to stain them with his raging
lip;

May every element shun or change to him:
May he live in the pangs which others die
with—

And death itself wax something worse than
death,

To him who first acquainted him with man.
Hence, fratricide! henceforth that word is
Cain,

Thro' all the coming myriads of mankind,
Who shall abhor thee, though thou wert
their sire.

May the grass wither from thy feet! the
woods

Deny thee shelter! Earth a home! the dust
A grave! the sun his light! and heaven her
God!

The fratricide is then deserted by all
but his faithful Adah, who proposes to
take up their children and depart. In
answer to a question from Cain, whe-
ther she does not fear to dwell with a
murderer, Adah replies—

I fear
Nothing except to leave thee, much as I
Shrink from the deed which leaves thee
brotherless.

I must not speak of this—it is between thee
And the great God.

The angel of the Lord now enters
and

and pronounces the doom of Cain, concluding by setting the mark upon his brow. They then prepare to go forth into the wilderness, and Cain turns to apostrophize his murdered brother.

Oh! thou dead

And everlasting witness! whose unsinking
Blood darkens earth and heaven! What
thou now art

I know not! but if thou see'st what I am,
I think thou wilt forgive me, whom his God
Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul. Fare-
well!

I must not, dare not touch what I have
made thee.

I, who sprung from the same womb with
thee, drain'd

The same breast, clasp'd thee often to my
own

In fondness brotherly and boyish, I
Can never meet thee more, nor even dare
To do that for thee which thou should'st
have done

For me—compose thy limbs into their
grave—

The first grave yet dug for mortality.

But who hath dug that grave? Oh earth!
Oh earth!

For all the fruits thou hast rendered to me, I
Give thee back this. Now for the wilder-
ness!

*Adah [Stoops down and kisses the body
of Abel.]*

A dreary and an early doom, my brother!
Has been thy lot! Of all who mourn for thee,
I alone must not weep. My office is
Henceforth to dry up tears, and not to shed
them.

But yet, of all who mourn, none mourn
like me,

Not only for thyself, but him who slew thee.
Now, Cain! I will divide thy burthen with
thee.

The extent of our extracts from the
Mystery, leaves us no room to enter par-
ticularly, at present, upon the merits
of the two tragedies. The whole vo-
lume, however, is equally open to the
remark, which is forced upon us by re-
peated instances, that the author in-
dulges in a license of versification be-
yond all fair limits; and which would
almost lead us to conclude that he first
sketches his subject in prose, and after-
wards reduces the composition, by a
summary process, into blank verse. In
his finest passages, however, his mea-
sure always improves into smoothness
and harmony; and we see no reason
why, in any place, he should affect a
prosaic ruggedness, which is quite inad-
missible into any composition which
purports to be governed by even the
loosest laws of poetical rhyme.

Before we conclude, we shall briefly

make our readers acquainted with the
story of the two tragedies, which we
cannot more minutely detail. The fate
of the two Foscari is interesting. The
elder is Doge of Venice, and in that ca-
pacity is called upon to sit in judgment
on his son, who is accused of having
infringed the laws of the state, and is
subjected to cruel tortures. The sen-
tence finally pronounced is that of ex-
ile, against which the feelings of the
victim revolt so strongly as to occasion
his sudden death. The father perishes
in the same way, when the malevolence
of his enemies has succeeded in divest-
ing him of the ducal dignity, after en-
joying it for upwards of thirty years.
With respect to Sardanapalus, it will be
sufficient to observe, that he was King of
Nineveh, and much addicted to an in-
temperate indulgence in his pleasures;
and that he was deprived of his life and
crown by the issue of a successful con-
spiracy.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent, Henry S.
Mitchell, in your Magazine of
Nov. 1. page 306, makes a call for
further explanation from me on the
management of apple trees. When I
observed many were unacquainted with
trees having three rinds, I meant no
reflection on gardeners, but it arose
from a gentleman having stripped his
trees of the three rinds, so that the sap
could not rise in circulation to nourish
and support life; in consequence the
trees all died.

In my instruction in the way I ma-
nage my very *old trees*, I thought the
mode I gave was perfectly clear, but
your correspondent thought otherwise,
therefore I shall endeavour to make my
method more clear. In my address
your correspondent, on reading my
instruction, will find I was only observ-
ing upon very *old trees*; I shall now en-
deavour to explain myself more clearly.
It is observable in very old trees the
greater part of the outward rind is
mostly loose, so that it will easily peel
off, and what will not come off, I take a
bill and cut away, taking care to in-
jure the middle rind as little as pos-
sible, though not to be prevented in
a small degree. I took a small hoe,
and crossed every branch to clear away
the moss, in doing which you will
scrape a little off the thin coat of the
outward rind, which will rather be of
service than an injury; and all can-
kered

kered parts I cut out, as my former instructions directed. My young trees I scrape in the same manner as the branches of the old, where there is any moss or unhealthy appearance by being much cracked and hide bound, I found it of great use; and if there is a want of wood, I take my knife and score through the rinds from the branches to the bottom of the stock, which will give a quantity of young wood: but if there is plenty to score, I would check these bearing. I found the scraping beneficial to most trees. I have proved it with a mulberry tree that was very much cracked, (though a young tree); I scraped it to the bottom of the crack, but not to injure the middle rind, and found it greatly improved the following year; some very old myrtle trees had a great deal of loose, outward rind and moss, I scraped them on the same principle with the same advantage. In stone fruit trees great care is required, as they are very much subject to gum, but scraping the bough does good, without going too deep. My soil of earth is a very strong clay, which is a great cause of some of my young trees not thriving well and cankering; others do well and flourish. I have observed on the gravelly soil, the same injury, and it would be a great benefit to the public if the nurserymen would make it their study to find out a stock that would thrive best on those soils, and give information through your useful Magazine to the public, the advantage would be very great.

S. W.

For the Monthly Magazine.

VAUCLUSE—PETRARCH.—*An error of all the Commentators respecting his principal Ode Corrected.*

DURING a temporary residence at Avignon, in the autumn of 1815, I visited Vaucluse, and the supposed scene of one of Petrarch's best odes, the celebrated fountain of that name.

At the back of the valley, within a huge mass of rock, is a cavern, with an entrance arch about eighty feet in depth and sixty feet in width. Near the centre of this cave is an oval basin from which rises the celebrated spring that supplies the Sorgue. The water being tolerably low, we were enabled to explore this extraordinary spot. Not far from the source of the river, on the summit of an almost inaccessible rock, stands a ruin of the wall of Petrarch's castle. The story which as-

signed to the poet this fabric as a residence, with a subterranean passage from thence to the house of his far-famed mistress, has been long considered as a fable. The castle belonged in those days to the Bishop of Cavaillon. The attentive reader of Petrarch will readily discover from his poetry, that so far from ever having lived, there is no evidence of her having, on any one occasion, even visited Vaucluse.

The site of the small habitation which Petrarch had built near to this spot, and which in one of his letters he compares to the houses of Cato and Fabricius, is now occupied by a paper mill. The peasantry have the name of Petrarch constantly on their lips, but seem to be totally unacquainted with any thing that relates to him, beyond the fact of his having caused several spots in this neighbourhood to be called after him; such as Petrarch's castle, Petrarch's fount, &c.

A very extraordinary error has been circulated by the various critics, and commentators on Petrarch's writings which deserves the consideration of all the admirers of the poet. It is the assumption that the ode, (perhaps the most beautiful, certainly the least artificial of all Petrarch's compositions,) beginning

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque
was addressed to the Fountain of Vaucluse.

Besides the fact already premised of Laura's never having resided at or even visited Vaucluse, there are other circumstances which conduce to determine the absurdity of this universally received opinion on this subject. The poem itself affords evidence sufficient that it was never intended to refer to the fountain of Vaucluse. We are told in the outset of this piece, that Laura was in the habit of bathing her beauteous limbs in the clear and limpid waters to which it may be supposed to be inscribed:

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque
Ove le bella membra

Pose colei, che sola a me par donna, &c.
and moreover, that green and graceful boughs showered their blossoms into her lap as she sat beside it (in the humility of transcendant loveliness) and covered her with a cloud of flowers:

Da' be rami scendea.

Dolce ne la memoria,
Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo;
Ed ella si sedea

Umile in tanta gloria,
Coverta gia de l'amoroso nembro, &c.

and

with several other matters in a similar style of imagery, which may be seen by a reference to the ode itself. Now the truth is, that during a considerable portion of the year, and especially at that period to which Petrarch's verses would seem more particularly to refer, the Sorgue invariably rises above the barrier that separates it from the cavern, and rushing over the rocks in a tremendous torrent, entirely precludes the possibility of access to the fountain. Even at other times it is little calculated for a bath for "beauty's daughters;" to say nothing of the absence of "waving trees, and showering blossoms."

At the conclusion of the ode, Petrarch, alluding to a bower in the vicinity of the fountain, informs us that it was there his love first had birth.* This may possibly be a poetical flourish; if not, what could Laura be doing at Vacluse, apparently without any professed object save that of bathing. But the most convincing fact of all remains yet to be stated. On the day the writer of this notice visited the fountain, the water, in consequence of long drought, happened to be unusually low. Upon attempting to sound its depth, however, we lowered a fathoming line of upwards of fifty feet in length, without finding any bottom. These circumstances, added to the evidences contained in the poem itself, totally destroy the hypothesis of Voltaire, and the host of critics who have contended that the poem *Chiare Fresche* was addressed to the fountain of Vacluse.

The question then naturally arises, to what fountain do the verses alluded to in reality refer? This is easily to be solved. At a short distance from Avignon is a beautiful spring, entitled the Triade, so situated as to correspond in every particular with the description of Petrarch, where the ladies of the city were accustomed to bathe in great numbers; and which was in all probability the scene of the little adventure introduced in his Canzone,

Nel dolce tempo, &c.

To this spring, and not to the fountain of Vacluse, were Petrarch's elegant lines indubitably addressed.

Voltaire cites this poem as a speci-

* According to his biographers, Petrarch first beheld Lauretta de Sade in the church of the monastery of St. Claire, at Avignon, on Good Friday, 1347.

men of Petrarch's manner, (the usual cant of common-place criticism) and calls it his fine Ode on the Fountain of Vacluse. As a proof, however, that notwithstanding all he is pleased to say of the writings of the Italian sonneteer, he never so much as read them throughout; he terms this "an irregular ode in blank verse, which (says he) the poet composed in order to avoid wearying himself for rhymes, but which is more esteemed than his rhymed verses." This is all very fine, and rounds his period admirably; but, unfortunately for Voltaire, it happens to be diametrically opposed to fact. The piece in question, is not only rhymed throughout, but is moreover the most harmonious and successful of all Petrarch's productions, and particularly his rythmical ones.

Thus it is that gross errors are confirmed instead of being corrected. Critics too often take that for granted which has been advanced upon some great authority, and so reiterate absurdities rather than take the trouble of examining for themselves. In this spirit Warton criticises an instance of false taste in Tasso's *Aminta*, upon the authority of Pope, who, (in one of his papers on pastoral poetry, in the *Guardian*) had censured the immortal Italian for an absurdity of which he had not been guilty of, and for verses of which he was equally innocent.

A critic cannot commit an act of grosser injustice to the literary reputation of the author upon whom he professes to comment, than thus to conclude by precedent, and incorporate with his own observations the strictures of o'her writers, without first satisfying himself as to their correctness and propriety. S.

For the Monthly Magazine.

PICTURE of IRELAND, and the CAUSE of its DISCONTENTS.

IRELAND is a country under peculiar and unprecedented circumstances. In consequence of the invasion and subjugation of that island by the English, the government became vested in the hands of its conquerors; and a great proportion of the estates of its original inhabitants was forfeited to the crown of England, and conferred upon favourites and adventurers. These persons formed the government of the kingdom, and in all cases uniformly supported the authority of England, in opposition to the wishes and interests

of the Irish. The country and government has therefore exhibited, for two centuries, the extraordinary spectacle of millions of native Roman Catholics subjected to the oppressive and offensive rule of a handful of protestants.

Thus situated and governed, it was impossible that either agriculture, arts, manufactures or commerce, could prosper.

The Irish had been conquered and degraded—and to preserve the dominion of England, it became sound policy to keep them an ignorant and degraded people: hence, education, except by protestant schoolmasters, was prohibited, and the native catholic was rendered incapable of filling any office in the state.

Things remained in this situation for centuries; for though efforts were made in the reign of Charles I. and James II. to restore the independence of Ireland, Cromwell and William III. added fresh rivets to their galling chains. At length the spirit of enquiry raised its head. America, threatened with subjugation because she refused to be taxed without being represented, boldly insisted on her right to the privileges enjoyed by her fellow subjects in Britain—She argued better than the mother country, for she had the constitution on her side, and the success of her arms confirming the authority of her arguments, she became a free and independent country. Ireland attempted to profit by the example of America; she armed herself—talked like a weak and passionate woman—was frightened by a proclamation, and finally submitted to the authority of England.

The discussions which had taken place during the American contest, were revived by the French revolution, and another attempt was made by Ireland to assert her independence. But the principal actors on that occasion totally forgot the heterogeneous nature of the materials which they had to work up into a system of political union and religious liberality. Well educated individuals of all sorts of christians acted together with some degree of cordiality; but it became impossible to divest the rigid protestant and the bigotted catholic of their early prejudices and hostility towards each other. Hence B. B. Harvey the commander in chief of the Irish army, lost his authority, and was obliged to retire; and the protestants of the North, alarmed by the atrocities practiced in the South, resigned their

arms and submitted to the British government; and thus it has been proved in the most decided manner, that religious prejudices will generally overcome the spirit of genuine political liberty.

The concessions which the catholics have obtained, being considerably short of their views and expectations, they will continue their applications to the legislature until they obtain an equality of privilege—and either emancipation must be granted, or Ireland will continue a disturbed and distracted country.

The catholic population amounts to about four millions and a half, and the number of protestants do not exceed two millions. The protestants are divided into various religious sects; but the catholics are, from the nature of their privations, a united people. Under these circumstances, a legislative union has taken place between Great Britain and Ireland; but that union has not tended to promote the interest, or to increase the political and social happiness of the country. The catholics hoped, by that measure, to obtain an equality of privileges—but they have been disappointed; and all that the protestants have gained, is the supposed guarantee of England to the landed property which their ancestors obtained by fighting in the ranks of the British invader.

Look now at the situation of Ireland. His Majesty visited that country lately—the ostentatious character of the Irish was completely displayed—every thing external wore the best face possible, and even the *street beggars* were *dressed* for the occasion. But party spirit, which is so deeply rooted in that unfortunate country, could hardly be kept in order even by the presence of the King; and his Majesty's gracious admonition seems now to be set at defiance even by the servants of the Crown in Ireland. In several parts of the country, particularly in the counties of Limerick, Clare, Cork, and Tipperary, outrages of the most daring and atrocious nature continue to set law and humanity at defiance. To what are these disturbances to be attributed? I will state the cause. The manner of letting land in Ireland, particularly the estates of absentees, has been one great source of oppression and discontent. When we see the lands of the late Archbishop of Tuam—and of other noblemen and gentlemen, set up to auction, and the words

words "*no preference to the tenants in possession*," forming a part of all advertisements for letting land; and when the landowner acts up to this unjust and unfeeling condition, and prefers sixpence an acre offered by a land speculator, to a proposal from his old tenantry, and drives them from his estates by hundreds—what is to be expected from a wretched, ignorant, and starving population?

The Irish are known to be more devoted to their native soil than perhaps any other people in the world. Is it possible not to feel resentment towards the man who, for sixpence an acre, ejects his old tenants, whose ancestors were perhaps the lords of the very estate from which he now drives their descendants to beggary and starvation? Such is unfortunately the state of a great part of the south of Ireland; and add to this the non-residence of the established clergy, and the manner which too many of these gentlemen have adopted of letting their tithes to speculators, who re-let them to the occupying tenant, or exact a full tenth of his titheable produce. The writer of this article met at an inn, on his way to Killarney, a gentleman who had a considerable parish near Castle Island; he had no church—no protestant parishioners—and, wishing to spend his time pleasantly, he resided principally at the watering places in England. He accordingly lett the tithes of his parish to a speculator for £500 per annum, and left the country. The person who rented his tithe raised the parish, the first year, to £650; the second year he advanced the tithe to £900; and as the value of produce increased during the war, he advanced the tithe of the parish until it amounted to £1,400 per annum. Encouraged by the acquiescence of the people, this tithe-farmer endeavoured to increase his income still more; but he had already gone too far, and the oppressed farmers refused to submit to further exactions. The disagreement proceeded to actual hostility, and, in an attempt to carry away tithe from the ground, a scuffle took place, and some lives were lost. The newspapers of the day detailed the facts; the clergyman saw the details—he had those good feelings which induced him to wish to put a stop to such outrages—he returned to Ireland—re-purchased the lease of the tithes he had granted— assembled the farmers of his parish—stated his sorrow for what had happen-

ed—offered the tithes to them at what they deemed a fair value—accepted their proposal, and had the happiness to relieve them from oppression, and to receive an increase to his income, with the perfect approbation and gratitude of his Roman Catholic parishioners.

If other clergymen would "go and do likewise," much might be done to promote the welfare and happiness of the country. In other parts, similar oppressions prevail; and all the distress complained of may fairly be ascribed to similar causes. Great absentee estates, in the counties of Tyrone and Donegal, are entirely left to the management of an agent. The leases upon these great properties were formerly granted for thirty-one years and lives. The tenants were of the most respectable description; they had acquired capital by their industry, which they devoted to the improvements of the linen manufacture, and the face of the country exhibited *bleaching greens*, good *dwelling houses*, and a most industrious population. The noble proprietor of this extensive property, seeing the prosperity of his tenantry, believed that his lands were lett at an under value. He, therefore, at the expiration of the old leases, gave much shorter tenures, and raised his rents. He continued that practice during the late war, until his whole estate was lett at rack-rents. He would not permit a tenant to reap any advantage from his improvements; and, from step to step, he advanced until he has deprived his once wealthy and respectable tenantry of their entire capital; and now, at the two terms of *May and November*, may be seen all the *pounds* in the country crowded with the cattle of his tenantry, which are sold by his agent, if the rents are not paid in the time stipulated after the seizure. By this mode of proceeding, the inhabitants of extensive districts in the counties of Tyrone and Donegal are nearly ruined. Promises of abatement in their rents have been held out, year after year, but these promises have not been fulfilled.

Will not the Lord Chancellor—will not Lord Aberdeen, who are the trustees of the heir of this great property, enquire into the situation of the Abercorn estates? or will they continue to let the agent ruin a tenantry, who were once the most wealthy and respectable in the north of Ireland? Perhaps it may be supposed that landed property never can be too high lett, as the tenant may

may always surrender his farm to his landlord. Individuals may do so, but a population of many thousands could not, by a simultaneous effort, quit their residences, and throw themselves upon the world, without encountering difficulties at the contemplation of which human nature revolts.

These observations are made with the honest hope that they may meet the eye of those who have it in their power to alleviate the distresses—and correct the evils which lead to the direct commission of crimes destructive of every principle of moral obligation and humanity.

Dec. 15, 1821.

A. G

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent, J. of last month, is desirous of learning Anglo-Saxon, in order to acquire better knowledge of modern English. Elementary books, of that language, or classical works of any kind, to answer his purpose, never existed. Lye's Dictionary will supply him indeed with the words; but German is now the polished standard of modern gothic literature; which, if attained, will enable him to understand any of the other dialects as easily as a Londoner would a Cumberlander. In fact, our dialects, north of the Humber, partake more of the Scandinavian than of the Anglo-Saxon, which are both gothic, as well as the German or Teutonic.

Jan. 5, 1822.

T.

For the Monthly Magazine.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

No. XVII.

Quarterly Review, No. 50.

A CRAZY forgotten book, the "*Pursuits of Literature*," contains one observation meriting notice: "Literature," says the writer, "well or ill conducted, is the great engine by which all civilized states must ultimately be supported or overthrown." It were a difficult point to decide, whether religion, education, or literature, in the hands of power, would tend most to its stability: it is certain, however, if by any means it could obtain the direction of all three, its influence would be unbounded, and a nation so enslaved would enjoy only an automaton existence, following every impulse of its rulers. Perhaps in a country where knowledge has become a source of enjoyment to nearly all classes, the last

would be the most powerful engine of authority: the impressions of education are frequently modified by experience, and the influence of religion in a sceptical age (for such it is said to be) cannot be considered universal; but literature—including in that term every production of mind—interesting nearly every individual at the most important period of life, may be considered all-powerful, and whoever has acquired its direction, holds all the great springs of society.

It is, no doubt, from a conviction of the great importance of this instrument, that modern policy has seized on the press as its most powerful auxiliary. Offences against established opinions are in consequence no longer punished as formerly; they have become obnoxious to a far more scientific mode of infliction, and instead of the rude machinery of ancient tyranny—inquisitions, tortures, and massacres—magazines, reviews, and newspapers, have been instituted as the more effective guardians of intolerance and abuse. There is some wisdom, as well as mercy, in this innovation. It was only clumsy work to sacrifice whole sects and parties to the Moloch of Orthodoxy; and the present practice of stifling useful truths by destroying the credit of their authors, with imputations of *immorality* and *impiety*, appears more humane and judicious. Under this system writers are nearly the only sufferers; they are the scape-goats of their parties, and the productions of their pens, their philosophy, poetry, travels, and histories, are made to atone for their own want of faith in the utility of decayed boroughs and the purity of the Holy Church.

Having just adverted to this new reign of terror, we shall enter on our task. The *Quarterly* is the head of the inquisition we have attempted to describe; the followers in the train of the literary Jaggernaut are more annoying from number and noise than poiguancy of venom. In the present Number, we have a fair assortment of the good and bad qualities for which this Journal has long been distinguished;—some authors are impaled for their politics, some for their religion, and some for their licentiousness; and in cases where there are no sins of this nature to answer for, they are treated with fairness and discernment. It will be best, however, to show up the lot in detail.

On

On the *first* article, the "*Life of Cromwell*," there is not much room for observation: it is enormously long, but, on the whole, a judicious compilation from several volumes lately published, illustrative of the life of the Protector, and the facts selected are drawn up with great fairness, exhibiting the character of Cromwell with that mixture of good and bad qualities—of generosity, bravery, love of justice, hypocrisy, buffoonery, and comprehension of mind—which had always made him with us, and, we suppose, with others, an interesting subject of admiration and aversion. We do not, however, agree with the reviewer, in thinking that one of the works reviewed, "*Cromwell and his Times*," does *not* contain internal evidence that the author is a descendant of the Protectoral house: the writer, we believe, is a young man, and in turning over the pages of his work, and also the work of the late Mr. Oliver Cromwell, we confess we were struck with some points of resemblance, which we fancied we discovered in style and arrangement, between them, and the luminous harangues of their great Progenitor. It is a point, however, not of much consequence. Mr. Southey, whom we take to be the writer of this article, does well to recommend the history of the civil war to particular attention, as full of useful instruction on the evils of fanaticism and anarchy, and of the desperate lengths to which men of "*good hearts and laudable intentions*" may be drawn, when plunged in the vortex of power and faction. So far his advice is good; but there is another portion of our history, illustrating an opposite class of evils, not less edifying, and which we also beg to recommend to consideration,—we mean the period following the Restoration. We there learn the incurable nature of princes brought up in mistaken notions of prerogative—the mischief of substituting hypocrisy in place of real piety—and the calamities which overwhelm a country, when the monarch himself is a noted example of vice and profligacy, and his court the general refuge of kept mistresses, unprincipled writers, and abandoned statesmen. There is much to be learnt in both cases—with this difference; that, in one, we have to deplore the venial errors of "*good hearts and laudable intentions*," in the other, the deliberate wickedness of unbridled power and licentiousness.

We had almost forgotten to remark,

on a note attached to this article, in which the writer raises some doubt whether Dr. Gauden was the author of "*Eicon Basilike*." But we thought the question was settled by the publication of the Supplement to the Clarendon State Papers. They were published for the first time in 1786, and it was an ignorance of them that inclined Hume to ascribe the *Eicon* to Charles. But of the real author now there can be no doubt. In the Supplement, Gauden's letters to Clarendon and others, claiming preferment on account of being the author of the *Eicon*, are preserved; and it was from the circumstance of being the author, though otherwise obnoxious to the court party, that he was successively created bishop of Exeter and Worcester.

The "*Apocryphal New Testament*" forms the *second* article. If it evince simplicity in an author to complain of his reviewer, or a culprit of his judge, it is not less so for the professors of a faith "*founded on a rock*," to complain of those who attempt to throw light on its origin. It is error, not truth, that can be endangered by enquiry. With such an obvious principle before them, the rage of the *Quarterly* is absurd and inexplicable: had they lived by imposture, and the secret been betrayed by which they got their bread, they could not have betrayed more bitterness of spirit. Whereas the offence of collecting the spurious gospels—if any at all—is of the most venial kind. We can see no more danger in an apocryphal *New*, than in an apocryphal *Old Testament*; the last it has long been usual to bind up with the sacred volume. In like manner, we apprehend, the *Apocryphal New Testament* would be powerless against the canon of our faith, and nothing can render it efficient, unless it be the absurd fear of enquiry shewn by some of its indiscreet defenders. As to the abuse on ourselves—for the indiscriminate rage of the reviewer has dragged our name into his contest with Mr. Hone—we have very little to say. However the world may improve, we have no hope that all mankind will ever live in entire peace and charity; there will be always some classes with obvious reasons for reviling and prosecuting each other. This arises from the very constitution of society. Men, thriving by injustice and delusion, naturally hate those who expose their delinquencies; and on this principle, we apprehend, we shall always be obnoxious to the *Quarterly*.
There

There is no resemblance between their calling and ours; their office is to conceal and pervert the truth—ours to publish it fairly and honestly. They have endeavoured to excite prejudices against Mr. Hone, and then hope, by mingling names, to associate the same prejudices against us—but we despise their casuistry as much as we do their principles.

“*Baron de Humboldt's Personal Narrative.*” As this distinguished traveller has no sins of a political nature to answer for, he is treated as he deserves: the fifth volume of his work, the ninth and tenth of the translation, is considered less objectionable than the preceding; the ‘*Narrative*’ being less interrupted by dry scientific dissertations, and the sublime scenery of the interior of the equinoctial regions affording subjects more appropriate to the eloquent and descriptive powers of the author.

The fourth article is “*Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs.*” This is a thin quarto, edited, it is said, by Lord Holland, and containing about as much letter-press as thirty of our pages, for which the publisher charges the modest price of twenty-five shillings. The reviewer himself affects surprise at this unconscionable price, and apologizes for it on the score of the enormous terms of the copyright; but we doubt the sincerity of this apology, and suspect it is only introduced to prepare the way for the next exorbitant demand for the “*Memoirs of Horace Walpole,*” which, we are told, Mr. Murray has purchased at a “magnificent price,” and intends shortly to give to the world. Bating the price, the “*Memoirs*” may be considered a valuable addition to our public history—not on account of any new views they disclose, but as confirming those already derived from more questionable sources. Little of this, however, can be gleaned from the notices of the reviews; they are content with merely grazing over the work, selecting such parts as are most entertaining, and least offensive to their parties and prejudices, and never attempting to make it subservient to the more important object of illustrating the real nature of the government, and shewing that its history, for the last century and a half at least, only exhibits a miserable detail of the selfishness, intrigues, and *tracasseries* of faction. We hope shortly to see this subject placed in a different light; we have

now abundant materials—diaries, memoirs, and recollections—for the purpose; and it will not be difficult to show, that though England has been blessed with many great statesmen, eloquent declaimers, and able debaters, she has had few real patriots.

“*The Chinese Embassy to the Tougouth Tartars,*” forms the next subject, and is chiefly remarkable for an attempt to redeem the Chinese from the contempt into which they have fallen, and from the following surpassing sentences with which it commences:—“China swallows up about one-tenth part of the habitable globe; and contains, at the lowest estimation, one-fourth of the population of the whole earth. Yet—so we get our tea comfortably for breakfast, we seem to trouble our heads as little about the *Chief of this vast empire and his two hundred millions of subjects*, as he and they, perhaps, do their's, about us. We have not much to say of ourselves—but the Chinese”—and so on. This is really very fine; we are not sure, however, we comprehend it, for we thought lately we had troubled our heads a good deal about the “*Chief of this vast empire and his two hundred millions of subjects.*” We suspect this luminous effusion is from the pen of some old Edinburgh Reviewer.

A flattering notice of a new translation of “*Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered,*” makes the sixth article. An adequate translation of the most elegant of Italian poets was a desideratum in English literature; and the present faithful and spirited version of Mr. Hunt, is chiefly objectionable from being rendered in couplets instead of stanzas—the worst metrical arrangement that could be applied to an heroic poem, and is the more singular in this instance, since both Tasso and Ariosto had given the model of a stanza admitting an almost infinite variety of pause and harmony, more agreeable to the ear, and more easy in execution than the couplet itself.

“*Martyn's Memoirs*” exhibits a deplorable picture of devotional hypochondria. Mr. Martyn, we doubt not, was an harmless, well-meaning creature, who had fallen into such mistaken notions of the Almighty's goodness and his own unworthiness, as to consider it a proof of infinite mercy that he was “*out of hell.*” There are many Mr. Martyns in England, but we thank God we are not of the number. This article contains

tains also some spirited and just observations on the abortiveness of missionary labours. It appears that the "Church Missionary Society" expended upwards of £30,000 last year, and that of twenty converts made at one of their eight stations in four years, they had all relapsed except *one*!

"*Notes on the Cape of Good Hope*" is the best criticism in the Number—if the reviewer's observations be correct, and he appears to write from personal knowledge of the colony. The "Notes" had become rather popular from the flattering notice of several reviews, and we ourselves thought them an entertaining "little book;" but certainly if—we again say if—the reviewer be right, they contain a great deal of flippant random statement concerning manners and society at the Cape, and the unfortunate adventure to Algoa Bay, which the writer will do well to correct in the next edition.

The *ninth* article, "*the Report on the State of Agriculture*," is fair, honest, and enlightened, and we entirely concur that a free trade in corn is ultimately the wisest policy for this country to adopt. On the general principle indeed, nearly all intelligent men are agreed, and the only difference is as to the safest mode of reducing it to practice. Sudden changes are generally hazardous, even in reverting from bad to good. The least objectionable measure appears that suggested by the reviewer: namely, a protecting price gradually decreasing, so that at the expiration of a definite period for the corn trade to become entirely free. To repeal the corn duty at once, would not only cause an injurious revulsion of capital, but from its effect on foreign exchanges, and consequent exportation of specie, be incompatible with measures now in progress for restoring a metallic currency. On the literary merits of this article we shall forbear to comment, as the writer has apologised for the hasty manner it was written: it contains a good deal of obscure dissertation, with some principles either erroneous or imperfectly explained, and on the whole we have praised it more for candour and good intention than the ability with which it is executed.

"*Blomfield—Æschyli Agamemnon*," forms the *tenth* article, in which the editor appears quite at home on longs and shorts, the Greek accents, and the

arrangement of the choral measures. We proceed to a more interesting subject.

"*Lady Morgan's Italy*." We suspect this redoubtable article is written by a rival bookseller; it is certainly no review of Lady Morgan, but of her publisher: what, however, a *critique* on "*Italy*" had to do with the puffs and advertisements of Mr. Colburn, one cannot conceive. Whoever wrote it—whether Mr. Murray or old Dennis—is not material; it is a mere *brutum fulmen*, an overcharged gun which recoils on the author. The writer indeed seems mightily incensed—he is so choaked with rage he can scarcely vent his choler, but his anger only makes one laugh. Every body knows that certain authors—though they spoke with the "tongues of angels"—the *Quarterly* must paint as black as devils. Now Lady Morgan is one of these—she has vented her indignation freely against shallow, corrupt statesmen at home—against holy alliances, legitimate imbecility, feudal abuse and privileged robbery abroad: how could such offences against "*social order*" be passed over by a journal, whose office is as much to punish them, as that of the Attorney-General political libels?

But this intrepid writer has more grievous sins to answer for;—she is *read* not only in England, but throughout Europe—read, too, not by the "mob," but the "higher orders;"—she carries the torch of truth among those classes where its rays seldom penetrate:—hence she is doubly hated, because she is doubly dangerous, or, to speak without ambiguity, doubly useful to the cause of truth and justice.

We have read "*Italy*" with attention, and retain the opinion we first expressed of it; it is infinitely superior, in our opinion, to the "*France*" of the same author—free from many faults which infected the latter work. Its merits we may infer from the manner it has been treated; the article in the *Quarterly* is mere brutal abuse, and it has abstained from quotations, lest extracts might have exposed the injustice of its censure.

As to the inferior assailants, who have attempted to crawl into notice on the back of the author, they are too obscure and contemptible in every respect to merit attention;—that such scribblers should feel an aversion to Lady Morgan is as natural as for certain

tain vermin to hate light and cleanliness.

The *eleventh* and last article is "*England and France.*" We think sometimes the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* have mutually exchanged contributors, and that some of the articles in the former breathe a more aristocratical, and in the latter a more democratical, spirit than formerly. We have, in the present instance, a profession at least of very liberal opinions, though we consider some of the positions advanced not exactly tenable. It is contended, for example, that there are peculiarities in the French character, which unfit them now and for ever (so we understand the writer) for the enjoyment of political liberty. We confess, ourselves, that we have no faith in the permanency of national character at all; we think that the character of a people will ever vary with the character of their institutions. This opinion at least is warranted by experience. Greece, Spain and Italy have exhibited every variety of feeling from the most lofty to the most degraded—and what has operated these mutations? Certainly not changes in climate nor soil, for these are unchangeable, but changes in government, which have alternately exalted or debased the mind of the inhabitants.

The writer says again, that a people should be fit for liberty before they enjoy it. This is very true; we would have nations, and individuals also, qualified for their functions before they exercise them: but how is this fitness to be acquired? Not under despotic institutions, for they call for the developement of no political capacity, but under institutions favourable to freedom. The way indeed is obvious; give a nation liberty she will learn to enjoy it; let her have popular assemblies, and she will acquire talents for deliberation; give encouragement to virtue, valour and knowledge, and they will abundantly abound. The national mind of a people, is like a piece of land in the hands of their rulers, they may educe from it good or bad qualities, they may cultivate what virtues they please, *if* they will only plant and encourage their growth.

The writer also adverts to the early history of France, and exhibits a frightful picture of the disorders and excesses under the old dynasties; but what does this prove? Not the incapa-

city of modern France for liberty; but the inherent vices of her old government, which, in the course of so many centuries, could train up a people to so little wisdom and humanity.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

AT a moment when it is universally confessed that the physical agency of Great Britain by far exceeds every means yet discovered to find an adequate employment for its powers, the developement of *one* resource in which her rising population can be called into useful, profitable, and honourable exertion, it is hoped may not be thought either visionary or fallacious; this hope generates into confidence of ultimate success, when it is recollected that in its disclosure the *mercantile* interests of the country, are found to be a *co-relative* object with the projector.

A literary gentleman of general information, has it in contemplation to offer to the public through the medium of the press, a work of considerable utility and erudition, which he calculates will realize both the before-named objects, to be entitled, "*Boreo-orientalis et occidentalis Tartarorum Linguae Polyglotta*"; or, a vocabulary of nouns, numbers, and other common and most general words used in the *thirty-three* different nations inhabiting those immense districts known as European and Asiatic Tartary, the Bucharys, Kamtschatka, &c. in the north east of Europe, and north east and west of Asia. With the most correct maps of each kingdom, elegantly and correctly engraved from a large survey, and corrected from astronomical observations, in three volumes, octavo.

Each vocabulary to be preceded by a clear, but brief summary, descriptive of every district, where the succeeding language is used; containing, among other things, an antiquarian retrospect of the origin and descent of such nation; a geographical description of its soil and climate; the manners, religion, and peculiar habits of its people; the chief sea-ports, where the coast is maritime; its large rivers, canals, made by the patriotism of the present government for commercial convenience; other statistical and beneficial regulations; the natural and acquired produce of each nation; the usual prices

prices of such produce in Russian and British currency. And embracing every information the philologist, philosopher, antiquary, statesman, and merchant can desire.

The great object of the author is to supply agents entitled to the entire confidence of our mercantile houses with proper and adequate information to act as factors in the several branches of trade carried on with Russian Tartary, and which knowledge is to be acquired chiefly from a competent instruction in the languages spoken among the inhabitants. This position cannot be doubted, nor can the subject be thought irrelevant, when the very great expense is considered to which the Honourable East India Company have in their wisdom thought proper to expose themselves, in qualifying of their servants in the languages spoken in the southern extremity of the Asiatic continent; and since the factors hitherto employed, have been taken from among the studious inhabitants of Poland, Sweden, Hungary, and Germany, but chiefly from the last kingdom, whose general superiority in those and other oriental languages have been long confessed.

Such are the claims the author and his labours have upon the patronage and encouragement of a discriminating public.

The common parents of the present Tartarian languages are discovered to have been most remotely the Sarr-Madain, or, as commonly known, Sarmatain, since, from locality of situation, denominated *Hyperborean*, and more recently termed Hunno, or Unno Scythian: and the ancient Kusan, the sole and redoubted ancestor of the modern Arabic: from thence these north eastern Europeans and NE. and western Asiatics derived their tongues, as did many of our more SW. European languages come from the same source.

The first, most general, and considerable of these *Tartarian-genera*, appears to have been the *Kalmuc*, or *Calmuco-Mungolian*, from whence the six following classes are derived. The subordinate and component distinctions are presumed to have been assuming their present definite characters, ever since the æra of the death of the potent *Zingis*, or *Chingezkhann*, on the division of his immense empire among his subordinate commanders and tributary princes.

MONTHLY MAG. No. 364.

Primary—CALMUCO MUNGALIAN.

CLASS 1.

HUNGARIAN TZECKLERS, living in *Dacia*.
FINNLANDERS, to whom belong the *Livonians*, in *Courland* and *Livonia*.
MORDUINI, *vel* MORDUA, living in *Nyshnygowd*.
WOGLOWITZI, *vel* MAUTSCHI, of *Ugoria*, in *Siberia*.
SZERMISSI, *vel* MORE, of *Cassan*.
POMEIKI, *vel* COMI, *vel* SUDAKI, in *Permia*.
WOLIACKI, *vel* ARI, of *Wialka*.
OSTIAKI, *vel* CHOUTI, or the *Irtsich* in *Siberia*.

CLASS 2.

SIBERIAN MAHOMEDAN TARTARS, near *Tololskoi*, *Tumen* and *Tara*.
JACKUTI on the *Iena*.
CUSACHI, in the government of *Cassan*.

CLASS 3.

OSTIAKI, on the *Oby*.
COSAKI, on the *Donn*.
OSTIAKI, on the *Czulim*.
SAMOJEDI-TWAGI, on the *Mare Glænale*.
SAMOGEDI-MENZULA, near the City of *Torokonskoi*, on the *Mare Glænale*.
KAMSKOI, *vel* KUOLOWA, near the *Karum*.

CLASS 4.

SAMOJEDI, living between *Archangel* and *Pitziora*.
KALMUKI, of pure *Mungalean* descent.
MANTESCHI, or, *Chinese Tartars*, formerly tributary to the *Delai-Lama*, i. e. wandering.

CLASS 5.

KAMTSINSKI.
ARINTZI.
TANGUINSKOI.
TONGUSI-ELENI.
TONGUSI-SCHÆBASCHI.
KORÆKI, North and West, and KURULI, South and East, inhabitants of *Kam-schatka*, on the Promontory of *Jedso*.

CLASS 6.

AVARI, *vel* AKERI, and CURALI, inhabitants of different parts of *Mount Caucasus*.
COMUKI, *vel* AKERI, living near *Dageston*.
KABUTSCHINI, of *Israelitish* extraction, and
TZUCKESI.

THE GERMAN STUDENT.

No. XXII.

SCHILLER'S INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM.

IN 1785, Schiller undertook to edit a periodical miscellany, entitled *Thalia*, in which he inserted many prosaic essays, and many occasional poems which were afterwards collected. The *Letters of Julio and Raffaele* deserve notice, as containing the religious creed of Schiller, of which an idea

E may

may be formed from the following fragment, which, however, is somewhat mystically expressed:—

The universe is a thought of God's. After this ideal image in his mind burst into reality, and the new-born world filled up the sketch of its creator—allow me this human representation—it became the vocation of all thinking beings to re-discover in the extant whole the original outline. To seek in the machine its regulator, in the phenomenon the law of its production, in composition its several unities; and thus to trace back the building to its plan or scheme, is the highest office of contemplation. Nature has for me but one phenomenon, the thinking principle. The great composition, which we call the world, is to me only remarkable because it is able to indicate to me symbolically the various properties of the thinking being. Every thing within me, and without me, is but the hieroglyph of a force analogous to my own. The laws of nature are the ciphers which the thinking being adopts to make himself intelligible to other thinking beings. They are but the alphabet, by means of which all spirits converse with the perfect spirit, and with each other.

Harmony, truth, order, beauty, excellence, give me pleasure, because they put me in the active state of an inventor, of a possessor; because they betray to me the presence of a reasoning and feeling being, and betray to me my relation to that being. A new experiment in this kingdom of truth, gravitation, the detected circulation of the blood, the classification of Linnæus, are to me originally just the same as an antique, dug up at Herculaneum—both and all reflections of a mind—new acquaintances with a being like myself. I converse with infinitude through the organ of nature, through the history of the world—and I read the soul of the artist in his Apollo.

Art thou inclined to be convinced, my Raffaele, enquire backwards. Every situation of the human soul finds a parable in the physical creation, by which it is represented; and not only the artists and poets, but even the most abstract thinkers, have drawn from this magazine. Lively activity we call fire; time is a stream which rolls vehemently along; eternity is a circle; a mystery veils itself in midnight; and truth dwells in the sunshine. Yes, I begin to believe even that the future fate of

the human mind is announced beforehand by the oracle of creation. Every coming spring, which drives the sprouts of the plants from the lap of earth, gives an explanation of the anxious riddle of death, and refuses my apprehensions of an eternal sleep. The swallow, which we find torpid in the winter, and behold reviving with the vernal season, the dead grub, which rises rejuvenated into the air as a butterfly, afford us a striking emblem of our immortality.

How notice-worthy does every thing now become! Now, Raffaele, all is animated around me. There is for me no longer a desert any where in nature. Wherever I discover a body, I infer a spirit. Wherever I observe motion, I presume thought. Where no corpse lies buried, where no resurrection impends, omnipotence speaks to me through her works, and I understand the doctrine of the omnipresence of God.

All spirits are attracted by perfection. All—there may be deviations, but there is no single exception—all strive after the condition of the highest free evolution of their forces; all possess the common instinct to extend their activity, to draw every thing to themselves, to collect within themselves, to appropriate whatever they recognize as good, as excellent, as charming. Intuition of the beautiful, of the true, of the excellent, is instantaneous appropriation of these qualities. Whatever situation we perceive, into that we pass. At the moment when we imagine them, we are partakers of virtue, authors of action, discoverers of truth, enjoyers of happiness. We, ourselves, become the object we contemplate. Do not puzzle me here, Raffaele, with an equivocal smile; this assumption is that on which I build my consequences, and we must be agreed in grasping it, if I am to have the courage to complete my scheme.

Internal feeling betrays to every one something of this kind. If, for instance, we are admiring an act of generosity, bravery, or prudence, does not a secret consciousness stir within us that we are able to do the like? Does not the glowing blush which colours our cheek at the narration of such a deed, betray that our modesty trembles at the idea of admiration; that we are embarrassed under the praise which this ennoblement of our nature is to prepare? Yes, our body itself conforms
at

at this moment to the attitudes of the acting man, and openly proclaims that our souls have passed into the condition of his. If thou hast ever been present, Raffaele, when a great event was related to a numerous assembly, hast thou not seen in the narrator how he himself expected the incense, how he himself absorbed the approbation, which was to be offered to his hero. And if thou wert the narrator, wouldst thou not be able to catch thy heart in this pleasing illusion?

Instances must occur to you, how warmly I can compete with the very friend of my bosom for the luxury of reading aloud a fine anecdote, or an excellent poem; and my heart secretly owns to me, that it can grudge even to you the laurel, which in such cases passes over from the author to the reader. A quick and intimate relish for the beauty of virtue, is universally understood to indicate a talent for virtue. On the other hand, no one hesitates to mistrust the heart of a man, whose head slowly and reluctantly comprehends moral beauty.

Do not object to me, that on the lively recognition of any perfection, will often arise in the mind an idea of the antithetic or precisely opposite imperfection. Even the criminal is often assailed by virtuous propensities; and the coward may feel enthusiasm for Herculean greatness. I know for instance, that our admired Haller, who has so spiritedly unmasked the nothingness of formal titles, and to whose philosophic greatness I pay a willing tribute of admiration, was not able to despise a star of knighthood. I am convinced that, in the happy moment of conception, the artist, the philosopher, and the poet, are really the great and good men whose image they pourtray. But this ennoblement of soul is in many an unnatural state, violently produced by a quicker movement of the blood, and a warmer glow of the fancy, and which as quickly faints and cools as any other sort of intoxication, leaving the wearied heart only an easier captive to low passions. An easier, I say, for experience teaches that the relapsed criminal is always the more desperate one; and the renegades of virtue seek to be rid of the burdensome constraint of remorse, by flinging themselves more frequently into the sweet arms of vice.

I wanted to prove, my Raffaele, that it is our own condition when we feel

another; that any perfection becomes ours during the moment that we awaken the idea of it, and that our delight in truth, beauty, and virtue, is wholly referable to the consciousness of our personal amelioration and ennoblement. And this, I think I have proved.

We have ideas of the wisdom of the supreme being, of his goodness, of his justice, but none of his omnipotence. To denote his power, we assist ourselves with the partial representation of three successions—nothing, his will, and something. It is dark and void; God exclaims: Light; and light is. Had we a real idea of his effective omnipotence, we should be creators like him.

Every perfection, therefore, which I perceive, becomes my own, and gives me pleasure because it is my own: I covet it, because I love myself. Perfection in nature is no property of matter, but of minds. All minds are happy through their perfection. I desire the happiness of all minds, because I love myself. The happiness which I represent to myself becomes my happiness; therefore I desire to awaken, to multiply, to exalt such representations; therefore I desire to spread happiness around me. Whatever beauty, whatever perfection, whatever enjoyment I produce without me, I also produce within me. Whatever I neglect or destroy, to myself also I neglect and destroy. I desire the happiness of others, because I desire my own: and this desire of the happiness of others is termed benevolence.

Now, my valued Raffaele, let us look around. The hill is climbed, the mist is dissipated, and, as before a blooming landscape, I stand amidst infinitude. A purer sunshine has cleared up all my ideas.

Love, then—the fairest phenomenon of the animated creation, the almighty magnetism of the spiritual world, the source of devotion, and of the sublimest virtue—love is but the reflection of this single force, an attraction of the excellent, based on a momentary change of personality, a transmigration of being.

When I hate, I take something away from myself; when I love, I become richer by what I love. Forgiveness is the recovery of a lost property. Misanthropy is a perpetual suicide. Egotism is the highest poverty of a created being.

Schiller then proceeds to carry on his

his declamations in verse, but this may suffice to give an idea of his intellectual system, which has many features of the ancient pantheism. We will return to his dramatic works on some future occasion.

For the Monthly Magazine.

TRANSLATION of a REPORT, presented to the KING, by BARON PORTAL, on FRENCH GUIANA, July 1, 1821.

DOUBTS having arisen as to the possibility of introducing labourers, and forming agricultural settlements in French Guiana, a more extensive and formal examination became, in some measure, necessary, as a prelude to the establishing of any colony. Accordingly, in obedience to the king's orders, three commissaries set out from Havre, September 3, 1820, and arrived at Cayenne on the 20th of October. There three commissioners, selected from the local residents, were to share in their labours.

On the 29th the commissioners embarked for the Mana, distant about fifty leagues, and on the 5th of November the *Isere*, a king's brig, on board of which they were, reached the entrance of that river.

The company composing the commission, with a military detachment, consisting chiefly of workmen and Galliois Indians, hired at Iracoubo, and on the Maroni, sailed in the *Isere Sagolette*, to the height of eleven leagues.

From this point, which is on this side of the first Waterfall, and where the principal post was established, eleven detachments were sent out in different directions to reconnoitre the Organabo, the Iracoubo, and the Maroni.

The Mana was ascended to about fifty leagues from its mouth, and the lands on both sides were explored to a considerable depth. Besides other of its tributary streams, the Iracoubo, the Couanama were navigated, either upwards or downwards, with the sounding lead in hand.

Seventeen journals or reports, and three charts in four folios, delineate the operations, both of the commissioners and of the officers of the royal marine, and other persons who assisted in the survey.

The region of the Lowlands, or the Alluvial Districts, as they are termed, do not stretch above three leagues and a half from the mouth of the Mana. At the same distance the insects of the marshes disappear. In advancing

further the lands appear alternately level, and slightly undulated; the soil, on approaching the high lands, graduates from indifferent to good, and becomes excellent, especially in the whole length of the left bank, and still more in proceeding towards the Marodi.

The lands are covered with trees of different kinds, well adapted in general for all the purposes of timber. Hurricanes and the yellow fever are unknown in Guiana. The country is intersected with rivers that discombogue into the Mana and the Maroni, and either already navigable, or capable of being easily made so.

The thirteen falls in the Mana, in the distance between eleven leagues above its mouth to an advance of about fifty more, may be passed over at all times by canoes and flat-bottomed boats. In the rainy season the falls disappear, and there is a sufficiently strong current of water.

From observations made during forty-five successive days at the principal post, the average of the greatest heat is 22 degrees of Reaumur. The temperature more moderate in the higher parts.

Two posts have been fixed on the Mana, the principal one distant about eleven leagues, and another about seven from its mouth. The former is the highest point that barges and other vessels can reach, under the present circumstances; the second, in all appearance, would be as far as any European vessel could penetrate. Should a colony be established, its situation would render it the seat of government and business in general.

The operations on the Mana terminated Dec. 25, 1820.

One part of their instructions the commissioners were unable to execute, penetrating further into the interior, and by surmounting the heights, to get at the source of the Oyapock; but the rainy season approaching, and with it the rise of the rivers, these were obstacles which, in an unknown country, could not be overcome. It is, however, intended, by means of the establishments already fixed on the Mana, to accomplish the whole object of the commission.

The principal aim has already been attained, as the commandant and governor-general for the king at Cayenne, has signified in a letter to Baron Portal.

Between the Mana and the Maroni,
and

and especially from the 54 degrees to the 44 degrees of north latitude, the whole country is accessible, and presents so many circumstances subservient to the advantages of population and industry, that considering the extent it would be difficult to find a space parallel to it on the surface of the globe.

Notwithstanding the fatigues inseparable from such an expedition, not one of those who embarked in it suffered from any bodily complaint.

Some difficulties will, at first, attend getting inured to the climate, but with the precautions recommended by M. le Baron Laussat, these will be very much lessened.

M. Laussat, the governor, gives it as his opinion that the new colony, differing totally from the one actually established in all its local relations, should form a government altogether separate and distinct.

In conclusion, the possibility of forming a colony of French families and cultivators on the left bank of the Mana is announced as an incontrovertible fact.

The baron then touches on certain preparatory measures that would be requisite, and terminates his paper by an address to the king, requesting his majesty to authorise him, in concert with a commission to be appointed, to investigate the plan and means of colonising a settlement on the Mana.

LYCEUM OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.

No. XXXIV.*

TIBULLUS.

THIS poet is generally ranked the third in the celebrated trio of amatory and elegiac Latin poets; but were the appeal to be made from the prescriptive authority of erudite commentators and professed critics, to the plain common sense and better feelings of readers of cultivated taste and unbiassed judgment, it is highly probable that the sentence of established opinion might be so far reversed, that many might be inclined to assign the first

* This interesting series was discontinued by the decease of its able contributor, the late Rev. Okey Belfour, and from the difficulty of finding a gentleman qualified to sustain it with equal spirit. We hope, however, that in the judgment of our readers, such a person has at length been found.

place to the subject of the present article. The beauties of Tibullus are as exclusively his own, as those of Catullus and Propertius are peculiar to their respective authors; and the two latter writers are chargeable with many gross faults, from which the former is universally acknowledged to be free. In order to illustrate the comparative merit of these rival bards, it may not be amiss, before proceeding with our observations on Tibullus, to revert briefly to some of the characteristic beauties and faults of the poets of Umbria and Verona.

The reputation of Propertius stands so high among his admirers, the more learned in particular, that it is almost a hazardous experiment to descant upon it with too great freedom. In their estimation, he is of all elegiac poets, *facile princeps*; and if any partial failure is at times discoverable, it is to be attributed to his talent soaring above his theme. Perhaps, however, it would be more equitable, while we award the full meed of praise to the powerful genius, the spirit and energy, the grace, and vivacity, that are conspicuous in his writings, to admit that they contain much that we can admire, but little in which we can sympathize; that his verse is frequently the effusion of an ostentatious pedant, rather than that of a sincere lover, whose mind would scarcely be at sufficient ease to admit of endless allusions to mythology; which, though they may exhibit the erudition of the author, and supply a very amusing exercise for the commentator, have little connexion with the language of real passion; that the want of genuine feeling is often attempted to be concealed under a studied pomp of expression; and that an obvious want of ease is but too discernible in his style, where such a deficiency is particularly objectionable; and when the strain professes to flow warm from the heart, we find that "the line labours, and the words move slow." Nor can we forget that many of his subjects are of the most reprehensible kind, and such as cannot be extenuated by the prevailing manners of the age: on one occasion, especially,* he has thought proper to exhibit himself in a character so infamous, that few men could be found willing to sustain it, and fewer still to publish their disgrace.

With regard to Catullus, his beauties

* Vid. Prop. lib. 1. el. 10.

are indeed superior to all praise, and to feel them, it is only necessary to understand the writer. To great conciseness of expression and striking originality of ideas, he unites a style, simple without vulgarity, elegant without being laboured, and peculiar without the appearance of singularity. In the happy use of diminutives, and the almost honied sweetness of his language, he has infused a softness, approaching to that of the modern Italian, into the terseness and vigour of the Roman song. But, with all these excellencies, on how few occasions can we admire him without reserve; how seldom has his spirit been “finely touched to fine issues!” No writer has exercised so lamentable a perversion of such pre-eminent powers; the grossness of his conceptions but too frequently keep pace with the elegance of his style, and his abilities on these occasions appear to be exerted with a view to reconcile us to subjects in the highest degree disgusting and revolting. With an imagination equally vivid and lewd, he trampled decency and delicacy under foot with golden sandals, and when he bore his offering to the temple of the muses, the tribute was at once a desecration and an ornament to their shrine.

But in the lays of Tibullus, we find no such drawbacks on our enjoyment; the pleasure they afford us, whatever be its degree, we can always taste unalloyed; the judgment is not revolted by pedantry, nor the feelings disgusted by pictures of gross obscenity. He may not be able to boast of the almost intoxicating sweetness of Catullus, and he may be excelled by Propertius in splendour and dignity of versification, but, as we have before observed, he has steered clear of the errors which disfigured the productions of his competitors. When to these remarks we add that his peculiar beauties were perhaps more appropriate to his subjects than any that he could have borrowed from other sources, we think it will not be difficult to draw a correct deduction from the comparison we have been induced to institute between the three elegiac poets.

The short and inactive life of Aulus Albius Tibullus, could afford but scanty materials to the biographer, and even these have been but imperfectly collected. We have no authentic information either as to the place or the date of his birth, though he is known to

have been contemporary with Virgil, Horace and Ovid, and to have participated with them in the honour of adding to the literary glories of the Augustan age. At an early period of his life, he followed his friend, Messala Corvinus, (to whom he afterwards addressed two of his elegies, one of them an eulogium on his virtues,) to Corcyra. But he soon relinquished the pursuit of arms; the toils of war were not to his taste, nor its glories the objects of his ambition. Indeed his sentiments on this head are pretty clearly expressed in his works:

“Quis fuit horrendos primus qui protulit enses?

Quam ferus, et veré ferreus ille fui!”

He returned to Rome, and resigning himself to the indolence and luxury of the age and climate, he became a poet and a gallant; aspiring to no glories but literary honours, and courting no combats but those of love. He was extremely amorous, and appears to have indulged freely in the gratification of his propensities. In this respect, indeed, he was much favoured both by nature and fortune, being possessed of great wealth, as well as superior personal attractions and accomplishments. For this, we have the authority of his friend Horace, who, addressing him, says,

“Di tibi formam,
Di tibi divitias dederunt, artemque fruendi
Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Qui sapere et fari possit quæ sentiat, et cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde?”†

Constancy does not appear to have been his virtue, nor did he think it necessary to restrict to one nymph only, either the ardour of his flame, or the homage of his muse. Delia and Plautia, Nemesis, Neæra, and Sulpicia, are each of them, by turns, the themes of his praises. Posterity, however, has no reason to regret either the warmth or the fickleness of his character as a lover, since we are indebted to it for his four books of elegies, the only compositions of his now extant. They are of unrivalled elegance and beauty in that style of writing, and their graces of diction can only be equalled by their purity of sentiment. The author, though amorous, is no where licentious; and his elegies display a union of chasteness and warmth, rarely found in amatory poetry, particularly of that period.

* Tibul. lib. 1. el. 10.

† Horat. 1. ep. 4.

His language always appears the genuine expression of his feelings; of one who sits down to write what he thinks, not to think what he shall write. In native pathos he stands perhaps alone; and the graces of fascinating simplicity which every where encounter us in his verse, make us ready to exclaim of it, as he does of his own Sulpicia,

"Mille habet ornatus; mille decenter habet."*

Few writers have met with more just or more general admiration; and it is difficult to select excellencies where all is beautiful. Perhaps nothing in his elegies is more tender and spirited, than the manner in which he proposes to surprise his mistress.

"At tu casta, precor, maneat, sanctique pudoris

Assideat custos sedula semper anus.

Hæc tibi fabellas referat, positæque luccernæ,

Deducat pleno stamina longa colo.

Tunc veniam subitò, ne quisquam nuntiet antè

Sed videar cælo missus adesse tibi.

Tunc mihi, qualis eris, longos turbata capillos,

Obvia nudato, Delia, curre pede."†

His praise of Sulpicia is among his best known productions; the compliment,

"Illam quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,

Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor."‡ has never been equalled. But it would be tedious indeed to cite all the striking passages in his elegies. The description of his jealousy,§ of the slavery of love,|| his wish not to survive Neæra,¶ Sulpicia's confession,** and his rapturous song of triumph on the possession of his mistress,†† are equally admirable, and alike remarkable for sweetness and simplicity.

His career, however, was of short duration; he was cut off in the very flower of youth; it would appear by consumption, to judge from the beautiful elegy, in which he describes so affectingly his prospect of premature dissolution.‡‡ This elegy has been admirably imitated in English, by Mr. West, the ingenious and amiable young friend of the poet Gray.

He appears to have been intimate with all the principal literary charac-

* Lib. 4. el. 2. † Lib. 1. el. 3.

‡ Lib. 4. el. 2. § Lib. 1. el. 8.

|| Lib. 2. el. 4. ¶ Lib. 3. el. 2.

** Lib. 4. el. 7. †† Lib. 4. el. 13.

‡‡ Lib. 3. el. 5.

ters of his time. Beside the epistle addressed to him by Horace, which has been already mentioned, that poet wrote a consolatory ode to him on the cruelty of Glycera.* Ovid makes friendly mention of him in his Tristia,† and has lamented his early death, in one of the most beautiful and pathetic of all his elegies.‡

Though Tibullus has had almost innumerable imitators, it has not been his fortune to meet with a good English translator. The love elegies of Hammond, indeed, could they be classed as a translation, would form an honourable exception; they breathe the very spirit of the Roman poet, and are replete with sweetness and elegance; but they must be considered as paraphrastic adaptations, rather than a version of Tibullus.

Cowley has given us an imitation of a celebrated passage of this poet, which may be numbered among the happiest attempts of any writer at a faithful and spirited rendering of his original.

"Sic ego secretis possim bene vivere sylvis, Quà nulla humano fit via trita pede.

Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis."§

The following is Cowley's translation:

"With thee for ever I in woods could rest, Where never human foot the ground hath press'd;

Thou canst all darkness from the night exclude,

And in a desert banish solitude!"

The poems of Tibullus are usually printed together with those of Catullus and Propertius. The best editions of their collected works, are those of Vulpinus, Patavii, 1737, 1749, 1755; of Barbou, 12mo. Paris, 1755; and of Heyne, 8vo. Lips. 1776.

For the Monthly Magazine.

LETTERS from the SOUTH of ITALY, by a recent Traveller.

(Concluded from our last).

LETTER VI.

Syracuse, 31st Aug. 1819.

THE litters, which are no longer used in France, are a species of carriage without wheels, with double seats before and behind, and borne by two strong mules. The bad roads of Sicily have occasioned this manner of travelling; in fact, there is not, from the largest to the smallest town in the island, a single practicable route for carriages. It is the only thing which makes the Si-

* Hor. lib. 1. od. 33. † Trist. 2. v. 487.

‡ Ov. am. 3. el. 9. § Lib. 4. el. 13.

cilians

cilians regret that the French did not pay them a visit. They have the example of Italy, which the French have so well divided into routes and great roads. You march in this manner followed by one conductor on foot, and another mounted on a third mule, carrying the provisions. All these mules are loaded with bells, the continual noise of which is far from being agreeable. At some miles distance from Catania, we crossed the river of Giaretta in a ferry boat. Soon after the dawn appeared to lighten a rocky, unfertile and desert country, which in no way announced to me the approach of Syracuse. Fatigued with the balancing of my litter, a mode of travelling which curiosity alone induced me take, I frequently got out and walked. But the heat of the sun, in a country where the rock is exposed, where no shade of a tree is to be found, was insupportable. I breakfasted in one of the poorest inns I had ever seen. In a little time we arrived near to a heap of stones, in the form of a pyramid, which I was told was the tomb of a son or nephew of Marcellus; this monument, which is in as ruinous a state as might be expected from a collection of large cubic stones, joined without cement, appeared to me rather to have been erected in memory of some victories. A hill still concealed from us the view of Syracuse; but suddenly it appeared before our eyes, on a peninsula in the middle of the sea. We crossed several bridges and fortifications which covered the isthmus that joins Syracuse to the continent, leaving the great port to the right and towards the south. We arrived at last in the country of Archimedes, in that city, rendered illustrious by his defence against the whole of the Roman forces in the reign of Dionysius. During the dinner *à l'Anglaise* which was served up to me in the inn (the English in fact are the only travellers seen in this country) I enquired of my host whether I could have a *ciceroni*; he answered in the affirmative, and accordingly sent me a very intelligent one, by his account; he was a kind of *signor* who thought he could speak French. Perceiving that I did not very well understand him, he told me that he was not accustomed to that language, but that he knew English better; I then spoke to him in English, which surprised him, and mortified him exceedingly, for he knew neither one nor the other. For want of a better I re-

tained him, and his dress of a gentleman made me engage him to sit at table with me.

Syracuse, founded seven hundred and thirty-five years before the Christian era, by Archias, of Corinth, became one of the richest cities in the world, to such a degree, that it was said, in speaking of the employment of a large sum—"with the tenth part of the Syracusans, no more could be done." It was for a long time the real capital of Sicily; it provided succours for the other cities, and, alone, arrested the progress of the Carthaginians: having fallen into decay, Augustus restored to it a portion of its splendour, by rebuilding one of its quarters.

My curiosity at first led me towards the fountain of Arethusa, the water of which, formerly mild and clear, has been the theme of the poets; but now, on account of an earthquake, it has become brackish. This fountain has no picturesque nor regular form; encumbered with modern ruins, in place of being covered with fair and blooming nymphs, I saw only vulgar women, black and sunburnt, and soldiers in their shirts, which was far from satisfying my curiosity. You know what rank that nymph, the companion of Diana, holds in mythology. It is said that the river Alpheus, which takes its source in the Peloponnesus, came under the sea to join Arethusa in this place. The ancients believed this fact so much the more, as a vase, fallen at Olympus into the Alpheus, had reappeared at Syracuse. As for the rest, this fountain is very far from furnishing so great a quantity of water as that of Nismes. From thence I went to the temple of Minerva, the cathedral of which has been made by wedging in the pillars into the lateral walls; they are much smaller at the top than at the bottom, where their diameter is nearly six feet; the chapter appears Ionic; each is composed of two or three enormous stones, notched into twenty flutings; the substance of it is sufficiently hard, and was taken from the environs of the city; it is called Syracusan stone. The pillars, to the number of forty, are elevated by twenty-seven feet, and the cornices by six. La Cella has fourteen pillars on each side. The temple is sixty feet wide and one hundred and forty long; it produces an effect nearly similar to that of Neptune at Paestum, which, however, has two columns more on each side.

My

My *ciceroni* wishing, he said, to shew me what he had not shewn to other travellers, pointed out two pillars still standing of the temple of Diana, formerly the finest of Syracuse; I did not take the dimensions of the two chapters which exist in the larder of a private house, they are enormous and very similar. I was assured, that notched as I saw them in the remainder of the wall, they might be taken for the rock itself, and that the master of the house, wishing to make a reservoir for water, on digging them, was quite surprised to find the joint of the shaft.

The present city of Syracuse possesses nothing curious, if we except by all means its fortifications, which, joined to its excellent situation, renders it a very strong fortified town. At one side of the city is the great port, which is a mile broad at its mouth, and five or six in circumference. It was on the opposite bank that the famous battle took place between the Syracusans and the Athenians, commanded by Nicias and Demosthenes; on the other side is the small port where Archimedes burned the Roman galleys, carried them away and broke them on the rock: the place is still shown where these machines were found. Near to the city is a marble pillar, nearly twelve feet in circumference, and the pedestals dug out with some others, at equally proper distances; it is the site of the ancient forum of Neapolis, for the city of Syracuse was composed of four others: viz.

Ortygia, in the peninsula.

Neapolis, at the bottom of the hill, and near the great port.

Tica, on the hill.

Acradina, at the bottom of the hill, and near the small port.

According to Strabo it comprised a fifth, viz. Epipoloe.

The whole, it is said, were twenty-one miles in circumference, and contained 1,500,000 inhabitants. We coasted along that part of Neapolis which looks to the sea, and entered Tica, constantly walking on a sharp rock. I saw some remains of tombs, but none possessed any remarkable form. The traces of ancient streets fixed my attention; they were neither wide, nor straight, nor well cut. It appeared to me, during the whole of my journey, that even at Rome, with the exception of the consular routes, or those necessary for the march of the

MONTHLY MAG. No. 364.

armies, the ancients neglected this interesting part. I then went towards the ancient fort which commands the four cities, and followed an aqueduct dug in the rock, which is two feet wide and nearly five in height.

Those heaps of vast cubic stones over which we walked, are the remains of walls; they were seven or eight feet wide, and built without cement, like those of Pæstum.

In fine, we entered the interior of the grand fort of Syracuse. This vast subterraneous place, which communicates with Ortygia, was dug by Denis; it is of a fine construction, and cavalry four a-breast may easily pass through it.

The fortress is a long, square building, terminating on one side by four enormous massive stones, nine feet in width, fifteen in length, and twenty in height; they leave between them a space of eight feet, from which the warlike machines, the balistas, &c. were discharged. I was surprised to see the whole of the apertures directed in the same way, which seemed to prove, by the distance of the walls from the fort, that the projectiles went much further than we could imagine. By carefully carrying away the rubbish which fill the intervening places, perhaps some remains might be found of the machines of Archimedes.

Being seated on the fort, and regarding the sea, I had on my right the large port, Ortygia, and the small port; and on my left a port where the fleet of Marcellus lay at anchor at the time of the siege.

On the slope of the hill, about two or three hundred paces from the fort, is a great wall which Denis constructed in forty days; a work which will surprise us at first, unless we consider that there were no difficulty in the transport, the matter being found on the soil itself. On turning round I perceived Mount Hybla-major, famous for its honey; it supplies the waters of the city; and Mount Hybla-minor, smaller, but nearer to the eye. In the time of Augustus the town of Hybla had already been destroyed; it was founded by the Dorians. I was afterward conducted towards a rock, the form of which seemed to indicate an ancient fort. I found there some men working at a kind of telegraph; they showed me a very curious excavation: viz. a real bottle dug into the rock; its neck was almost three feet in width, but I fear

F

not

not asserting that its greatest diameter is at least twelve feet, and its depth eighteen. It is generally conceived to have been a reservoir of water, and that a fort was built on the rock.

At the foot of the hill, between the two forts, is a small village, the inhabitants of which seem truly happy. I breakfasted with a peasant, who gave me the best reception which I had yet had in Sicily. I don't mean to say, however, that I have cause to complain of the Sicilians. After the first surprise which my quality of Frenchman caused them, I found them always honest, and even obliging; and these people, not having seen any Frenchmen for a long time, have only the idea which our friends, the English, have left respecting us; they are almost astonished to see us with human forms.

We descended the opposite side of the hill, by the extremity of Neapolis, in coasting along a second aqueduct, (dug also in the rock) which conducted the water into that part of the city. Until this place the whole mountain seemed to me a volcanic swelling, and soon after I found at the foot of it some stones really volcanic, and two black apertures, from whence they had probably issued. These caverns are not more extraordinary than those of Fez, in Africa, which throw out smoke, and sometimes flames; but it is surprising to see here neither ashes nor lava.

I arrived, by a better road, across a wood of thinly-planted olives, at a theatre dug in the rock; it is vast and of a very picturesque effect. A mill, trees, and reeds occupy the middle of it. Its upper diameter is 444 spans; the steps are eighteen inches high, and over two of them, larger than the others, is a Greek inscription, indicating the divinities to whom it was dedicated. Above the theatre is the mouth of the first aqueduct, which I have before mentioned; the water escapes from it and falls into a cavern of a very singular form. Under the latter is the aperture of another canal, which, I was told, was to receive the waters of the first, in the event of the enemy having destroyed it. I cannot conceive why it was then dug immediately under the other; I think it was for quite another purpose.

About fifty paces from the cavern is a space, fifteen feet wide, and the same in height, dug in the rock, and which is prolonged to a distance. Do not ima-

gine, however, that this has been a subterraneous place; its upper extremity is on a level with the soil.

It is called the Street of the Tombs. On both sides are square doors, which lead into chambers carelessly dug, each of which contains the remains of two, three, and often four individuals; some, however, contain only one; the third on the left for instance, which is said to be that of Archimedes; but there no longer remains any thing in these asylums where we might have hoped for peace; cupidity has destroyed all, nothing is to be seen but the place where the marble inscriptions were found. In vain would you seek for that sphere inscribed in a cylinder, which Cicero saw at the entrance of the greatest tomb of the Syracusans.

In returning towards Syracuse along the theatre, you arrive on the steep banks of a vast excavation, the bottom of which, covered with trees, resembles a real garden; it is the quarry from whence the pillars of the temple of Minerva, and probably the materials of a great part of Syracuse were taken. In the middle, on a kind of tower or pyramid, contrived in the rock, are the remains of a small monument, where sat the guard of the prisons established in this place. These quarries are immense, and, in some parts, the capacity of the vaults is frightful by its extent. In the time of Dionysius, the tyrant, an infinite number of prisoners passed their lives in this sad abode, and even multiplied their species.

You have read of the famous ear of Dionysius, which is in this same excavation. I know not why this name has been given to an excavation, which has truly the form of an ass's ear. Dionysius was first a king of Syracuse, and afterwards a professor and schoolmaster at Corinth; so that when he could no longer tyrannize over men, he was determined to do it over children. The interior is a corridor turning to the right to return afterwards to the left, and which suddenly stops, as if it had not been finished. It is 252 feet long, eighteen in width at the entrance, and thirty at the middle. The height is eighty feet, and the vault becoming narrower at the top, carried the sounds into a small square room, where Dionysius placed himself to hear the conversation of the prisoners. You mount into this chamber in a basket, to which a rope is attached. The acoustic properties of this cavern induced



THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS, AT SYRACUSE.

duced me to carry away some powder, which I enclosed in a piece of paper, squeezed it hard, and having set fire to it, it caused a detonation, a frightful rolling in the vaults. You see along the walls the chains preserved in the rock itself, with which they bound the prisoners.

This vast quarry, or garden, is really very curious; it is called Latomia, and is covered with lemon, orange, pomegranate, and olive trees, which prove how much the climate is favourable to vegetation; often deprived of the sun, they would soon perish in any other country. Were I to choose a hermitage it would certainly be Latomia.

I perceive that my ramble in the environs of Syracuse has become very long; but you have not, like me, a burning rock under your feet, and the sun almost perpendicular over your head; you will see there still a piscina dug in the rock, and a Roman amphitheatre constructed on the occasion of a voyage of Nero in Sicily; it is nearly in ruins.

This letter will reach you *via* Naples, I confide it to the captain of a small vessel, who sets out for that city.

Adieu.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I TAKE the liberty of sending you some affecting extracts from a pamphlet, entitled "Information on the Slave Trade," hoping thereby to call the attention of your benevolent readers to this nefarious traffic in our fellow creatures, and I think it will appear

that it is carried on at the present time to a very great extent, notwithstanding the treaties of France, Portugal, &c. &c. and it likewise appears that the Portuguese government indicates great indifference respecting the abolition of the trade, as the following facts will shew.

On the 2d of October, 1817, a letter states, that during the two preceding months, twenty-seven vessels had sailed from Rio de Janeiro for slaves, capable of carrying nine thousand four hundred and fifty, a number nearly equal to half the supply of any former year, and there were at that time several other vessels preparing.

From the 1st of January, 1817, to the 1st of January, 1818, about six thousand and seventy slaves were imported into the captaincy of Bahia, from Africa, in sixteen ships.

In the same space of time, the number imported into Rio de Janeiro, was eighteen thousand and thirty-three, in forty-two ships, and two thousand and forty-two died on the passage, making a total of twenty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-three slaves imported into Rio de Janeiro, not including those who perished on the voyage, and making an importation into the two above-mentioned Portuguese provinces of thirty-three thousand five hundred and fifty-three.

On the 9th of March, 1818, the slave trade had increased beyond all former example; twenty-five vessels having arrived since the beginning of the year, many carrying more, and none less, than four hundred slaves, making an importation of ten thousand (in four months

months) of our fellow-creatures, torn from their homes, and to be made miserable during the remainder of their lives, to gratify the avarice of their inhuman masters.

The number of slaves imported into Rio de Janeiro, from the 1st of January, 1818, to the 31st of December in the same year, was nineteen thousand eight hundred and two; the number embarked from the African coast was twenty-two thousand two hundred and thirty-one, in fifty-three ships, of whom two thousand four hundred and twenty-nine died in the passage. One vessel, the *Perola de Norta*, lost 161 out of 421; another, the *União Feliz*, lost 229 out of 659; a third, the *San Jose Deligente*, loss 238 out of 464, more than half.

It is to be regretted that this account has not been continued, and also that the importations into the other captaincies of the Brazils, has not been mentioned; but I think the above facts are sufficient to show that this trade is not *discouraged* by the Portuguese government.

"With respect to France," says Sir G. Collier, commander of the British ships of war on the African station—"France, it is with the deepest regret that I mention it, has countenanced and encouraged the slave trade almost beyond estimation. France is engrossing nearly the whole of the slave trade; and she has extended this traffic beyond what can be supposed but by one only who has witnessed it. In truth, France now supplies the foreign colonies north of the Line, with Africans. I exaggerate nothing in saying, that thirty vessels, bearing the colours of France, have nearly at the same time, and within two or three leagues distant, been employed slaving; and, I will add, that in the last twelve months, (the letter was dated 16th Sept. 1820,) not less than sixty thousand Africans have been forced from their country, principally under the colours of France; most of whom have been distributed between the islands of Martinique, Gaudaloupe, and Cuba. France has certainly issued her decrees against this traffic, but has done nothing to enforce them. On the contrary, she gives the trade all countenance short of public avowal."

The vast extent to which the slave trade is carried on under French colours, will be seen in an account received from the river Bonny, on the western coast of Africa, dated July, 1819, which states, that from March to that time,

there had been usually from nine to sixteen vessels slaving at the same time in the river Bonny, each capable of carrying from three to seven hundred slaves, and that two of these vessels, which were there in March, had sailed to the West Indies, and had returned on a second voyage; and during the above period of five or six months, 120 sail of French, Spanish, and Portuguese had visited the river Bonny.

A letter received from a gentleman on board the *Cyane* American sloop, which was sent to cruise on the coast of Africa, to suppress the American slave trade, states, that the number of vessels engaged in this inhuman traffic is incredible; and, that not fewer than two hundred sail were on the coast at the date of the letter, all of them fast sailers, well manned and armed, and that the *Cyane* had been chasing night and day since her arrival on that station, and had five or six slave ships in sight at the same time.

A letter received from a resident at Gaudaloupe, states, that on the 29th of October, 1820, were landed there two hundred and nine slaves, eight having died on the voyage, and were disposed of at 150l. per head. On the 18th of November in the same year, were landed at Capisterre, in Gaudaloupe, about two hundred slaves. There can be nothing, he says, which prevents the seizure of these vessels but a good understanding with the custom-house officers, or the private *instructions of the Governor*, to favour this criminal traffic.

On the 24th of February, 1821, arrived the brig *Fox* at the same island, after an absence of a year, with a cargo of three hundred slaves (28 having destroyed themselves during the voyage), and were all sold, except about eighty, the following *Sunday*, for 150l. per head on an average.

In this manner are many thousand slaves introduced into Gaudaloupe, and he likewise adds, that seamen have a great temptation to go on the slave trade; that they receive from twenty to thirty dollars per month, and some have to receive on their return two hundred dollars balance of wages; and I cannot conclude his communication without expressing his horror and indignation when he has to relate, that the Sabbath is the day on which, generally speaking, the sale of slaves takes place; and he adds, that he could have caused one of the vessels above-mentioned to have been seized, could he have

have calculated on the support of the government of the island. But of what avail would my denunciation be? Instead of being attended to, it would prove ruinous to my commercial interest, and the detection of my interference would most assuredly subject me to assassination; or if my life escaped, I should at least be banished from the island never to return, which would be very destructive to my present prospects.

It appears certain, that in the year 1820 the French slave trade had swelled to a more enormous extent than at any former period, and that during the first six or seven months of that year the African coast actually swarmed with slave ships of that nation. A distinguished officer of the British navy, who was himself an eye-witness of the fact, and writing with deliberation, uses this remarkable expression:—"The number of French slave ships now on the coast is something incredible." The naval officers of that station had examined between twenty and thirty ships trading for slaves on the coast, which they ascertained to be French; and one of these officers afterwards found a *greater number* in the harbour of Havannah, bearing the French flag, which either had slaves on board, brought thither for sale, or were fitting out on fresh slave voyages.

This view of the extent of the French slave trade on the coast of Africa during the same year, is confirmed by the Governor of Sierra Leone, Sir C. M'Carthy,

who states, that on his leaving that colony in July, 1820, he had received unquestionable information that no fewer than five vessels, bearing the French flag, were slaving about one hundred miles south of that place.

If these accounts be correct—and the authority on which they rest seems to leave no room to doubt upon the subject, then it will follow, that during the first six or seven months of 1820, from fifty to sixty vessels, bearing the French flag, were actually seen engaged in the slave trade. But it cannot be supposed, considering the vast extent of the African coast, and of the ocean, which extends thence to the West Indies, that all the vessels so employed could have been seen by our cruisers, or could have come under the observation of Governor M'Carthy's informant; it would seem a fair inference, from the facts adduced, that the French slave trade must have grown to an unprecedented extent during the year 1820.

And now, having laid before you a picture revolting to humanity, of this bloody commerce in the poor Africans, dragged from their houses and homes, in defiance of the laws of God and decrees of nations, I must call on your humane readers to consider whether they are not bound, as men and as christians, to do every thing in their power to extinguish this trade, so degrading to Europeans who profess the Christian religion. B.

Cirencester, 10th Jan. 1822.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

"ICHABOD."—1 Sam. iv. 21, 22.

THE tumult of battle is o'er,
And the shouts of the conquerors
cease;

The chariots are rattling no more,
And confusion is changed into peace;
But "where is the glory?"

A thousand glad hearts are exulting,
Removed from the feelings of woe;
But to us those loud joys are insulting,
Those shouts are the shouts of the foe;
And "where is the glory?"

To the idols their praise is ascending,
And glad tears of rejoicing fast flow;
But our tears and our groans are still
blending,

The groans and the big tears of woe;
"For "where is the glory?"

We mourn for the fate of the dead,
And we strew o'er their ashes these
flowers—

But Oh! that that grave were *our* bed,
And the death-shade of cypress were
our's;

For "where is the glory?"

The sun of our glories is clouded,
O'er Shiloh is darkened the star;
For the ark which the Shekinah shrouded,
Is lost in the chances of war;
And "where is the glory?"

Accursed be the day of this sorrow,
O'er its front let the tempest be spread;
And blest be the dawn of to-morrow,
Which numbers my name with the dead;
For "where is the glory?"

GODEFREDE.

IMPROMPTU.

On reading the "Address to Poverty," by
the late RIGHT HON. CHAS. JAMES FOX.

INIMITABLE Fox, portrayed by thee,
The richest subject shines, in *poverty*.

ODE

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

BY SAMUEL THOMAS H * * T.

HAIL! virgin daughter of the skies!
 In genial loveliness array'd;
 Allied by kindred, sister ties,
 To pity, heaven-descended maid,
 And love celestial; sent below,
 Among the sons of human woe,
 To blend them in the social tie
 Of feelings warm, electric sympathy.
 As universal as the light
 Of heaven's thy soul-pervading power;
 Thy charms in every clime delight,
 And dissipates the tempest's lour
 Of hopeless grief—thou strew'st life's way
 With all the vernal flowers of May,
 And with thy consecrated charm,
 Despair's heart-sinking power thou dost disarm.

Benignant as the morning dew,
 Thou doth refresh the drooping heart;
 And vital energy, anew,
 Thy sacred solace doth impart.
 Hail! nymph of social pleasure, hail!
 Thy presence glads life's gloomy vale,
 As when above the storm's dark breast,
 The sun emerges with refulgent crest.
 Bare is thy virgin-breast of snow,
 An emblem of thy confidence;
 The hallowed sanctuary of woe,
 Where feeling's holy influence,
 And hospitable tenderness,
 Sustains and soothes with warm caress;
 And with thy talismanic wand,
 Unfolds the enchantment of hop'd fairy land.

RETROSPECTIONS.

Once more from my bosom's best joys torn asunder
 By commerce' harsh mandate, and fate's stern decree,
 Far, far from thee, Anna, on Tyne's banks I wander,
 And think, though I should not—think only of thee.
 Though Pleasure her lures are fast spreading around me,
 I'll quit their attractions, and pause here awhile;
 On the spot where home's comforts so late did surround me,
 A wife's fond endearments—a lov'd infant's smile.
 And say, is there aught in the rich growing coffers
 Of those who reach nearest Prosperity's goal;
 Is there ought which fell Mammon, most temptingly offers,
 Which can yield, like true feeling, a balm to the soul?
 Say, are not those beings more anxious than blithesome,
 Whom gold has enticements to entrap and allure;
 Is not Poverty's bosom more tranquil and light-some,
 When Honesty's current flows through the heart pure?
 Though Trade, thou'rt the pillar of Britain's high grandeur,
 And plantest her cities where deserts have frown'd,
 Yet to low tricking minions thou oft hast turn'd pander,
 And mankind's social love in thy greedy depth's drown'd.

But turn we, my muse, from these scenes uninviting,
 By Tyne's rushy brink as we pensively wind,
 And Fancy bid fly to the spot she delights in,
 To the spot where my Anna still lingers behind.

Assisted by her, the sweet cheater of sadness,
 Already my white-fronted cot I espy;
 And lo! o'er my mind darts a new ray of gladness,
 For my Anna herself—my soul's bliss meets my eye.

Yes! deck'd with more charms than apparels the young spring,
 Health glowing her cheeks, with youth's innocence crown'd,
 More fair than the whitest plume stol'n from a dove's wing,
 And with dark hazel orbs, where expression sits thron'd.

She comes! I behold her! joy wildering illusions!
 Sweet wakeners of rapture, awhile bless my sight!
 She is gone, and ye perish, frail transient delusions,
 Ere I tasted Love's rich flowing cup of delight.
 Lov'd fair! whom this heart still selects as its choice theme,
 Say, by sickness impair'd dost thou e'er think of me?
 Like a flower that droops low for the want of its sun-beam,
 I mourn, chill'd by gales of sharp sorrow, for thee.

I mourn when I think of thy soothing smiles tender,
 Those kind gushing drops thou didst feeling, too, shed,
 When Fortune rose fierce like the blasts of December,
 And to scenes far away from thy sweet arms I fled.
Lamb Green, Bermondsey. ENORT.

ON VIEWING A PAINTING ON MOONLIGHT.

December 7th, 1819.

'Tis Moonlight, with her placid eye,
 The sweetest orb along the sky;
 When forth she guides her milky team,
 And throws her lucid wat'ry beam
 Along the wide etherial plains,
 Where fix'd, the eye with rapture strains,
 To drink in all the dewy light,
 And sweep the blue expansive sight.
 Now rising from her western couch,
 In form a crescent peeping out;
 Now with projected robes she rides,
 Now broader sweeps the vaulted skies,
 Now soaring fills her silver horn,
 And now, on fleecy clouds upborn;
 Now passing thro' the floods of light,
 She soars the peerless queen of night.
 In such a time, in such a scene,
 How sweet's the calm that reigns serene;
 When down the gentle river's side
 Is heard the song of even-tide.
 The pendant oar is seen to flash,
 And then is heard the falling dash,
 Responsive to the curling wave,
 Whose wand'ring stream delights to lave;
 While down the gentle winding stream
 The whiten'd sail unfurl'd is seen
 To glide so sweetly o'er the tide,
 And press its bosom's heaving side.
 But lo! the Moon's soft pensive light,
 Now strikes upon the church-yard site,
 While from out her gloomy bower
 Is seen the hamlet's sacred tower,

With

With light reflected on the walls,
Which thro' the gothic window falls,
And gleams upon the ghastly tomb,
And shews the tenants of the gloom
That living mortal's hasty tread
Might trace the records of the dead;
And sighing, breathe a thought, revere,
"So end the ties of kindred here."
But see, with falt'ring step, and slow,
With staff in hand, weak, bending low,
An aged matron, homeward led,
Heaven's lamp nocturnal round her shed;
For she with wayward gait and look
Must cross the well-known bubbling brook
Where sprights and fags ('tis said of yore)
Do hold their secret midnight hour;
Whose tale runs round the blazing hearth,
And wide amazement doth impart
Among the trembling list'ners pale,
Who fear the whisp'ring of the gale,
And closer draw, encircled, near,
The inmates of a groundless fear.
But oh! what soft and musive eye
Can scan the wonders of the sky;
Can snatch a glance thro' all the spheres,
And catch the rays of thousand years,
But feels the daring of his wing
Hath touch'd a theme too high to sing?
Thou rapt Enthusiasm come,
Ecstatic breathings on thy tongue,
Bring with thee all thy sister tribe,
Enraptur'd Joy and Love beside;
With holy Rapture's heav'nly measure,
The bard's delight and speechless pleasure.
Like to the minstrel's early song
That swells in numbers wild and strong,

Unconscious of the rules of art,
His song's the language of his heart;
Still glide along thou pensive orb,
And all my inmost soul absorb;
Still let me hear thy whisper'd talk,
As thro' the realms of night you walk;
When o'er the starry plains you climb,
Or highest zenith soar sublime;
Or up the giddy height you fly,
The soothing traveller of the sky.
Whether I view thee from the vale,
I hear thy soft persuasive tale,
Or from the dizzy mountain's side,
Could trace thy solemn footsteps wide;
A charm'd enthusiast could rove
O'er mountain steep or rocky delve;
And then to hear the sweetest sound
Re-echo'd by the hills around,
Of dying music in the gale,
The sweet enchantress of the vale;
That as I press the hanging steep,
My ravish'd soul would inward leap,
And starting list the gentle sigh,
The breathing softness of the sky,
While pure abstraction wraps the soul,
And the fix'd eye revolves the whole:
While the mind's soft respiration
Thus recites her invocation:
O heavenly lamp! suspended high,
The hanging crystal of the sky,
Whose pensive stealing eye-lids shed
A pleasing sadness round my head;
Upon thy vot'ry lone reclin'd
Shed thy timely influence kind;
And thou, O Moon! shall ever be
My chief delight to muse on thee.

STEPHENSIANA.

No. V.

The late ALEXANDER STEPHENS, Esq. of Park House, Chelsea, devoted an active and well-spent life in the collection of Anecdotes of his contemporaries, and generally entered in a book the collecting of the passing day;—these collections we have purchased, and propose to present a selection from them to our readers. As Editor of the Annual Obituary, and many other biographical works, he may probably have incorporated many of these scraps; but the greater part are unpublished, and all stand alone as cabinet pictures of men and manners, worthy of a place in a literary miscellany.

ARTHUR ONSLOW.

THIS celebrated speaker of the House of Commons, for the purpose of relaxing himself from the multiplied cares of his office, was in the habit of passing his evenings at a respectable country public-house, which for nearly a century was known by the name of the Jew's-harp-house, situated about a quarter of a mile north of Portland-place. He dressed himself in plain attire, and preferred taking his seat in the chimney corner of the kitchen, where he took part in the vulgar jokes, and ordinary concerns of the landlord, his family and customers. He conti-

nued this practice for a year or two, and much ingratiated himself with his host and his family, who, not knowing his name, called him "the gentleman," but, from his familiar manners, treated him as one of themselves. It happened, however, one day, that the landlord was walking along Parliament-street, when he met the speaker in state, going up with an address to the throne, and looking narrowly at the chief personage, he was astonished and confounded at recognising the features of the gentleman, his constant customer. He hurried home, and communicated the extraordinary intelligence to his wife and

and family, all of whom were disconcerted at the liberties, which at different times they had taken with so important a person. In the evening Mr. Onslow came as usual, with his holiday face and manners, and prepared to take his usual seat, but found every thing in a state of peculiar preparation, and the manners of the landlord and his wife changed from indifference and familiarity to form and obsequiousness. The children were not allowed to climb upon him, and pull his wig, as heretofore, and the servants were kept at a distance. He, however, took no notice of the change, but finding that his name and rank had by some means been discovered, he paid the reckoning, civilly took his departure, and never visited the house afterwards.

THE REV. LOUIS DUTENS.

The following ill-natured character of this gentleman was found in MS. among the papers of a political character deceased, in a hand not unlike that of the author of Junius. Mr. Dutens was a French protestant, but by the interest of the Bute and Percy families, obtained two livings in the Church of England. His memoirs, which are before the public, prove, however, that he was an amiable man, and I know him to be so, but, from his connections, he was the butt of party rancour.

“It is impossible to prevent the French nation having every information from this country which they desire to have, while a native of France is here under the habit of a protestant priest, whose connections are such at *Charing Cross House*, and, indeed, with half the first people in this kingdom, that there is not a plan laid nor even talked of, that this deceptfull fellow does not come at, and of which he is no sooner informed, than he shows some ladies of fashion a few Paris trinkets, and if any one happens to express a desire to have any thing from that city of nonsense, he immediately sends a special messenger over for it, and a *private message* and information for his French friend and patron the Duke de Choiseul, not by letter (the rascal is too cunning), but he has messengers always in waiting, who can carry a *lip-letter*, *tres comme il faut*. Is not this a national shame! and not only so, but this *mongrel religioned* fellow has places, preferment, &c. in this kingdom, to the amount of several hundred pounds a year. One of his duke-like friends on

this side of the water, says he is clever; I don't know that his Grace is a judge of cleverness, but if that be true, so much the worse for poor England; and perhaps his *French Duke* thinks so too. But is this a reason why such a spy should live among us? His father, mother, and all his family, are at this instant *Bourgeois* of Paris, all good papists, while their favorite son is a protestant priest, and the *bosom* friend to a protestant English D—e. Is this the way, then, for our nation to be successful? or for the *first* of the K——'s F——ds to shew his regard?”

SARAH, DUCHESS of MARLBOROUGH.

The following letters are highly characteristic of the masculine and intriguing spirit of this woman, even at the verge of fourscore. The originals are written in the clear, firm hand of the age of thirty.

Marlborough House, Sept. 14th, 1732.

I gave you the trouble of sending you a great many facts, which are known by all the world to be true, and I own, I did hope they would have made some impression upon you: but by your letter I find you don't think any of them are worth taking the least notice of. And you appear to me to be under the same influence, which you have been from the beginning of all these monstrous things that have happened: who are your counsellors, I can't say, but it must be from your own judgment that you are determin'd, whoever they are. I can only guess, that the tiger, Lady Bateman, is one; because I know that what you say of *my not liking it, if you had done otherwise*, is very near her words. For she writ to your sister Russell, that even I would like her the better, if she came to celebrate the wedding, or to that purpose. You'll tell me that you love me; but I can't see in what it has appear'd, and after I have demonstrated to you, both of my kindness to you and my ill-treatment, your letter is writ with as much caution as if it were to an enemy. And all you can bring yourself to say, is, *that taking any body's part against me is the furthest thing from your thoughts*; which is the same thing that you have said always upon my subject, that you wou'd not enter into the matter, with more heart, and a little softer expressed; and I am apt to believe, that if I were only an insignificant grandmother, you wou'd not think it were very decent to take any body's part against me, who are so scrupulous even when there is no merit, and

and for whom there is nothing to be said. I have long wished to convince you of your errors, which might have been of use to you, and some satisfaction to me: but since that can't be, I must be contented with the right and kind part that I know I have acted to you and to all my family. And now I am persuaded, that 'tis best for you never to be made sensible of what has been so unlucky to you, by your own fault. But as for your seeing of me, I must desire to be excused; for that cannot be of any use to either of us, since I am determined that nobody that will not enter into what concerns me so much, shall ever enter into any part of my fortune. But I wish you all the happiness you propose from your other friends, notwithstanding the disappointments of

Your very ill-treated grandmother,
S. MARLBOROUGH.

S. Marlborough to Mr. Davis.

London, March ye 6, 1737.

Mr. Davis,—I don't write this to you with any desire to constrain you, but to convince you, if I can, that, besides the misfortune of contributing to the choice of any member that will certainly, from their folly, and the present interest even of a small pension, will give their votes to make us slaves to France, which is just coming upon us; you cannot hurt yourself in voting according to reason, and making what interest you can for the member the Duke of Marlborough recommends; for if he were not, as I am sure he is, a perfectly honest man, his stake is too great in this country not to endeavour to save it from arbitrary power of any kind, and if you were a man that would consider present interest before doing what is certainly right, you could not lose any thing by it; because your character, and superior genius in your trade, will preserve all the custom that you can desire, and you can lose nothing by being in the right, but a family of idiots, some of which, it is very probable, will never pay you. There are a great many instances of the folly of this family of idiots, who value themselves on being bastards of a player. I will only instance one this time. The Duke of St. Albans has sent to my keepers, to make an interest for his brother in this election, who must starve, and their families, if I turn'd 'em out: because the minister has taken away the allowance I have a right to, and out of which they were formerly paid, and have been

MONTHLY MAG. No. 364.

paid ever since King Charles the Second came to the crown. I am told, that the keepers asked the idiot, how he would like to have his servants desir'd to be in any thing against him? To which the idiot replied, according to his way of reasoning, that I could live but a very little while, and if they did not make all the interest they could for his brother, he would turn 'em all out. This is an account that, I think, must be true, because the Duke of St. Albans is an idiot, and a worthless one. And to shew it more fully, when I die, the Lodge in the Little Park is the Duke of Marlborough's, and that in the Great Park, John Spencer's. And yet the idiot says, he will turn out all the keepers when I am dead, which, he says, must happen soon. I will say no more than that Thursday se'nnight is the day it will come on in Parliament, the question, whether England shall be a people, or whether it must submit to France and Spain? and so far you are guilty, as you make an interest or vote for the family of the idiots, who have, and always will be, directed by those who, for their own private views, have betrayed the interest of their country. I have told you nothing but the strict truth, and am

Your friend,
S. MARLBOROUGH.

To Mr. Davis,

Smith, at Windsor.

S. Marlborough to Mr. Davis.

Wimbledon, Sunday, the 28th July.

Mr. Davis,—I write this to let you know that I have received an order from the Duke of Newcastle to let the Duke of St. Albans have a key to go thro' the House-Park at Windsor. He is, by the King's order, only to go on horse-back, or in a one-horse chaise. I desire you will therefore make a proper key for him. I don't know what the price is; but let it be ever so inconsiderable, as this is certainly an unreasonable imposition, and what no one that ever lived in the keep had before, tho' I can't dispute with the King's letting any body he pleases have a key to go thro' the Park, yet I won't pay for the key. So that you must ask the Duke of St. Albans for that; which is so inconsiderable, that I only do it to shew I make no compliments; and comply, only because I am forc'd. And his Majesty having taken away the allowance, which I have a grant for, and could recover by law, if that were advisable to try against Kings, I am not obliged to pay for keys to those that

G

have

have us'd me in so ungentleman-like a manner as the Duke of St. Albans has.

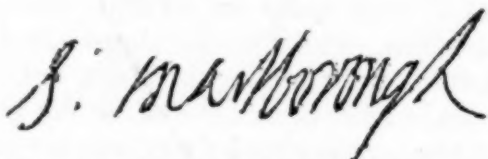
I am sincerely, Your friend,
S. MARLBOROUGH.

To Mr. Davis,
Smith, at Windsor.

S. Marlborough to Mr. Davis.

Aug. 16, 1740.

Mr. Davis,—I know you must have interest and acquaintance in all the towns near you, and therefore I write this to desire you would make all the interest you can for Mr. Blagrove, and Mr. Stronde, when they are set up for Reading: for nothing but a good Parliament can save England next sessions; and many are making interest already for that time. They are both very honest men, and will never give a vote to a placemen or a pensioner. I am,
Your friend,



The DUCHESS of QUEENSBURY.

All the world are acquainted with the party spirit which arose about the non-licensing of Mr. Gay's Play of *Polly*, during which the Duchess of Queensbury patronized a subscription for its publication, for which George the Second forbade her to come to court. Her remonstrance, in her own hand, addressed to the King, is now before me, and has never, I believe, been printed.

"That,

"The Duchess of Queensbury is surprised and well-pleased the King has given her so agreeable a command, as to stay from Court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility on the King and Queen. She hopes by such an unprecedented order as this, that the King will see as few at his Court as he wishes, particularly such as dare to think or speak truth. I dare not do otherwise, and ought not, nor could have imagined that it would not have been the very highest compliment I could possibly pay the King; to endeavour to support truth and innocence in his house."

C. QUEENSBURY.

Particularly when the King and Queen had both told me they had not read Mr. Gay's play. I have certainly done right, then, to stand by my own word, rather than his Grace of Grafton's, who hath neither made use of truth, judgment, or honour thro' the whole affair, either for himself or his friends."

INSTRUCTIONS of GEORGE III. relative to a JOURNEY to WEYMOUTH; from the King's original manuscript.

- 1 Bedchamber for King and Queen.
- 2 Dressing room for the King.
- 3 Do. — for the Queen.
- 4 Bedchamber for Pss. Royal.
- 5 Do. Pss. Augusta.
- 6 Do. Pss. Elizabeth.
- 7 Do. for a Lady.
- 8 Do. for Lady E. Waldegrave.
- 9 Do. for the two ladies' women.
- 10 Do. Miss Gomme and Miss Burney.
- 11 Do. for Miss Plastie.
- 12 Do. for Miss Sands.
- 13 Do. for the 2 Misses Mackenthun.
- 14 Do. King's Page.
- 15 Do. Queen's Do.
- 16 Do. Page's Men.
- 17 Drawing room.
- 18 Dining room.
- 19 Rooms for the Gentlemen to wait in.
- 20 Miss Burney's dining room.
- 21 Pages' dining room.

Lodgings as near as possible for four Gentlemen and their servants, five of the attendants out of livery, four footmen, and the servants under Mr. — in the household department.

Bedrooms for 15 stable servants, and stables for 27 horses.

Mr. — is to order from Reading

- 4 Post horses for the King's post chaise.
- 4 Do. Queen's first post chaise.
- 4 Do. Queen's second post chaise.
- 4 Do. King's Equerries' post chaise.

Saddle horses for footman and two hobby grooms, to be at Sir William Pitt's, at Highfield, at three o'clock on Friday, Aug. 24th.

The same number of horses at Basingstoke, and Overton. The Queen's second post coach and the Equerries' post coach will remain the night at Andover, as the Princesses Mary and Amelia will lye there. The King will sup there at nine, after which proceed to Weymouth. The horses wanted that night will be

4 horses for the King's post chaise,
4 do. Queen's post chaise,
and 6 saddle horses; the above number at Salisbury, Woodycate's Inn, Blandford, and Dorchester, at the last place the saddle horses omitted;

On Saturday morning, from Andover to Weymouth, 8 horses for the two post coaches, and three saddle horses.

Mr. — is also to order the horses for Mr. Braymeers' post coach, and the Queen's. She will lye at Andover, and follow the Princesses to Weymouth.

AN ITINERARY, July 1801.

Walton town-and bridge, about seventeen miles and a half from Hyde Park Corner.—By the left, as you enter from the river, you enter Lord Tankerville's grounds, which extend along the

the river. On the left there is a cold bath; it is a pretty village. There is also Walton Lodge, belonging to Col. Blair, of Cavendish-square, and Walton Grove, the residence of — Pippin, esq. lord of the manor. The bridge, connecting the counties of Surrey and Middlesex, is stately and will be found worthy of attention, though built in an irregular manner, and too narrow. It consists of two principal arches of free stone, each of which has an adjoining one with projecting ballustrades also of the same. The piers are of stone.

On crossing the bridge from Surrey, the right hand leads to Sunbury, and the left hand to Lower Halliford, eighteen miles from Hyde Park Corner. It is often pronounced Hafford, and lies within the parish of Shepperton, to which it is an appurtenance or hamlet.

The first house to the right, is a pretty large one, with some adjoining meadows, in the possession of Capt. Bullock. On the left is a fishing cottage, the property of Mr. Stevenson, an opulent distiller in Wardour-street, Soho. It is called Campshot-hall, and was purchased by him for his sister, who died soon after. It is now let occasionally; the site is within a few yards of the Thames. The parlour and drawing-room will attract notice, as excellent apartments. Sir James Grant, of Castle Grant, a wealthy Scots baronet, and chief of a clan bearing the same name, paid five guineas a week for this place, during three or four months in the summer. On a small green, in the neighbourhood, are two pretty houses, one belonging to Mr. Maund, the other to Mr. Thomas. At the last house in Halliford, lives Mr. Hutchinson, an eminent attorney of Bloomsbury-square; it is a handsome white building, with good gardens. To the man of rural taste, the situation of Halliford will be acceptable: it stretches along the river in a line parallel to it, and comprises a variety of fine views that take in Oatland's Park, the house, the new cupola, roofed summer-house, &c.

Shepperton, eighteen miles and a half from Hyde Park Corner, has not so many particulars to gratify curiosity. Mr. —, the brewer, has a luminous view of Oatlands from his grounds behind, which are bounded by an arm of the Thames. The parsonage-house, occupied by the rector, Mr. Hubbard, has been lately beautified and rendered more convenient. The principal object

is the formation of a grove, consisting of shrubs and evergreens, so calculated as to exclude the view of the church-yard, and perhaps the church) and exhibit only the rich, low meadows on the other side. The tythes, I was told, were stored in his capacious rooms.

The church is old, and in form of a cross, with a flag-staff; the style of its architecture resembles that of our remaining Norman edifices. Nothing remarkable in the church-yard but two Latin epitaphs on two perpendicular tomb-stones, to the memory of Benjamin Blake, and another of the same name, both from America.

Shepperton, however, recommends itself to the attention of anglers, who resort to it from London, and all parts of the country. Barbel, some of a prodigious size, are often caught there, with gudgeons, roach, dace, perch, eels, &c. in abundance. A few trout are also met with by the experienced angler; salmon caught occasionally—Thames salmon excellent. Principal inn, the Anchor.

Monday, July 13.

Weybridge, twenty miles from Hyde Park Corner.—In the situation of this parish, Lord Portmore's stately white mansion seems adapted to enlist attention. The Wey forms a striking and sprightly feature in the scenery, his grounds being intersected with it. It is crossed by a bridge near its confluence with the Thames. Lord P.'s park, or rather paddock, as it is not very extensive, has been converted into tillage ground, and is under culture.

In walking along, my progress was arrested, at the end of Shepperton, by a fine, beautiful sweep of the river. Here I found myself opposite to a little white house in his lordship's grounds, where a cascade unveils the embellishments which an object so rural admits of. To the left, a little beyond, is a canal which leads to Guilford, Godalming, &c.

I then crossed the river in a punt, opposite a house inhabited by Mr. Barnwell. In the contracted sphere of this quiet abode, there reposes, on a sheltered lawn, extending towards the Thames, and confined by a green railway, the premises belonging to the Duke of York.

The village winds along the road leading from the Thames; it produces a favourable impression on the taste, and the scenery is interesting from a number of charming houses, Lady Stewart's,

Stewart's, Lord Cavans, &c. Sir Home Popham, now on an expedition to South America, has also a house here. The houses, however, are manifestly deteriorated in value, from the impolitic relinquishment of a right of road through Oatland's Park; many are either in decay or untenanted. At — Robinson's, esq., a beautiful curve of the Wey presents a picture which has an exquisite effect.

I entered Oatlands, by the road leading from Weybridge. The Newcastle Arms (a couple of greyhounds, surmounted by a ducal coronet) are sufficiently apparent on the gate to mark its former lord. The steeple of Chertsey church, peeping through the woodlands on the left, calls up at once ideas connected with the romantic. Saw some inferior crops of barley, and as I advanced the deterioration increased. The Norfolk system does not seem to have been adopted; the soil light—the farming bad. His Royal Highness keeps several teams, and appears to be a worse farmer than his father.

Proceeding along the road, I observed the stables, which deserve peculiar mention, as heightening and varying the view, and forming a respectable pile of buildings, on the right. On the left, from "foliage green," through the trees, appears the house, which, however, will be viewed comparatively without admiration, for the numerous bearings of royalty it exhibits no more of than the plain mansion of an English gentleman usually does.

I had been for some time in sight of two adjoining flocks of sheep, pasturing on a lawn which had not been exposed to the plough—a measure, however, which, I have observed, tends to facilitate ameliorations. They were attended by a shepherd and a boy, who were to keep them separate from the cultivated parts. One division consisted of the Wiltshire breed, and the other of the real Spanish; the latter belongs to the King, and has been sent here for the benefit of the pasture. It consists of eight score and seven; they have been three years in England; the exertions for their improvement have not been checked, and they breed pretty well, having had sixty lambs this season. Incidentally may be noticed, in obtaining an acquaintance with the structure and habits of these animals, that the fleece is better, but less bulky than the English, the carcase manifestly less.

The Duke has lately stuccoed the front, so as to resemble stone when you approach it, but it looks like brick at a distance. To overcome this disadvantage, and produce an effect more striking and adorned, it ought to be a few shades lighter. In the front, next the canal, the castellated gothic architecture is attempted, the parapet wall exhibiting square interstices modelled as battlements. The modern bow-window, however, I cannot pass without reprehension—it accords but ill with that mode of building, and must unavoidably break the chain of its combination. I visited Oatlands again on Sunday the 27th; the Duke and Duchess were at dinner in a tent near the house. Here I saw some gentlemen agreeably amusing themselves in starting boys and girls to run round the trees. I followed some company along the canal which I had heard so much of—but in pronouncing on its merits, I must confess I was greatly disappointed. It is insignificant in point of breadth; the water is bad; it has none of that playful rapidity which is an essential characteristic of a running stream, being covered with broad-leaved weeds, and possessing the appearance of a stagnant pool. To me, wealth appears to have been employed with a profusion of diligence, but not with sufficient taste and judgment, as the Thames is seen from various parts of the park, and a building might have been erected with the happiest effect of commanding the whole sweep of this river, from Sunbury to Staines.

To give it every advantage, I searched out the best possible view—such I found, and am firmly persuaded is that, when the eye traces the broad water, as it is called, along its extent, discerns Walton bridge behind a grove of trees, through which it is supposed to meander. A fancy, warmly excited, is called in to suppose this to be the Thames, emptying itself through the arches in the distance, but the want of a pellucid current, on this occasion, precluded the range and expansion of my imagination.

The Duke of Newcastle, grandfather to the present minor Duke, erected the grotto, and cut the Serpentine canal, otherwise called the Broad Water, at the bottom of the terrace. The latter was almost a needless expence, as, from the vicinity of the Thames, it could not be introduced with any great effect—the former a ridiculous one. The water is not brought from the river, pipes being laid

laid all the way from St. George's Hill on the common.

CALAIS.

Towards the close of the 12th century, Calais was a fishing village, with little in it to excite interest or attention; but when the inhabitants had acquired importance from success in the herring fishery, we find the church ready to extend its tyranny and usurpation on the occasion. In the year 1180, Pope Alexander III. granted the tithe of all the herrings there taken to the Abbey of St. Bertin, celebrated for its immense wealth, but to which bad effects were attributed, from its improper use. M. de Becquigny is the author who informs us of the rapacity thus excited, and the luxurious, worthless, and dissolute lives led by the abbots and monks.

The honest fishermen, however, not clearly comprehending the Pope's right to give away their property, declared they would sooner decimate the monks than suffer their herrings to be decimated. But the unjust sentence passed on them in this transaction, far from being combated, was confirmed by the civil power, and they were reduced to obedience by the Count of Flanders, who was then their regent, as guardian to Iola, Countess of Boulogne.—See also *L'Histoire de l'Académie des Inscriptions and Belles Lettres*.

SCIENCE in FRANCE.

Caroline Herschel, sister to the astronomer of that name, is not the only female who addicts herself to the study of astronomy, and has reached a high degree of improvement in it.

Madame, or to borrow her own designation, the female citizen, Le François, wife of Le François, nephew and assistant to Jerome Lalande, who presides over the national observatory at Paris, seconded the zeal of her husband and his uncle, so as to combine and blend the results of their different observations and calculations.

In the midst of the convulsions that agitate Europe, and exposed to imminent danger from the commotions that render the times dark and perilous in their native country, these three persons were occupied in the bloody year 1794 in the labour of making a catalogue of the stars; and they published the result of their united efforts and powers, in 40,000 calculations.

During those popular tumults, science was nourished. Citizen Mechain was sent, in 1792, to Barcelona, to make admeasurements, and Delambre, in the

same year, was employed in measuring triangles, and taking the distances between Orleans and Dunkirk.

LETTER of LORD NELSON relative to PRIVATEERS.

Termagant to be sent with the

Dispatches coming by the Seahorse.

To write Mr. Nepean that although I have full power and authority over his majesty's fleets in the Mediterranean, respecting military affairs; yet with respect to privateers, they being private property, I have not the smallest controul. When commissions are granted them, the owners give security in a large sum of money for their good conduct, and I should, and so would the sovereign, be liable to a prosecution by law should he force them to any act. Their conduct can only be judged by the High Court of Admiralty, on which there are two in the Mediterranean, one at Malta, the other at Gibraltar. However, to shew my sincere disposition to do all in my power for the security of the neutral navigation, which I am sure will never be interrupted by H. M. ships, I send you a paper for each of the vessels, which may possibly make the privateers consider a little before they will detain a real neutral vessel and cargo; but I must apprise you and desire that you will inform the government of Sardinia that any paper from me will not have the smallest weight in an English court of justice, where they adjudge from what is proved, and not from any opinion of others, however high their rank or station in life. I am very much of opinion that the conduct of Privateers of all nations is oftentimes very irregular, to say no more of it; but I can only again repeat that I have no controul over them, their conduct and seizures can only be judged in the Court of Admiralty. I shall send your letter and papers to his Excellency the Governor of Gibraltar, that they may be laid officially before the Court of Admiralty there; and I would recommend the case of the taking a Sardinian vessel to make other captures to be sent to *Compte de Fidmont*, to be laid before the British government, for I am of opinion that such conduct ought not to be permitted.

THE POPE.

The following hemistich gives a modest account, and contains a just *conspectus* of what the popes once aimed at:

Divisum imperium cum Jove Papa tenet.

NOVELTIES

NOVELTIES OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The LAST SIX MONTHS of the LIFE of
 NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was endowed with a character of uncommon grandeur; he imagined there were two or three great personages in Europe in whom he could place the most implicit confidence, and among these was the then Prince Regent of England. The fallen monarch declared: "the son of George the Third will not disinherit himself of the immortality which I afford him of receiving me with generous hospitality." Swayed by this magnanimous sentiment, Napoleon surrendered himself on board the *Bellerophon*; he soon, however, learned that he had presumed too much upon the generosity of his enemies. The English ministers preferred the odious title of implacable gaolers to the immortal honour of tendering a protecting hand to the superb soldier, who only a short time ago wore two crowns, made kings to tremble, and against whom all the phalanxes of Europe marched in array of battle! An exile and irons were given to the confiding and unarmed warrior, who, for the last twenty-five years, fatigued renown itself with the noise of his exploits!

On learning that the policy of the sovereigns exiled him on the frightful rock of St. Helena, Napoleon experienced a sensation, which, although immediately repressed, visibly announced that this blow had affected him in a terrible manner. This was naturally to be expected, even had he been more impassible than the rock he was about to inhabit.

However, the news of his exile was comparatively trifling to the disgust and mortification which awaited him at St. Helena, governed by a man of the character of Sir ———.

Although we do not hold with those who insist that Napoleon's death was occasioned by some atrocious means, yet it is natural to think that it might have been in consequence of the physical and moral tortures to which he was continually a prey. We know that his character and his courage were superior to his great misfortunes, but we also know that he was but man, and it required more than human fortitude to bear up against his accumulated wrongs.

A few years ago, and under the se-

renest sky in the universe, he possessed kingdoms, palaces, a brilliant court, and numerous armies; he reposed on the bosom of the daughter of kings; his regards were deliciously turned towards their beautiful infant, his sole heir, whom he loved to idolatry, after having more ardently desired him than all the treasures of the earth. What wealth, what enjoyments, what felicity on the head of a single man! History, ancient and modern, presents no example of similar prosperity. What was left him of this mass of glory and happiness? Nothing, absolutely nothing, but a few faithful servants, who, notwithstanding they afforded him the sweetest consolations, yet never could succeed in convincing him that happier days awaited him in Europe. In fact, the captive of St. Helena had the fullest conviction that death would terminate his earthly career on the rock of exile. His young consort, his son—his dear son whom he idolized—his family, some members of which very tenderly loved him, that beautiful country, the continual object of his regrets, those ancient companions of glory whom he had quitted, but whom he loved more than ever;—the unfortunate Napoleon found all these extinct, all were lost to him: how many sources of torment to embitter the pain of his exile! Was more required in order to plant the seeds of death in the heart of Napoleon, whatever might be the firmness of his character, the amplitude of his courage, or the force of his temperament? If we add to all these causes, of a nature eminently mortal, the homicidal insalubrity of the climate, and the mortifications which Sir ——— unceasingly heaped upon his prisoner, the world will be constrained to agree that he must have been much superior to the rest of mankind, so long to resist such unheard of sufferings—sufferings which he alone could well appreciate.

According to a letter from Count Montholon to the Princess Borghèse, dated "Longwood, the 17th March, 1821," Napoleon had, for some years, been attacked with a disease of the liver, a disease, which at St. Helena is endemic and mortal. For more than six months this disease made not only rapid but alarming progress; from the month of June, 1820, until February, 1821, he had no less than five relapses,

lapses, which weakened him exceedingly. He displayed the same courage under the accumulated mass of his sufferings as he was wont to do before the presence of his enemies. Every where intrepid, disputing the ground of life foot by foot, and only ceding at the instant that cruel death overwhelmed him with all its forces.

From the day on which Bonaparte felt the first symptoms of his malady he foresaw the consequences of it. "I believe you to be an able physician," said he to Dr. Antomarchi; "but when He who measures out the thread of life has pronounced his decree, all human skill will only be attended with vain efforts."

In the mean time the invalid daily wasted away. From the beginning of February he became more gloomy and melancholy; the books which were generally read to him had no longer any charm; solitude alone had the secret of pleasing him. He suddenly lost all appetite, and soon after was forced to keep his bed; then was it that his most faithful attendants conceived the liveliest alarms. However, favourable intelligence arrived from Europe, which appeared to them calculated to restore hope to his soul. He was informed that powerful steps were making round the Allied Sovereigns' in order to obtain from them a change in the place of his exile: it was added that his family were almost certain of soon seeing him on the continent.

"They take too much trouble," cried he; "I thank the persons very sincerely who occupy themselves in endeavouring to ameliorate my condition: but vain promises will probably be substituted for humiliations. These are steps which will be attended with pure loss. Were my oppressors susceptible of wishing to reconcile themselves with Heaven and with mankind, whom they outrage in me, may I not profit by their repentance; it is no longer time to revoke a decree of death, when the murdered victim does no more than palpitate."

On the 3d of May, he called Counts Bertrand and Montholon to his bedside. "Come, my friends," said he, extending forth his hand, "courage, I am not deficient in it; but we must separate. You know all the objects whom I have not ceased to cherish; let them not be left ignorant of the sentiments of friendship with which

they have always inspired me. Should you approach my son—my friends—I prescribe nothing to you. You will see my ancient comrades of glory and of dangers: tell them that I loved them always, that the remembrance of them has followed me to the tomb. Should my mortal remains be proscribed, as my person has been, carry them near to that fountain, the waters of which have so often quenched my thirst. But should my enemies be less exasperated against my remains, than when they were animated by the breath of life, and should leave them at your disposition, transport them to the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that people whom my soul so much loved."*

It was time that the feebleness of the illustrious patient should put an end to this scene of death. Counts Bertrand and Montholon, whose souls were broken down with sufferings, had no longer any tears to bid a last adieu to the man whom they had so constantly loved—so faithfully served: grief—true grief weeps not, it chokes the utterance.

In the evening of the same day, the young Marchand, valet-de-chambre of Napoleon, received the most unequivocal proofs of the gratitude of his master. But among the benefits with which he was overwhelmed, that which was most flattering to this zealous servant, were the words addressed to him by the dying Emperor: "I shall give you much less, my friend, but you will not the less, on that account, cherish my memory. I know your heart, it is made for constancy and friendship."

On the 5th of May, Napoleon, in an almost agonising state, was again visited by Doctors Arnot, of the 20th regt. Short, army physician, and Mitchell, first medical officer of the navy. But death had already marked him for his prey; all assistance was in vain. The patient expired the same day, at ten minutes before six o'clock. His life was no longer held but by an almost broken thread, while his soul was yet occupied with that adored country of which he was the sovereign: France!—France!—were the last words he uttered.

Thus finished, in the force of age,

* The circumstances to which this paragraph relates, have been communicated to us by one of the eye-witnesses of this affecting scene.

on a rock in the midst of the ocean, and in the arms of a few faithful servants, the mortal career of this extraordinary man, who had not his equal in the ages that are past, nor will have, in all probability, in the future.

Thus finished this political and warlike Colossus, whose remains ought to be consigned to a rich mausoleum, in the execution of which, the combined talents of the great masters of the fine arts, ought to be employed. But, alas! the remains of this first of heroes, now lie buried under an humble stone, at a distance of nearly six thousand miles from the theatre of his exploits! The intrepid soldier, who, during sixteen years, conducted millions of men to victory, had only a few despairing friends, and his relenting gaolers—moved with compassion, to serve him as an escort to the field of repose.

With the exception of a few individuals, cowardly sycophants of Sir ———, every one who was deserving the name of Englishman felt interested in the misfortunes of Napoleon: some, even, would have wished at the risk of their lives, to ameliorate his fate, and redouble his consolations. Of this number was Capt. Poppleton, an officer of artillery, attached to his person. When this brave officer, who knew how to reconcile his duties with the regard and respect due to misfortune, came to take the last leave of Napoleon, the latter made him a present of a snuff-box enriched with brilliants, saying to him; “Adieu, my friend, here is the sole bagatelle which is left me; deign to receive it, as a proof of my gratitude for the noble conduct which you have held towards me; this trifling gift will recall to you my remembrance after my death. Tell also to your countrymen, in the most distinct terms, that I have never confounded *them* with my oppressors.”

The captain, deeply affected, seized the hand of Napoleon, which he bathed with tears. “Weep not, captain,” said the dying man, “I shall soon suffer no more!”

Towards the end of 1817, Bonaparte received a copy of a work, entitled “*Manuscrit venu de Sainte Hélène.*” Scarcely had he got it in his possession when he shut himself up in his cabinet in order to peruse it. We shall here leave the individual, who was at the same time eye-witness and actor in the scene, to speak for himself:—

It was about the end of September, about two o'clock in the afternoon, when Santini* came to summon me to the presence of the Emperor. I found Napoleon lively affected. “See,” said he, presenting me with the pamphlet, “this is what is published in France under my name, and which is freely circulated in all Europe as coming from me. Read it; you will there see what miserable policy is attributed to me; what principles they ascribe; what detestable confessions they make me utter: it is a diabolical work, compiled by my bitterest enemies, for the purpose of losing me in the estimation of the allied sovereigns, and thus prevent all hopes of my return to Europe.”

I had only occasion to read a dozen pages of the pamphlet, to assure the Emperor that there were not two men in France, nor even in Europe, who would not immediately discover that the work neither was, nor could be, from him. “You would be in the right,” replied he, “if my enemies were less interested in losing me in public opinion. Even the princes, although well aware that the book is not mine, will not the less, on that account, draw a pretext from it, in order to perpetuate my sorrows.”

There are no species of reports to which the death of Bonaparte has not given birth. It is principally on the causes which have produced it that public opinion varies the most. We shall not hazard giving our opinion on so delicate an affair. We shall content ourselves with making known certain facts which, if they were not the primary cause of the decease of so extraordinary a man, were not less of a nature to hasten his days, supposing that policy had no hand in his death.

Bonaparte was secretly undermining his health with excessive grief; it preyed heavy upon his mind, and nothing was more natural; but, among the number of his sorrows, there was one more deadly than all the rest; it was not the loss of his throne, however sensibly he felt that; it was not his exile in the middle of the ocean, whatever were the inconveniences and *ennui* attending it.

Napoleon had a firm conviction that his consort, the Arch-Duchess, had never endeavoured to do for him what, in

* Santini, a Corsican by birth, attached to the person of Bonaparte, at St. Helena.

quality of consort and mother, she was bound to have done. This conviction, which was his death-warrant—the worm that gnawed upon his vitals—followed him to the tomb without his having directly confided the secret, even to his most intimate friends. Some few short sentences, wrested from him by the force of circumstances, alone fixed their opinion on this subject. This peculiarity of his life would still be unknown had not death terminated his career.

Such was the character of Bonaparte, that he would have thought himself degraded in the eyes of his consort had he confessed to her that he had occasion for her services.

In 1814, the Countess of Saint Leu, who was acquainted with part of his most hidden secrets, advised Napoleon to request Marie Louise to interpose in the amelioration of his affairs. “No, madam,” replied he to her, “the Arch-Duchess has seen me at the summit of human power; it does not become me to tell her now that I am descended from it, and still less to beg of her to countenance me with her credit.”

This proud spirit, whatever his enemies may say of it, was by no means a misplaced pride. An ignoble soul would not have possessed it; but with Napoleon it was quite natural. It would be wrong to infer from thence, that he disdained the services which his consort might have been able to render him at the court of her father, Francis II. It was quite otherwise. He wished that the Arch-Duchess should anticipate his wishes; that without requiring from him a confession of his situation, she should secretly put her hand to work in skilfully managing her resources with her father.

The desire of seeing his consort mediate between him and the court of Austria, may be dated from the month of June, 1813, the epoch at which the Emperor of Germany declared himself for the coalition against his own son-in-law. The young Empress was with him when he received the intelligence. “Well, madam,” said he to his consort, regarding her obliquely, “your father is then about to march anew against me! Thank Heaven! now I am alone against all; yes, alone—absolutely alone!” The Emperor pronounced these last words with an emphasis, and at the same time an affection difficult to be defined. The Empress probably felt all its energy; her eyes were filled with

tears; she arose and went to her apartment. Caulincourt remarked to the emperor, that Marie Louise was ready to burst into tears, “Crying relieves the ladies,” replied Napoleon, and immediately changed the subject.

Had Bonaparte, after his return from Elba, remained tranquil possessor of the throne, the great personages who were at Paris at the time of its first surrender to the allies, would no doubt have been sharply reprimanded for the conduct which they had held. “They behaved themselves, for the greater part, like men with whom riches are every thing, and honour nothing.” Such was the remark he made to Carnot, on the 20th of March. “How was it” said he, again, “that in the council of the Empress Regent, there should not have been found a man of genius, with ardent head, susceptible of not being induced to await my orders, in order to elevate the courage of the Empress to the grandeur of the circumstances? The moment was supreme. It was necessary to inspire my consort with the glory of becoming a second Marie Theresé. Who can calculate the effect which would have been produced by my young consort running through all the ranks of the army of the lines and those of the National guard, holding her young son in her arms, presenting him to all, and placing herself and him under the protection of their courage, and of their bayonets. I know the French nation; it would not have been less generous than the Hungarians: I should then have had the time to arrive. But in these decisive moments, the army alone, which had no treasures to place in security, showed itself worthy of its ancient reputation. Why cannot I efface from my remembrance the circumstances of this event! Every time that they present themselves to my mind, I abridge my life an hour.”

On learning that some French soldiers had been massacred at Marseilles and other provinces of the south, he cried out, as one beside himself, “they were, without doubt, unarmed!” Being told that in fact they had laid down their arms in token of peace, he added: “I believe it, indeed; otherwise their assassins would not have dared to look them in the face.” Returning afterwards towards the persons who were present, he said, “and you would wish that my soul was not in agony!

H

It

It is already doing a great deal to prevent myself dying with grief."

"It is not without efforts" said he, sometimes, "that I have succeeded in calming my spirits on the subject of the number of ingrates whom I have made; however, there are five of them in France whose conduct, with respect to me, is so enormous, that the horror with which they inspire me, recalls them unceasingly to my mind. Of all the sufferings which undermine me, this is not the least."

"For a sovereign who has worn two crowns, I am poor, my dear Count;* as a private individual I should be immensely rich, if I were on my return to Europe. It is then that I would consent to live only for three years, provided it were permitted me to pass them in France as a simple citizen. With what pleasure would I visit my old companions of arms! I would go to seek them at the plough and in the manufactories; two-thirds of my fortune would be their patrimony. How then am I constituted? In France I loved them in a mass, as intrepid warriors, here I cherish them, I feel for them individually. If it happen that grief and disappointment should conduct me to the tomb, the misfortunes of the ancient army will contribute something towards it; they cause me to pass many unhappy nights."

These were, without doubt, self-evident troubles. We shall close the series of them by that which caused him the greatest torment; because night and day, at every hour, and at every moment, the object of it was present to his mind: viz. the remembrance of his young son.

All the passions of Bonaparte have been, with him, carried to a higher degree than among other men; and that was to be expected in a man who so essentially differed from the vulgar of mankind. It is not, then, astonishing that the love which he bore to his son should have been carried to enthusiasm.

According to those persons who had access to his society at St. Helena, his young heir was the continual object of his solicitude during the last seven years. "For him, alone," he said, "I returned from the Isle of Elba; and if

* Besides that, this passage bears no date, nothing indicates whether it is Count Las-Cases or Montholon, of which mention is made here.

I still form some expectations in exile, it is also for him." "Do I deceive myself," demanded he one day of the Countess of Montholon, "in imagining that this rock, all frightful as it is, would be an Elysium if my son were by my side? On receiving into my arms that infant so many times fervently demanded of Heaven, could I have believed that one day he would become the source of my greatest anguish? Yes, madam, every day he costs me tears of blood. I imagine to myself the most horrid events; and I cannot remove them from my mind; I see either the potion or the empoisoned fruit which is about to terminate the days of that young innocent, by the most cruel sufferings. Compassionate my weakness, madam, console me."

What must have been the agonising tortures of a man who thus expressed himself?

Bonaparte had never too much inclination for the sciences of pure amusement. However, he had in his youth composed a poem on Corsica, some extracts of which are to be found in "*Les Annales de l'Europe*," a German collection. However this may be, it is not yet come to the knowledge of the public that he had ever, since that epoch, composed a single verse. It required nothing short of the solitude of exile, and the idolatry which he manifested for his son, to inspire him with the following verses, which he, in all probability, destined for the portrait of this young infant, and which nevertheless, for reasons of which we are ignorant, he kept always concealed.

AU PORTRAIT DE MON FILS.

De mon fils bien aimé délicieuse image!

Ce sont bien là ses traits, sa beauté, sa candeur.

Je ne le verrai plus : sur un plus doux rivage

Ne pourrais-je jamais le presser sur mon cœur?

O mon fils! mon cher fils! qu'aujourd'hui ta présence

A l'auteur de tes jours épargnerait d'ennui!

Sous mes yeux, je verrais s'élever ton enfance;

Plus tard, de mes vieux ans tu deviendrais l'appui.

Près de toi, j'oublierais mes malheurs et ma gloire;

Près de toi, sur ce roc, je me croirais aux cieux;

Dans tes bras, j'oublierais que quinze ans la victoire

Avait placé ton Père au rang des demi-dieux.

We give here another version of these verses,

verses, because in both the originals which we have before us, nothing indicates which composition Bonaparte preferred.

De mon jeune héritier, délicieuse image !

Oui, voilà bien ses traits, son aimable candeur.

Il ne vit plus pour moi ; sur cet affreux rivage,
Il ne viendra jamais s'appuyer sur mon cœur.

O mon sang ! O mon fils ! que ta douce présence,

A ton malheureux Père épargnerait d'ennui !
Doucement je verrais s'élever ton enfance ;

A mes vieux ans plus tard tu servais d'appui.

Seul, tu me tiendrais lieu de couronne et de gloire.

Avec toi, sur ce roc, je serais dans les cieux.
T'embrassant, j'oublierais que vingt ans la victoire,

M'avait mis en Europe au rang des demi-dieux.

These verses alone are worth a whole commentary on the sorrows with which Bonaparte was devoured.

This sketch of the troubles of every kind to which Napoleon found himself a prey, and of which the excess alone drew a confession from him, may give an idea of those which he had the strength to concentrate in his soul. It is by supplying their loss by reflection, that we are justified in supposing that this mass of sorrows, which weighed with so much force on his existence, may naturally have hastened the period of his death, if it was not the first and sole cause of it.

Time, whose iron hand generally rends asunder the veils of obscurity, may on this occasion well be excused from lending her aid, and leave unsolved the primary causes of the death of this extraordinary man.

The following anecdote is sufficient to prove that Napoleon did not always resent personal injuries :

On the 12th of March, 1811, the students of one of the Imperial Lyceums received for the subject of composition, the speech of M. de Fontanes to the Emperor, on his return from his last campaign against Austria. This speech, commencing with the words, "Sire, the University, &c.," was, as usual, a tissue of eulogies from beginning to end.

One of these young students, whom M. de Chateaubriand is pleased to call "young barbarians," soon after he had taken down the subject, instead of translating the proposed eulogy, quitted his form, went up to the professor, and delivered to him his note-book, on

which he had written the following lines of I. B. Rousseau :

"Et je pourrais forcer ma bouche

A louer un héros farouche

Né pour le malheur des humains !"

which may be thus translated : "And can I force my lips to praise a ferocious hero, born for the misfortune of mankind !"

We know not who it was that wished to sacrifice this young man ;—but it is not the less true that Napoleon was informed of the circumstance. "Has this young man any talents ?" demanded he—"does he promise to become a good soldier ?" On assuring the Emperor that he was one of the ablest students of the class—"Very well," added Napoleon, "leave him to give vent to his passion ; I shall present him with a handsome epaulet, and he will one day be one of my best officers."

The following is the TESTAMENT of NAPOLEON relative to his private property.

This day, April 14, 1821, at Longwood, in the island of St. Helena.

This is my testament, or act of my last will :—

I leave to the Comte de Montholon 2,000,000 francs, as a proof of my satisfaction for the attentions he has paid to me for these six years, and to indemnify him for the losses which my residence in St. Helena has occasioned him.—I leave to the Comte Bertrand 500,000 francs.—I leave to Marchand, my first valet de chambre, 400,000 francs ; the services he has performed for me are those of a friend. I desire that he may marry a widow, sister, or daughter of an officer or soldier of my old guard.—To Saint Dennis, 100,000 francs.—To Novarre, 100,000 francs.—To Pijeron, 100,000 francs.—To Archambaud, 50,000 francs.—To Cuvier, 50,000 francs.—To Chandelle, *idem*.

To the Abbe Visnale, 100,000 francs. I desire that he may build his house near Ponte Novo de Rossino.

To Count Las Cases 100,000 francs.—To Count Lavalette, 100,000 francs.

To the Surgeon in Chief, Larrey, 100,000 francs. He is the most virtuous man I have known.

To Gen. Lefevre Desnouettes, 100,000 francs.—To Gen. Drouet, 100,000 francs.

—To General Cambronne, 100,000 francs.—To the children of General Muton Duvernais, 100,000 francs.—To the children of the brave Labedoyere, 100,000 francs.

—To the children of General Girard, killed at Ligny, 100,000 francs.—To the children of General Chartrau, 100,000 francs.—To the children of the virtuous General Travost, 100,000 francs.—To General Lallemand, the elder, 100,000 francs.—To Costa

Bastilica,

Bastilica, also 100,000 francs.—To General Clausel, 100,000 francs.—To the Baron de Menevalle, 100,000 francs.—To Arnault, author of *Marius*, 100,000 francs.

To Colonel Marbot, 100,000 francs: I request him to continue to write for the defence and the glory of the French armies, and to confound the calumniators and the apostates.

To the Baron Bignon, 100,000 francs: I request him to write the history of French Diplomacy from 1792 to 1815.

To Poggi de Talaro, 100,000 francs.—To the Surgeon Emmery, 100,000 francs.

These sums shall be taken from the six millions which I deposited on leaving Paris in 1815, and from the interest at the rate of 5 per cent. since July, 1815; the account of which shall be adjusted with the bankers by the Counts Montholon, Bertrand, and Marchand.

These legacies, in the case of death, shall be paid to the widows and children, and in their default, shall revert to the capital.

I institute the Counts Montholon, Bertrand, and Marchand my testamentary executors.

This present testament, written entirely by my own hand, is signed and sealed with my arms. **NAPOLEON,**

April 24, 1821. Longwood.

This is my codicil to the act of my last will:—

On the liquidation of my civil list of Italy—such as money, jewels, plate, linen, coffers, caskets, of which the viceroy is the depositary, and which belong to me—I dispose of two millions, which I leave to my most faithful servants. I hope that, without their showing any cause, my son Eugene Napoleon will discharge them faithfully. He cannot forget the forty millions which I have given him in Italy, or by the right (*parage*) of his mother's inheritance.

To the Comte Montholon 200,000 francs, 100,000 of which he will pay into the chest, for the same use as the above, to be employed according to my dispositions in the discharge of legacies of conscience.

This codicil is written in my own hand, signed and sealed with my arms.

NAPOLEON.

April 24, 1821, Longwood.

This is also another codicil, or act of my last will:—

The 9,000l. sterling, which we have given to the Comte and the Comtesse Montholon, if they have been paid, are to be deducted and charged in account against the legacies which we have made him by our testament. If they have not been paid, our bills shall be cancelled.

In consequence of the legacy made by our testament to the Comte Montholon, the pension of 20,000 francs granted to his

wife is annulled. Comte Montholon is directed to pay it to her.

The administration of such succession until its entire liquidation, requiring expenses in offices, for journeys, commission, consultations, pleadings, we intend that our testamentary executors shall retain 3 per cent. on all the legacies, both on the 6,800,000 francs, and on the sums bequeathed by the codicils.

The sums proceeding from these deductions shall be deposited in the hands of a treasurer, and expended on the order of our testamentary executors.

We appoint Comte Las Cases, or in his default his son, and in his default General Drouot, treasurer.

This present codicil is entirely written with our own hand, and sealed with our arms. **NAPOLEON.**

This 24th of April, 1821, Longwood.

This is my codicil and act of my last will:—

From the funds remitted in gold to the Empress Maria Louisa, my very dear and well-beloved spouse, at Orleans, in 1814, there remain due to me two millions, which I dispose of by the present codicil, in order to recompense my most faithful servants, whom I beside recommend to the protection of my dear Maria Louisa.

I leave 200,000 francs to Comte Montholon, 100,000 francs of which he shall pay into the chest of the treasurer, for the same purpose as the above, to be employed according to my dispositions, in legacies of conscience.

This codicil is written with my own hand, signed and sealed with my arms.

NAPOLEON.

MONSIEUR LAFITTE,—I remitted to you in 1815, at the moment of my departure from Paris, a sum of nearly six millions, for which you gave me a double receipt. I have cancelled one of these receipts, and I have charged Count de Montholon to present to you the other receipt, in order that you may after my death deliver to him the said sum with interest at the rate of 5 per cent. from the 1st of July, 1815, deducting the payments with which you have been charged in virtue of my order.

I desire that the liquidation of your account be settled by mutual consent between you, Comte Montholon, Comte Bertrand, and the Sieur Marchand; and that this liquidation being adjusted, I give you by these presents, full and absolute discharge of the sum.

I also remitted to you a box containing my medallion. I beg you will deliver it to Comte Montholon.

This letter having no other object, I pray God, Monsieur Lafitte, that he may have you in his holy and worthy keeping. Longwood, in the island **NAPOLEON.**

of St. Helena, April 25, 1821.

Napoleon

Napoleon is interred in a picturesque place, situated in a valley, near a place called *Hut's Gate*. After his arrival in the island, Marshal Bertrand lodged at *Hut's Gate*, while a house was building for him near the Emperor, who made frequent visits to him and his family. They often walked to a fountain of water, which is very good, and esteemed the best in the island, and carried with

them a glass to drink from it. Madame Bertrand and the Marshal were always with him, and he often said to them, "If it is destined that I die on this rock, let me be buried in this place," pointing to the willows near the fountain.

No. 1 represents the Tomb-Stone—
No. 2 the Spring.

BURIAL PLACE OF NAPOLEON.



NEW PATENTS AND MECHANICAL INVENTIONS.

To JAMES HENRY MARSH, of *Chenies Street, Tottenham Court Road*, for certain *Improvements on Wheeled Carriages*.

THESE improvements may be considered as of two parts; first, the form of the interior of the nave box of the wheel, and secondly the mode of attaching the pannels of the carriage to the frame-work. The patentee proposes to make the interior of the box triangular, square, or polygonal, instead of cylindrical, as heretofore. The nave-box being of any of these forms, so small a part of its surface will come in contact with the axle, that the wheel will revolve much more freely and with less friction than in the present cylindrical boxes, where the axle and box are nearly in contact with each other all round.

The patentee does not confine himself to any regular form, but claims to make the interior angles of the box with blunted or rounded corners; or to use cylindrical boxes with longitudinal

ribs, to reduce the surface of contact, and leave interstices for the reception of the grease, or other matter used to reduce the friction.

In his improvements in the construction of the carriage body, instead of boarding the roof or pannelling up the back and upper quarters as usual, he proposes to leave them open or in ribs, and to close the spaces with shutters, doors, or flaps, with rebates on their edges; and these flaps or shutters are attached to the frame-work on hinges, so as to enable them to swing. The external joints of the rebates are covered by slips of metal screwed down, which may be displaced when required. These improvements are proposed to be added to old carriages of any description.

An improvement in the construction of the perch and wings of carriages is also proposed, which consists in the use of bent timbers, instead of cutting the perch and wings across the grain out of straight wood, in a curved form.

In

In some carriages he makes the seats to fold up into boxes by joining all the parts with hinges of metal or leather ; and proposes to attach these folding seats to carriages as additions, concealed by folding together into shallow boxes.—Inrolled June, 1821.

To THOMAS BONSOR CROMPTON, of Farnworth, Lancashire, for an Improvement in Drying and Finishing Paper.

This improvement consists in a mode of conducting the newly-formed paper, by means of endless or circulating feeding cloths, over heated cylinders, for the purpose of drying it more expeditiously. These cloths are proposed to be made by the union of linen warp, and woollen weft. The machine, applied to the purpose of drying and finishing paper, consists of several revolving hollow metal cylinders, mounted in an horizontal frame, and to be heated by steam. The heated cylinders are turned by a series of spur-wheels, one upon the axis of each cylinder, with cog-wheels intervening, which take into teeth and connect the whole train ; the power for driving the train being communicated to any one of the wheels.

Along the side of the machine is carried a steam-pipe, from which the steam is passed by cocks through the axles of the cylinders for the purpose of heating them. There are a number of small rollers, both above and below the cylinders, over which the feeding cloth passes, forming to each cylinder and its set of rollers an endless web, which receives the wet paper as it is first delivered, and conducts it round the series of drying cylinders.

When the paper has arrived at the end of the machine it is discharged in a dry and finished state, and here a pair of shears or cutters are placed, for the purpose of cutting the paper as delivered into sheets of any required length. There are screws connected to the lower rollers for the purpose of lightening or loosening the web, in the event of the paper expanding or contracting as it passes through the machine. The cutter attached to the end of the machine is put in motion by means of a tappet-wheel, or an excentric connected with the revolving train, by which the moveable blade is made to cut off the paper to any length regulated to the speed of the tappet-wheel.—Inrolled April, 1821.

To Mr. MACNAMARA, for Improvements in Street Paving.

This invention of Mr. Macnamara's, proposes a new pavement, composed of stones 28 inches by 24, each supported and supporting two of the adjoining stones, and grooved so as to prevent horses from slipping. The pavement will be somewhat elevated in the centre, and the whole will be bound by kirb stones, so as to prevent the necessity of foundation. Mr. Alderman Wood has proposed that an essay of this pavement may be made in the ward of Cripplegate, and that another shall be effected in the neighbourhood of the Foundling Hospital. We shall duly attend to these experiments, and acquaint our readers with the result.

To JAMES HUGGETT, of Hailsham, for a Drag, to regulate the Speed, and prevent Accidents in going down Hill.

This invention consists of an apparatus, placed under the carriage, which is intended to act as a drag, by pressing or rubbing against the ground when going down hill, or in any situation in which it may be necessary to retard the velocity of the carriage ; by which contrivance very considerable friction is produced, and the progress of the carriage accordingly impeded.

The drag, which consists of a broad piece of iron, is placed under the perch of the carriage, between the hind-wheels, or elsewhere, as may be thought most convenient. This drag is intended to be lowered, so as to come in contact with the ground, by the driver, without quitting his seat, or by any other person upon the coach-box or elsewhere, and raised again by a similar operation. It is to be worked by a winch or handle, near to the coach-box, or, if preferred, at the hinder part of the carriage.

When the carriage is standing by, out of use, it may be desirable to draw up the drag close under the carriage, which may be done by unhooking the chains. This new-constructed drag is applicable also to waggons, and may be moved by a winch and pinion behind the waggon.

This improved drag may be also applied to light carriages of every description, by various modifications of its attachments, arising out of the peculiar construction of such carriages.

The following are some of its advantages :

First. The driver is enabled, without quitting

quitting his seat, to stop the coach by the application of the handle or winch; and can thereby so regulate the speed of the vehicle as to impose a weight of more than fifty times that of the carriage on the horses by applying the drag; and thus can the horses be stopped from advancing, and the passengers rescued from danger instantaneously.

Secondly. If the reins break while descending a hill, or the harness becomes entangled or fractured, the driver can stop the coach and descend in perfect safety.

Thirdly. Should the horses take fright, on the most dangerous part of the road, the coachman can impede their advance by means of this drag, and thus the consequences attendant on such perilous situations are promptly obviated.

Fourthly. Should the wheel of a carriage break or come off whilst in motion, this drag will retain the vehicle upright till means are resorted to for repairing the wheel; and if the horses should fall, it will be found to afford complete safety to the coach and passengers.—Inrolled Feb. 10, 1820.

To WILLIAM ERSKINE COCHRANE, Esq. of Somerset-street, Portman-square, for an Improvement in the construction of Lamps.—June, 1820.

This patentee declares that his improvement consists in a certain disposition of the parts of lamps used for illumination, whereby the flame is made to rise or ascend from the wick in an inclined or oblique direction, instead of rising perpendicularly from the

wick, which is the natural direction of flame. By my improvement a current of air is directed in an horizontal, oblique, or inclined direction upon the flame, so as to carry the flame out of its natural perpendicular, and cause it to project over the edge of the wick and burner, and therefore the light will shine upon the ground or place, immediately beneath the lamp, without throwing a shadow beneath, as must be the case in other lamps where the flame rises perpendicularly from the wick.

LIST OF PATENTS FOR NEW INVENTIONS.

To Thomas Martin and Charles Grafton, of Birmingham, printing ink manufacturers, for making fine light black of very superior colour, called spirit black.

To Benjamin Thompson, of Ayton Cottage, Durham, for facilitating the conveyance of carriages along iron and wood railways, trainways, and other roads.

To Charles Tuely, of Kenton-street, Brunswick-square, cabinet-maker, for improvements applicable to window sashes.

To Samuel Hobday of Birmingham, patent snuffer maker, for his new and improved method or principle of manufacturing the furniture for umbrellas and parasols.

To John Frederic Archbold, of Sergeant's Inn, Fleet-street, esq. for his mode of ventilating close carriages.

To Richard Wright, of Mount-row, Kent-road, engineer, for improvements in the process of distillation.

To David Redmund, of Agnes Circus, Old-street-road, engineer, for improvements in the construction of hinges for doors.

To Franz Anton Egells, of Britannia Terrace, City-road, engineer, for improvements on steam engines.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL,

Including Notices of Works in Hand, Domestic and Foreign.

THE state of the periodical press in France has determined several French literati of the first eminence to commence a Literary Magazine in the French language in London. It will not be of a political character, but it will not oppose itself to that spirit of free enquiry which is essential to the prosperity of the human race, and will therefore be acceptable to liberal and enlightened readers of the French language in all countries where men think for themselves, and do not wish to see truth on any subject perverted and hood-winked. Literature, Science, the useful and elegant Arts, Poetry, and Criticism, will constitute its prominent

features, and its political details will be strictly limited to facts. It will in truth be a mirror of current French literature. From its being printed out of France, the whole range of the literature of the day will be open to the conductors, and all that is super-excellent will be transferred to its pages. The first number is expected to appear on the 1st of March, and may be had of the booksellers and post masters in Europe and America.

On account of its great importance, we anticipate the specification of a patent recently secured by Mr. Griffith, of Brompton, a gentleman not unknown in the literary world by his travels

travels in Asia Minor, and other works. Mr. G. in connection with a professor of mechanics on the continent, has at length solved the long considered problem of propelling by STEAM, carriages *capable of transporting merchandise, and also passengers upon common roads without the aid of horses.* The actual construction of such a carriage is now proceeding at the manufactory of Messrs. Bramah, and its appearance in action may be expected to take place in the course of the spring. We shall endeavour to obtain a drawing of this carriage when completed, and furnish our readers with such other particulars as may merit their attention. The power to be applied in this machine is equal to that of six horses, and the carriage altogether will be twenty eight feet in length, running upon three inch wheels, and equal to the conveyance of three and a half tons, with a velocity of from three to seven miles per hour, varied at pleasure. All our intelligent readers will be sensible of the vast importance, in a political and social sense, of the introduction of such machines on all our great roads. The saving in carriage of goods, will be fifty per cent. and for passengers inside fares will be taken at outside prices. The universal importance of this great triumph of the mechanical arts, has led Mr. Griffith to take out patents in Austria and France, where the governments have honoured themselves by their liberal attention and special patronage, and one carriage has actually been launched at Vienna, and operates with success. By availing himself of various improvements, in the transfer, regulation and economy of force, all the usual objections are removed, such as the ascent of hills, securing a supply of fuel and water; and in fine, the danger of explosion is prevented, not only by the safety valve, but by the distribution of the steam into tubes, so as to render any possible explosion wholly unimportant. Every carriage will be provided with a director of the fore wheels sitting in front, and with a director of the steam apparatus sitting in the rear, and the body of the vehicle will be situated between the fore-wheels and the machinery.

Shortly will be published, in one handsome volume, a Mother's Portrait, sketched after her decease, for the benefit of her children, by their surviving parent.

Early in the ensuing month will be published; *Specimens of the American Poets: with biographical and critical notices, and a preface.*

Mr. CHILDREN has in the press a translation of Professor Berzelius' work on the use of the Blowpipe in Chemical Analyses, and Mineralogical Investigation, with notes and other additions by himself. It will form an octavo volume and be illustrated with engravings.

Mr. PETER NICHOLSON'S *Elements of Mathematics*, which have been nearly seven years in the press, will be published early in February, in a large volume of 900 pages, octavo, with a separate key for the use of tutors. In mathematics, this work will correspond in utility with Walkingame's and Joyce's works in Arithmetic.

It is our painful duty to notice that cases of small pox, after vaccination, continue to multiply in a degree which calls for the formal examination and impartial report of the faculty, and perhaps even of the legislature. The Editor of this Miscellany was the first public writer who espoused the cause of vaccination, yet he prefers the cause of truth; the circumstance of a son of his own, who was vaccinated by Dr. Jenner, in 1802, having recently had the small pox with great severity, after the first approach which he had to a variolous subject, has led the Editor to make enquiries which terminate in the preceding opinion. He discovers that in some cases, whole families, many years subsequent to their vaccination, have communicated the variolous disease to one another. It has been suggested that a general re-vaccination would be advisable; but the subject ought to be gravely investigated, and the best remedy advised by those high authorities in the profession, who have given their sanction to the new practice.

Public Men of all Nations: containing above 2000 lives of living public characters, with 150 engraved portraits, is far advanced in the press, and will be published in February. It will form three volumes the size of Debrett's Peerage.

An additional volume to the *Elegant Extracts* will speedily be published, in prose, by W. RYAN.

The same author announces by subscription, a *Compendium of the Law of Nature and of Nations.*

Lieut.

Lieut. MARSHALL is preparing for the press, a Naval Biography, to consist of genealogical, biographical and historical memoirs of all the flag officers, captains, and commanders of his Majesty's fleet, living at the commencement of the year 1822.

The Number of the Journal of New Voyages and Travels now printing, consists of an over-land journey of a shipwrecked Englishman in the maritime provinces of China, through districts hitherto unexplored by any European. The following Number will contain very interesting Travels into the interior of Africa, by the crew of the *Sophia*, by which it appears that Adams the sailor never was at Timbuctoo, and that Capt. Riley has made many extravagant mis-statements.

Maid Marian, a Tale, in one vol. is in the press.

A third edition of *Headlong Hall* is in the press.

A very extraordinary discovery was a few years since made in Guatemala (Mexican Isthmus) of the ruins of an extensive city, which had for ages been covered with herbage and underwood. It has since been accurately surveyed by a learned Spaniard, and drawings made of its curiosities. The originals of them have arrived in London, and will soon be presented to the world.

Memoirs and select Remains of an only Son, are expected to be published some time during the ensuing spring or in the early part of the summer, by the Rev. THOMAS DURANT.

Shortly will be published, illustrated with numerous portraits of historical characters, *Monarchy Revived*, being the personal history of Charles the Second, from his earliest youth to his restoration, comprising many curious particulars of his escape after the battle of Worcester and his residence on the continent.

Shortly will be published, a legal and Constitutional Argument, supported by authorities, against the alleged judicial right of restraining the publication of reports of judicial proceedings, as assumed by the Lord Chief Justice Abbott, at the trials of Thistlewood and others for high treason, and enforced against the proprietor of the *Observer*, by a fine of 500*l.* By J. P. THOMAS, esq.

The Works of John Home, Esq. with an account of his Life and Writings, by HENRY MACKENZIE, Esq. with portraits and maps, will soon appear.

MONTHLY MAG. No. 364.

We are informed that when Sir WALTER SCOTT has exhausted his inventive powers in novel writing, he purposes to direct his genius to the Drama, and exhaust his plans in that line: thus during his literary career, figuring successively as poet, novelist and dramatist.

Accounts from Tripoli state, that the expedition under Mr. Beechy, into Lebada, was preparing for its departure: and, at the time they are prosecuting their researches among the ruins of antiquity, Captain Smyth is to survey the North African coast.

Sir Humphrey Davy has published the following general observations on the papyri found in Herculaneum. The Roman MSS. found in the Museum, are in general composed of papyrus of a much thicker texture than the Greek ones, and the Roman characters are usually larger, and the rolls much more voluminous; the characters of the Greek MSS. likewise, with a few exceptions, are more perfect than those of the Latin ones. From the mixture of Greek characters in several fragments of Latin MSS. and from the form of the letters and the state of decomposition in which they are found, it is extremely probable that they were of a very ancient date when buried. I looked in vain amongst the MSS. and on the animal charcoal surrounding them, for vestiges of letters in oxide of iron; and it would seem from these circumstances, as well as from the omission of any mention of such a substance by Pliny, that the Romans, up to his period, never used the *ink of galls and iron* for writing: and it is very probable, that the adoption of this ink, and the use of parchment, took place at the same time. The earliest MSS. probably in existence on parchment, are those *codices rescripti* discovered by Monsignore Mai, in the libraries of Milan and Rome. I have tried several substances for restoring colour to the letters in ancient MSS. The triple prussiate of potash, used in the manner recommended by the late Sir Charles Blagden, with the alternation of acid, I have found successful; but by making a weak solution of it with a small quantity of muriatic acid, and by applying them to the letters in their state of mixture with a camel's hair pencil, the results are still better. It is remarkable, that no fragments of Greek, and very few only of Latin poetry, have been found in the whole collection

collection of the MSS. of Herculaneum; and the sentence in the specimens we unrolled, in which Mr. Elmsley was able to find a sufficient number of words to infer their meaning, show that the works of which they are the remains, were of the same kind as those before examined, and belonged to the schools of the Greek epicurean philosophers and sophists. Nearly 1000 columns of different works, a great part unrolled under the superintendence of Mr. Hayter, and at the expense of George IV. have been copied and engraved by the artists employed in the Museum; but from the characters of the persons charged with their publication, there is very little probability of their being, for many years, offered to the world. Should discoveries of MSS. at any future time be made at Herculaneum, it is to be hoped that the papyri will be immediately excluded from the atmosphere, by being put into air-tight cases, filled with carbonic acid after their introduction. There can be no doubt that the specimens now in the Museum were in a much better state when they were first discovered; and the most perfect even, and those the coarsest in their texture, must have been greatly injured during the 69 years they have been exposed to the atmosphere. The persons who have the care of MSS. found at Herculaneum, state that their original number was 1696, and that 431 have been operated upon or presented to foreign governments, so that 1265 ought to remain; but amongst these, by far the larger proportion are small fragments, or specimens so injured and mutilated that there is not the least chance of recovering any portion of their contents; and when I first examined the rolls in detail in January, 1819, it did not appear to me that more than from 80 to 120 offered proper subjects for experiments; and this estimate, as my researches proceeded, appeared much too high.

An account of the Fishes found in the River Ganges and its branches, by FRANCIS HAMILTON (formerly BUCHANAN) M.D. F.R.S. L. and E. &c. in quarto, with a volume of plates, in royal quarto, are in forwardness.

The Rev. E. BERENS, author of Village Sermons, will shortly publish another volume, containing sixteen Village Sermons on certain parts of the Christian's character.

A Gazette of Fashion, or New London Weekly Mirror, is announced.

Mr. CRABB, author of "English Synonyms Explained," has in the press a Technological Dictionary, containing definitions of all terms of art or science, drawn from the most approved writers, ancient and modern, and illustrated with numerous cuts, diagrams, and plates. It will be completed in two quarto volumes, and published in monthly parts.

Mr. GILL introduces into his repository a paper on consuming the smoke produced from the furnaces of steam-engine boilers, brewers' coppers, sugar refiners' pans, &c. It seems that the original invention was by Mr. Sheffield, who applied his patent air-conductors to the bridge of one of his most improved reverberatory furnaces; by which important addition, he obtained the power of admitting or excluding the atmospheric air in its purest state at pleasure, and thereby obtained the means of either calcining or reducing the ores, &c. operated upon in the furnace, as the circumstances required. It also constantly had the desired effect, on the air being admitted, of consuming the smoke produced from the coals, and converting it into flame. When, therefore, the consuming of the smoke produced from the furnaces of steam-engine boilers, &c. became a desirable object, the application of this air-conductor to that purpose naturally occurred, and accordingly Mr. JOHN WAKEFIELD, of Manchester, took out a patent, subsequently to Mr. Sheffield's, for the consumption of the smoke produced from the furnaces of steam-engine and other boilers; and in which patent he claims the invention of this air-conductor, and also its application in the bridges and side-walls of such furnaces. Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSON, a brewer at Salford, near Manchester, has also since taken out a patent for the same object, and lately published his method of carrying it into effect. On comparing it with Mr. Sheffield's, it will be found an exact counterpart. The furnaces of a steam-engine boiler, of many sugar-refiners' pans, and of several brewers' coppers in the metropolis, have recently been so altered as to consume their own smoke on the above plans.

A second volume of the Preacher; being a collection of short, plain Sermons, partly original, partly selected, and adapted to village instruction, by a country Clergyman of the Church of England, is nearly ready for publication.

The

The Works of John Playfair, F.R.S. L. and E. late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, with an account of the author's Life, are announced at Edinburgh.

The Rev. THOMAS FINCH has in the press, in a duodecimo volume, Elements of Self-Knowledge, or a familiar introduction to Moral Philosophy.

Mr. ROBERT BROWN will soon publish, in a royal octavo volume, with fifty-one engravings, the Principles of Practical Perspective, or Scenographic Projection.

Mr. COCHRANE's expected Treatise on the Game of Chess, will certainly appear in the course of February.

Historical Sketches of the Highlands of Scotland, with military annals of the Highland regiments, by DAVID STEWART, colonel in the army, are in preparation.

The Edinburgh Annual Register, for 1818, will be published in a few days..

The Rev. JOHN KENRICK has in the press, a new edition of the late Rev. Timothy Kenrick's Exposition of the New Testament, with additional notes, in three octavo volumes.

During the controversy relative to Mr. BUCKE's Tragedy, it may be remembered, that the author stated in his preface, that he had not only refused to write an Epilogue, but that he had declined being in any way instrumental, in attempting to revive the drama of the "Jew of Malta," because "he felt ashamed in being accessory to the cruelty of offering such an undeserved and unprovoked insult to the great body of the Jews." This conduct having given great satisfaction to the Jews, a select society of them have determined upon presenting Mr. Bucke with a splendid copy of the "Talmud of Babylon," and an illuminated one of the "Talmud of Jerusalem."

Mr. MELMOTH is preparing for publication the Beauties of Jeremy Taylor, with a memoir of his life, and observations on his genius and writings.

In February will be published, price 3s. 6d. an Original set of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, with a Funeral Ode, adapted for public worship, and harmonized for three and four voices, with figured basses for the organ and piano-forte. By the Rev. DAVID EVERARD FORD, of Lymington.

By Letters received in town from Port Jackson, to the middle of June, it appears that Mr. Throsby had re-

turned, on the 20th of April, from an excursion into the country to the southward of Lake George. Mr. Throsby fell in with three very considerable rivers, or streams of water, apparently originating in the high lands at the back of Jarvis and Bateman's Bay, and taking a westerly course. In Mr. Throsby's letter, he says, "I admit the great extent of country through which these rivers appear to run, places it far beyond my power to determine their termination; yet I still hope they will be ultimately found to communicate with the sea, but certainly not on the eastern coast."

Foreigners amuse themselves with describing England as the most gloomy of all nations, and November as the month when the English have no other enjoyment but that of hanging and drowning themselves. The real fact is, that, on a general computation, the English are less addicted to the crime of suicide than any other nation; and that as to the much-abused month of November, it is so far from being the first in the bad pre-eminence of self-murder, that it stands only seventh in the list. We refer to the following account of suicides, during the last ten years, in the city and liberty of Westminster, from 1811.

Yrs.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apl.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1812	1	3	2	2	1	1	5	1	3	2	0	1
1813	2	1	3	2	1	3	2	2	2	2	0	3
1814	2	1	3	5	1	4	4	0	2	0	3	3
1815	5	4	1	2	2	3	7	0	0	2	1	0
1816	0	3	4	1	0	3	3	1	3	1	0	4
1817	1	1	1	0	1	2	5	1	0	2	5	2
1818	1	1	1	1	3	0	4	1	2	1	5	1
1819	4	3	3	1	0	5	1	4	2	1	2	1
1820	4	1	5	2	1	1	2	2	1	0	1	1
1821	1	2	2	0	4	3	0	3	0	1	0	1
Tot.	21	20	24	16	14	25	30	15	15	12	17	17

Of the above, 163 were males, (including four of *felo-de-se*), and 63 were females.

Mr. O'Byrne, sent from Sierra Leone to establish a commercial intercourse with certain African chiefs of the interior

rior, has entered the country of Limba, by Laiah, a city distant about seven leagues from the river which forms the boundary of the country of Timmani. His reception was very favourable with all the chiefs, one of whom, of Port Logo, accompanied him to Woulla, and sent his brother with him to Koukouna. From this last place he advanced to the frontiers of Foulah, the chiefs of which agreed, in a palaver, to open a commercial correspondence with Sierra Leone.

The Royal Society have awarded the two Copley Medals, this year, to JOHN FRED. HERSCHELL, esq. for his mathematical and optical papers, published in the Transactions; and to Capt. E. SABINE, R.A. for his experiments on the pendulum, and on magnetism, made during two expeditions in 1818 and 1819 to the Arctic Regions.

FRANCE.

We have received with much pleasure the prospectus of a "*Société de la Morale Chrétienne ayant pour objet l'application des préceptes du Christianisme aux relations sociales.*" Its objects correspond in part with that of the society instituted in London, by the Conductor of the Monthly Magazine, for abolishing war, and promoting universal peace among nations. We are delighted to see it signed by the following illustrious names:

DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT-LIANCOURT (leDuc), president.—DEGERAND (le Baron), cul-de-sac Férou, No. 7.—DELA-CROIX, rue du Mail, No. 13.—GOEPP, (J.J.) rue Sainte-Croix de-la-Bretonnerie, No. 32.—LABORDE (le Comte de), rue d'Artois, No. 28.—LASTEYRIE (le Comte de), rue du Bac, No. 58.—SPURZHEIM, rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin, No. 3.—STAEL-HOLSTEIN (le Baron de), rue de Bourbon, No. 76.—STAPPER, rue des Jeuneurs, No. 4.—TURCKHEIM (le Baron de), rue d'Anjou, faubourg Saint-Honoré, No. 13.—WURTZ (J. G.), rue de Bourbon, No. 17.—WILLM, Secrétaire, boulevard Poissonnière, No. 15.—COQUEREL, Secrétaire-Adjoint, rue Hauteville, No. 10. Letters and packets are to be addressed to the care of Treuttell et Würtz.

It appears, from a report lately read by M. Thouin, Professor of Culture to the Museum of Natural History, at Paris, that twenty-four species of live plants, collected by M. L. de Latour, Naturalist to the King, at Pondicherry, and who has been peregrinating, for some years over the Continent, and in the Indian Archipelago, were transmitted to the isle of Bourbon in the year

1820. The plants were gathered on the mountains of Cottalam, about forty miles from Cape Comorin. This naturalization of foreign plants, projected and acted upon by the Marine department, since 1815, is "for the purpose of keeping up an interchange of valuable productions between France and her colonial possessions in the two Indies."

M. Jomard, of the Institute, has just received a letter from M. Caillaud, dated the 5th of May, from Assour, a village about a day's journey from Chendy, in Nubia, in the kingdom of Senaar, in which that traveller communicates his latest discoveries. At a short distance to the south of the confluence of the Atbara, the ancient Astaboras, and four day's journey from Barbas, he found the ruins of a great town, with a temple and forty pyramids still standing, and forty others in ruins. The basis of the largest of these pyramids are about sixty-two feet, and their height seventy-seven, and on one of the sides of each is a small temple ornamented inside and outside with hieroglyphic characters; two of those temples are arched, and the arches are decorated with hieroglyphic emblems, and with key-stones and ribs like ours. This traveller has ascertained that those temples are of the same age as the Pyramids. An avenue of Sphinxes, in the shape of rams, 262 feet long, leads to the temple, and the wall which incloses it is 426 feet round.

SPAIN.

By the following advertisement in the Madrid *Universal*, of Dec. 30th, it appears that the attention of the Spaniards is at length directed to the English Jury system. It has long been matter of regret, that trial by jury formed no part of the Spanish constitution; but it may be hoped that the translation of this work will serve to introduce it. Let us hope, however, that it will not be contaminated and nullified, as in England, by *packing*, but that qualified men will be taken in rotation, and not *selected* by an officer dependant on the court, as in our *special* juries. The English book here announced has now made the tour of Europe, having been translated into French, German, Italian, and Spanish: "*De los facultades y obligaciones de los jurados*:"—obra escrita en Ingles per Sir Richard Phillips; traducida en frances por M. Compte; puesta en castellano, y aumentada con la parte legislativa que sobre jurados està in práctica en Francia

Francia y en los Estados Unidos de la America Septentrional, por DON ANTONIO ORTIZ de Zarate y Herrera. No puede menos de interesar mucho la publication y lectura de esta importante obra, pues que establécido in España el sistema de jurados, podrá contribuir en gram manera à facilitar con acierto el desempeña de una de los mes nobles funciones de cindano; la de juzgar à sus iguales."

ITALY.

There is in Naples an institution whose main object is the conversion of the Chinese to the Catholic religion. The means employed to accomplish this object are to bring young Chinese from their country (commonly by deceit or violence), and having instructed them in the usual conventual learning—having converted them to the religion of Christ, and received their vows not to shrink from death in its defence, they bind their loins with the red girdle of martyrdom, and, as opportunities occur, they are sent back to their own country to live or die as the event may determine. On the 1st of September, four young Chinese were brought to Naples, the eldest 24, the youngest 16 years of age. They were conducted by the Superior of the College to the palace at Capo di Monte, where they were presented to his Majesty, who received them with kindness. After they had made his Majesty the Ko-sen (a Chinese reverence only paid to the Emperor), they conversed with the King, by means of an interpreter, nearly three quarters of an hour, and his Majesty gave them permission to walk where they pleased in the gardens of the Palace. On the morning of the 16th, in the church attached to the college, and in the presence of the Prince and his family, they resigned their Chinese attire and assumed the conventual dress. They are the sons of Chinese Catholic parents, and have been brought thither with their own and their parents' consent, at the expence of the establishment.

RUSSIA.

M. Kriukof's description of a sea-animal which pursued him at Behring's Island, where he had gone for the purpose of hunting, is very remarkable. Several Aleutians affirm they have often seen this animal. It is of the shape of the red serpent, and immensely long; the head resembles that of the sea-lion, and two disproportionately large eyes give it a frightful appearance. "It was

very fortunate for us," said Kriukof "that we were so near land, or else the monster would have swallowed us: it stretched its head far above the water, looked about for prey, and vanished. The head soon appeared again, and that considerably nearer: we rowed with all our might, and were very happy to have reached the shore before the serpent. The sea-lions were so terrified at the sight, that some rushed into the water, and others hid themselves on the shore.

UNITED STATES.

Dr. LYMAN SPALDING, of New York, has transmitted to Europe, a memoir on the plant which the botanists call *Scutellaria Tateriflora*, but the people of the country, Skull Cap. This vegetable, according to the American Doctor, is an infallible remedy for the hydrophobia. It may be taken at all times; whether the individual has been fresh bitten, or the symptoms have already appeared, its efficacy will be equally felt. The discovery of this specific is traced to 1773. Dr. Lawrence Van Der Veer, of New Jersey, made the first trials of it on a number of men and animals, and they were ever successful. At his death, the discovery became the exclusive property of the Lewis family, of New York, and by them it was gradually made public. It came, at length, to the knowledge of Dr. Lyman Spalding, who has been studiously circulating it among his fellow citizens. He produces positive testimony, confirmed by a great number of facts. The number of men restored to sanity by the Scutellaire amounts to 850, and that of animals to 1,100.

A person on reading an article extracted from the Westchester Herald, relative to a toad being found in the solid part of a cedar, called at the office and related the following circumstance: Seventeen years ago, he (the informant) was digging a well at Newburg, and, after digging through five feet of earth, and blasting through eleven feet of slate rock; a living turtle, nearly the size and about the thickness of a dollar was found. It was very soft, but on exposure to the air soon became hard, and was delivered to John Dewint, Esq. of Fishkill. On relating this to a gentleman, he expressed no surprise, but stated a fact, which he said was well authenticated—that a person, who had marble jambs to his house, often heard the croaking of a toad, whenever the fire became warm, and at length was induced

induced to take out the piece; and, on breaking it, discovered a living toad, closely bedded in the marble!—*New York paper*,

The newspapers detail the following extraordinary disaster: On Nov. 19th, 1820, in lat. 47° S. long. 118° W. the American South Sea whaler, Essex, of 250 tons, G. Pollard, master, from Nantucket, was among whales, and three boats were lowered down. Shortly after a whale of the largest class struck the ship, and knocked part of the false keel off just abreast of the main channels. The animal then remained for some time along-side, endeavouring, but in vain, to clasp the ship with her jaws: she then returned, went round the stern, came on the other side, and went away a-head about a quarter of a mile, when suddenly turning, she came at the ship with tremendous velocity, head on. The vessel was going at the rate of five knots; but such was the force when she struck the ship, which was under the cat-head, that the vessel had stern-

way at the rate of three or four knots; in consequence of which, the sea rushed into the cabin windows, every man on deck was knocked down, and the bows being stove completely in, the vessel filled, and went on her beam ends. By cutting away the masts, the vessel righted; the upper deck was then scuttled; and some water and bread were procured for the two boats, in which the captain and crew, in expectation of falling in with some vessel, remained three days by the wreck. One of them, containing only three men, was picked up by an American whaler about sixty days after the wreck. The other, in which the captain was, was fallen in with by another whaler ninety days from the time of their leaving the island. Only two of her crew then survived, and their account of their sufferings was dreadful in the extreme. Eight times lots had been drawn, and eight had been sacrificed to afford sustenance to those that remained.

REPORT OF CHEMISTRY AND EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

EDMUND DAVY, esq. Professor of Chemistry and Secretary to the Royal Cork Institution, has published some experiments made with a view to the detection and prevention of frauds in the sale of skimmed milk; together with an account of a simple lactometer for effecting that purpose. Skimmed milk, he says, is used to a very great extent in Ireland, and especially in the South; the sale of skimmed milk in the markets of Cork alone, amounts to about 1000l. per week. It is therefore of much importance, that an article which essentially contributes to the support of a very large portion of the community, should be supplied in a genuine unadulterated state. An instrument on the principle of the hydrometer, seemed to promise the simplest means that could be employed for the detection and prevention of frauds in the sale of skimmed milk. After I had carefully made above one hundred experiments upon *genuine* skimmed milk, procured from many of the principal dairy farms, embracing all the varieties of cattle, soil, and modes of feeding, common to this part of the country; and also examined many specimens of *adulterated* skimmed milk from the markets, I have at length ventured to construct a simple lactometer (on the well known principle of the hydrometer,) the use of which, I have no doubt, will effectually prevent the frauds now practised in the sale of skimmed milk.

The greater number of specimens were of the specific gravity 1.037 and 1.0375.

Some were higher, but the highest was 1.040, and the lowest 1.036, the thermometer being at 50° . The only foreign substance I could detect in the adulterated specimens, was water. By adding a certain quantity of water to genuine skimmed milk, it became of the same density as the adulterated milks from the markets. By simple distillation, the adulterated milks furnished pure water, and became of the same density as genuine milk. In some cases, I found skimmed milk from the markets adulterated with more than one-fifth of water; in other instances with about one-sixth, one-seventh, and one-eighth of water. The worst of the adulterated milks from the markets was of the specific gravity 1.026, the highest of the genuine milks from the markets, was 1.039, the thermometer being at 50° .

It is, I believe, says Mr. Davy, a common opinion that skimmed milk is adulterated with other substances besides water; as for example, chalk, flour, starch, sugar, &c. which are said to be used for the purpose of concealing the water, by communicating as circumstances may require a certain degree of whiteness, thickness, or sweetness to milk. I have made a number of experiments to ascertain the correctness of this notion, and I am convinced the opinion is not well founded. Chalk is perfectly insoluble in skimmed milk, and soon subsides when mixed with it, on account of its superior density. Flour and starch increase the density of milk,

milk, but this effect is only temporary; for not being soluble, they gradually subside. The high price of sugar, were there no other consideration, precludes its use. The lactometer differs but little in form from the common hydrometer. Its distinction is to be found in its scale, which is adapted to skimmed milk. It is made of brass, and consists of a pear-shaped bulb, at the top of which is a graduated stem, and at the bottom a brass wire to the end of which a weight is screwed. The scale begins about three-fourths of an inch from the bottom of the stem, and is marked 0, which corresponds with the specific gravity of the lightest genuine skimmed milk, or 1.035, distilled water being 1.000. The dots and figures which extend from 0 to 35, indicate "parts of water in 100 parts skimmed milk at 60°," as is engraved on the reverse of the stem, and has been ascertained by experiment. The instrument is constructed for the temperature of 63° of Fahr., a point judged the most convenient, as it agrees very nearly with the temperature of the milk brought to our markets during the summer. As all fluids expand by heat and contract by cold, in using the lactometer an allowance must be made of 1° on the instrument for every 3° of temperature, that the milk under examination is either above or below 60° of Fahr. Thus the lactometer, which would remain at 0 in milk of the temperature of 60°, would sink 1° below 0, if the temperature of the milk were increased to 63°; 2° if it were raised to 66°, &c. And on the contrary, if the temperature of the same milk were reduced to 57°, the instrument would then experience a rise above 0 equal to 1°, &c. This lactometer is made by Mr. Bennett, mathematical instrument maker, Cork, and sold in a tin case, either with or without a small thermometer. It is scarcely necessary to give directions for using so simple an instrument. All that is required, is, to fill the tin case with the milk to be examined, immerse the lactometer in the milk, and observe the point at which it remains stationary after it rises. Note also the temperature of the milk, and if necessary, make the allowance directed for expansion or contraction of volume.

The *Prussian State Gazette* mentions a discovery which Dr. SEEBECK had communicated to the Academy of Sciences, at Berlin, in three different sittings. It was 'on the magnetic properties inherent in all metals and many earths (and not in iron alone as was supposed,) according to the difference of the degrees of heat.'

At Pavia, new trials have been made, which prove the efficacy of *oxygenated muriatic acid* in subduing the hydrophobia. Dr. Previsali had prescribed it with success where the symptoms were advanced, in a liquid form, from a drachm

to a drachm and a half daily, in citron water or syrup of citron.

Mr. CHARLES CAMERON, Glasgow, has published in Dr. Brewster's Journal a description of a new method of forming crucibles. The Dutch have long enjoyed an almost exclusive monopoly in the manufacture of the small melting-pot, or clay crucible, used by the jeweller and silversmith. I established a small manufactory of them, as follows: for each of the different sizes of the crucibles, I formed ten or twelve dozen of moulds of stucco, burnt and powdered in the usual manner. For the first mould of each size, I formed a piece of soft pipe clay into the shape of the intended crucible, and laid it with its mouth downwards on a flat surface, and inclosed it with a cylinder of white-iron, distant about half an inch from the angular points of the crucible, and about an inch and a half higher than its bottom: then mixing the stucco with water, poured it into the cylinder. When the stucco was sufficiently set, I removed the white-iron, picked out the clay, and dried the mould: I then squeezed soft clay into the mould, which on standing a few minutes, easily came out again. It was inclosed in the cylinder, and stucco poured round it, which formed a second mould, continuing to do so until I had procured the number wanted. They were then all put into a stove, and completely dried ready for use. In the preparation of the fire-clay for the crucibles, I followed precisely the same process used at the potteries, by mixing it with a very large quantity of water, and putting the whole through a No. 9 silk searce. On allowing the whole to stand a few hours, the clay subsided, and in pouring off the clear water, I procured the clay or slip of the consistence of thick cream. On weighing a gallon of it, I found the proportion of clay it contained, and added sand to the whole, in the proportion of seven of sand to seventeen of clay; I then stirred and mixed the whole completely, when it was ready for use. I next took my moulds, previously dried, and arranged them in parallel rows on a table, and successively filled them with the prepared slip. By the time I had filled four or five dozen, I returned to the one first filled, and began alternately to pour the slip out of them, leaving a small quantity unpoured out, which subsided, and gave the requisite thickness to the bottom. In each of the moulds so filled, a crucible is completely formed by the abstraction of the water of the slip, in contact with, and adjoining to, the porous substance of the stucco mould. The crucible will be either thicker or thinner in proportion to the time the slip has remained in it. Five or six dozen will not require more than fifteen minutes in being formed. The moulds with their contents

tents are then removed to a stove, placed on their side and built one above the other. In a short time, from the contraction of the clay, the crucibles easily part from the moulds, and are removed by introducing the finger into them. The moulds are allowed to remain in their situation until the

water they had absorbed is completely evaporated, when they are again ready for refilling, and will last for years. The crucibles remain in the stove until dry, after which they are burned in a kiln in the usual manner.

BRITISH LEGISLATION.

ACTS PASSED in the FIRST YEAR of the REIGN of GEORGE THE FOURTH, or in the SECOND SESSION of the SEVENTH PARLIAMENT of the UNITED KINGDOM.

CAP. LXXXVII. *To repeal certain Acts, passed in the Thirty-first, Thirty-third, Forty-fourth, and Forty-fifth Years of His late Majesty King George the Third, for regulating the Importation and Exportation of Corn, Grain, Meal, and Flour into and from Great Britain, and to make further Provisions in Lieu thereof.*

CAP. LXXXVIII. *An Act for the Amendment of the Law of Rescue.*

I. If any Person shall rescue, or aid and assist in rescuing, from the lawful Custody of any Constable, Officer, Headborough, or other Person whomsoever, any Person charged with, or suspected of, or committed for any Felony, or on Suspicion thereof, then if the Person or Persons so offending shall be convicted of Felony, and be entitled to the Benefit of Clergy, and be liable to be imprisoned for any Term not exceeding One Year, it shall be lawful for the Court by or before whom any such Person or Person shall be convicted, to order and direct, in case it shall think fit, that such Person or Persons, instead of being so fined and imprisoned as aforesaid, shall be transported beyond the Seas for Seven Years, or be imprisoned only, or be imprisoned and kept to hard Labour in the Common Gaol, House of Correction, or Penitentiary House, for any Term not less than One, and not exceeding Three Years.

II. Persons assaulting Constables to prevent the Apprehension or Detainer of Persons charged with Felony, shall, in addition to any other Pains, Penalties, or Punishment to which he, she, or they are now subject or liable, be kept to hard Labour for any Term not exceeding Two Years, and not less than Six Months.

CAP. LXXXIX. *To repeal so much of an Act of the Twenty-second Year of His Majesty King Charles the Second, as restrains the Proprietors of Wharfs between London Bridge and the Temple, from erecting any Buildings or Enclosures thereon.*

By the Twenty-second of Charles the Second, it was amongst other things enacted, "that there should be left a continued Tract of Ground from London Bridge to

the Temple, of the Breadth of Forty Foot, from the North Side of the River Thames, to be converted into a Quay or public and open Wharf;" but by this most extraordinary act, this salutary and desirable provision has been annulled, to the great detriment of the city and its inhabitants.

CAP. XC. *To appoint Commissioners for inquiring into the Collection and Management of the Revenue in Ireland, and the several Establishments connected therewith.*

CAP. XCI. *To grant certain Bounties on the Exportation of Stuffs made of Silk mixed with Mohair, and of Stuffs made of Mohair mixed with Worsted, the Manufacture of Great Britain or Ireland.*

CAP. XCII. *To authorize the Exchange of Lands, Tenements, or Hereditaments, subject to Trusts for Charitable Purposes, for other Lands, Tenements, or Hereditaments.*

CAP. XCIII. *For vesting all Estates and Property, occupied by or for the Naval Service of this Kingdom, in the principal Officers and Commissioners of His Majesty's Navy, and for granting certain Powers to the said principal Officers and Commissioners.*

CAP. XCIV. *To regulate the Importation of Rum into the Islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark.*

CAP. XCV. *To continue, until the Fifth Day of July, One thousand eight hundred and twenty-two, an Act of the Fifty-ninth Year of His late Majesty, for rendering the growing Produce of the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom, arising in Great Britain, available for the Public Service.*

CAP. XCVI. *For charging a Duty on British Spirits brought into certain Parts of the District of Lisburne, in Ireland.*

CAP. XCVII. *To amend several Acts relating to the Coasting Trade of Great Britain.*

CAP. XCVIII. *To enable the Commissioners or Governors of Greenwich Hospital to continue to provide for the Payment*

Payment of Out Pensioners of the said Hospital.

CAP. XCIX. *For the Appropriation of certain Proceeds arising from the Capture of Vessels and Cargoes, the Property of the Subjects of the Kings of Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands, taken and seized in Violation of the Conventions made with those States, and*

for Granting Bounties upon Slaves captured in such Vessels, and also for granting Indemnity to the Captors of certain Vessels taken in the Prosecution of the Slave Trade.

CAP. C. *For regulating the Exportation of Hops to Foreign Parts, and allowing a Drawback of the Excise Duty paid thereon.*

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED IN JANUARY,

With an HISTORICAL and CRITICAL PROEMIUM.

Authors or Publishers, desirous of seeing an early notice of their Works, are requested to transmit copies before the 18th of the Month.

THE late appearance of the *Pirate* at the close of the last month, precluded us from presenting our readers with an earlier account of its contents. Very opposite opinions have been expressed upon its merits; but few, we apprehend, will coincide with some very fastidious critics, who, we are credibly informed, have returned it as unreadable, upon their booksellers' hands. Flatness and stupidity, at all events, are never the faults of this writer. After the vast field which he has already traversed, it would not be surprising if he betrayed some symptoms of exhaustion; and we are not disposed to deny that there exist in this work certain resemblances and repetitions of characters and events. But over all these there is thrown an air of originality which amply redeems the novelist from the charge of copying even from himself; and these volumes, in our judgment, although not equal to the best of his former works, sufficiently sustain the high reputation he enjoys. The scene of action is laid in the Zetland and Orkney isles, whose wild scenery affords occasion for much grand and picturesque description; and a curious and minute portrait is drawn of the primitive manners of their inhabitants, finished with all the effect which the keen observation and antiquarian knowledge of the author so well enable him to give. The romantic superstitions of the North are brought into full play, and finely developed in the character of Norna, the Reim-kennar, or Prophetess, from whose supernatural pretensions every advantage is drawn, without passing the bounds of probability. In this particular, the author has shewn great skill, as well as in the conduct of his fable, which is wound up with more than his usual judgment and dexterity. The interest of the story increases as it advances, and the last volume is decidedly the best. The two fair sisters, Minna and Brerda, are beautiful creations, imagined with the utmost clearness and delicacy; and the

MONTHLY MAG. No. 364.

sisterly intercourse between them, and the fluctuation of their feelings, are described with a degree of tenderness and truth which would have done no discredit to Richardson. Out of no very promising materials, a fascinating romance has been constructed; and overwhelmed as we are, by these multiplied re-productions of fancy, it would be quite vain to conjecture what will be the termination of this author's singular and unexampled career. We have now no hesitation in ascribing the whole to the prolific pen of Sir WALTER SCOTT.

We have read *De Renzey, or the Man of Sorrow*, with more satisfaction than usually attends the perusal of works of this class, and may assign it a respectable place on the shelf of the circulating library. The scene is laid principally in Ireland, during the late rebellion, and some of the persons and occurrences connected with that period are brought forward with cleverness and spirit. The sorrow of the hero arises from the loss of his wife, from whom he is separated by circumstances which fix upon her conduct the appearance of an elopement, and the grief occasioned by this mistake, throws her into a decline. There is not much interest worked out of this; and the best parts of the novel must be looked for in the detail of the disturbances before alluded to.

The Tour of Africa, by CATHERINE HUTTON, is constructed on an agreeable and ingenious idea, which has been carried into effect with great industry, talent and judgment. In the person of a single tourist, the writer has embodied the various travels and narrations relating to the different parts of Africa, and has thus formed a consistent and authentic whole, which comprehends the information formerly scattered over many various volumes. These selections have been made from the best authors, and afford a concise account of all the countries in that quarter of the globe

K

hitherto

hitherto visited by Europeans. To persons who are desirous of informing themselves on this subject, the three volumes will be valuable, as presenting, in a condensed form those materials, the collection of which must have been attended with considerable expence and labour.

The *Memoirs of James Earl Waldegrave*, from 1754 to 1758, have been printed in a quarto volume, from his own MS. rather, we presume, because written by him, than from their worth or interest. They consist, in truth, of some cautiously-worded observations relative to the *noodles and doodles* of the court of that day, which, if ever they possessed any interest, have none now. Nor is there any thing in the form of anecdote or secret history, to compensate for the general dullness of the narrative. In quantity also, the book is as defective as in quality, the whole forming materials only for a half-crown pamphlet, or for an article for a Magazine, though expanded to a costly quarto. The last paragraph in the volume, perhaps its best, as the result of a statesman's experience, merits the attention of our readers:

"I have now finished my relation of all the material transactions wherein I was immediately concerned; and though I can never forget my obligations to the kindest of masters, I have been too long behind the scenes, I have had too near a view of the machinery of a court, to envy any man either the power of a minister, or the favour of princes. The constant anxiety, and frequent mortifications, which accompany ministerial employments, are tolerably well understood; but the world is totally unacquainted with the situation of those whom fortune has selected to be the constant attendants and companions of Royalty, who partake of its domestic amusements, and social happiness. But I must not lift up the veil; and shall only add, that no man can have a clear conception how great personages pass their leisure hours, who has not been a prince's governor, or a King's favourite."

It is with pleasure we notice the publication of *Elements of Political Economy*, by JAMES MILL, esq. author of the *History of British India*. The intimate knowledge which this gentleman possesses upon all subjects connected with this abstruse and difficult science, renders a work of this kind peculiarly acceptable to the public. The present volume is intended by the author to be a school-book of political economy, and it has consequently been divested as much as possible from all extraneous topics, which might tend to distract the attention, or to confuse the ideas of the reader. It consists, in fact, of nothing more than a logical statement of such propositions, as in the author's opinion form the basis of the science; and to each proposition its own particular demonstration is subjoined. It is not, however, a work which can be slightly perused in it, requiring from the brevity of the manner in which they are stated, a considerable exertion of patient thought. We

believe, however, we may assent to Mr. Mill's assertion, that to understand it requires only "such a degree of attention as persons of either sex of ordinary understandings are capable of bestowing."

The popularity of the novels and tales of the "Author of Waverley," has naturally excited an emulation in artists and publishers to illustrate and embellish them; and the pencil and the graver have been tasked to delineate the scenes and characters recorded in these favourite works. The talents of WESTALL, STOTHARD, ALLAN, and LESLIE have been put in requisition to illustrate different portions of the series, yet without adding to their established reputation, or satisfying the expectations of the public. But the *series of portraits of historical characters, introduced into the works*, possesses intrinsic and permanent interest; comprising, as it does, many of the most distinguished and remarkable personages in English and Scottish history. Indeed, we hardly recollect any work of similar extent which embraces such a variety of striking and picturesque heads of different sexes, characters and ages, and in every variety of costume; yet connected by one train of associations and one common interest. The biographical notices which accompany the portraits are written with great neatness and impartiality, and the work may rank altogether among the most tasteful and elegant productions of the present day.

The author of the *Panorama of Youth*, has appeared again before the public with a work well adapted to the juvenile class of readers, under the title of *The Life of a Boy*, in two thick volumes in octavo. The incidents of the story are simple, but sufficiently varied to support the necessary degree of interest, and the instructive portion of the work, which is by no means the least, is so mixed up with the lighter parts, as to give to the whole a pleasing and entertaining character. It is written in a clear and easy style; and we can safely recommend it as affording a very suitable and unexceptionable addition to the youthful library.

Scripture Antiquities, or a compendious summary of the Religious Institutions, Customs, and Manners of the Hebrew Nation, by the Rev. JOHN JONES, exhibits a strange compound of good sense and deep research with a perfect knowledge of the subject on the one hand, and on the other, of ridiculous explanations of mere Jewish rites and customs into typical emblems of our Saviour and his doctrines. Considering the talent and judgment which he displays in the descriptive part of his work, we feel surprized that he should have suffered himself to suppose that the ceremony of the scape-goat, (as commanded Leviticus,

Leviticus, chap. xvi.) at the feast of atonement is "a typical emblem of the death of our Saviour for our sins, and his resurrection for our justification." The sabbatical or every seventh year (which among the Jews was observed throughout by the same ordinances as the sabbath day in other years) is said to be "an emblem or type of that spiritual rest which Jesus Christ has promised to all who will come unto him." We certainly need not caution such of our readers as may peruse this book, to obtain a clear and concise account of Hebrew rites and ceremonies, from placing much confidence in the "emblematic" opinions of our author, which are so truly forced and improbable, that no one possessed of an ordinary portion of common sense can for an instant entertain the slightest belief in their truth. There are several tolerable wood-cuts, which we believe are copied from "*Calmet's Fragments*."

A very pleasing account of the peculiar manners and customs of the Turkish nation will be found in six neat volumes of *The World in Miniature*, appropriated to the description of that country. This work is divested of all cumbrous details, and presents, in a compendious form, the distinguishing features of the Ottoman empire, which are exhibited in a striking and picturesque point of view. The distribution of the subject embraces a short history of the successive sultans; a description of the court, and the interior of the seraglio; of the government, and the different officers, civil and military; the ceremonies of the Mahomedan religion and laws; and finally the costumes, arts, trades and other particulars. These topics are illustrated and embellished by a profusion of coloured plates, conveying a characteristic and lively idea of the people they portray. This publication is in every respect well executed, and appears in so agreeable and ornamental a shape, that it cannot fail to prove acceptable, especially to the younger class of readers.

The conversion of the daughters of Mr. Loveday, in Paris, to the Catholic faith, whilst under the tuition of a French governess, has made a considerable impression both here and abroad; not occasioned so much by the change of one religious belief for another, as by the unfair and treacherous means resorted to, and the difficulty thrown by the French authorities in the way of redress. One fiction made use of to influence the imaginations of the young devotees was, *The Legend of the Miraculous Host*, the force of which may now be generally appreciated, it having been translated into English, and published by Mr. Hone, with several marvellously expressive wood cuts from the hand of Mr.

Cruikshank. It is a very reverend legend and speaks abundantly for itself. Within the walls of a convent, and covered with the dust of five hundred years, it no doubt produced great effects; but in its modernized dress, we fear that a protestant nation will think of it with scorn. Appended to the principal subject is an extract from the works of Father Pinamonti, a Jesuit, containing a most elaborate and highly finished picture of the infernal regions, coloured with a vividness beyond which not even methodism itself can go. Viewing this pamphlet as a means of exposing silly superstition, and repressing that fanaticism which is again endeavouring to raise its head in France, we think it is seasonably applied; and we are persuaded that this is its true aim, without any intention on the part of the publisher to bring unmerited odium upon any sect or country.

The Weald of Sussex, by Miss E. HITCHENER, is a production replete with descriptive and ethic passages of beauty. Though it may be more particularly pleasing to those intimately acquainted with the highly picturesque landscape which forms its ostensible subject, its attractions are by no means confined to those inspired by a mere local interest.

To those who are familiar with that singularly happy and facetious production, "*The Pleader's Guide*," an attempt to succeed in the same style of writing must appear to argue more boldness than prudence in the author. "*A Gentleman of Gray's Inn*," however, has not been deterred by these considerations from offering to the public *The Conveyancer's Guide, a Poem, in two books*, describing Estates as they relate to Conveyances, and Conveyances as they relate to Estates. To assert that this jeu d'esprit is a complete failure, would be passing too severe a judgment, but certainly it displays no superabundance of wit. It requires something more than versifying a canto of legal rules and maxims, to make a performance of this kind amusing. The keen perception of humour which Anstey possessed pervades his whole work, but in the present volume it is difficult to find any traces of such a quality. The preface, which is a sort of playful extenuation of the author's attempt, is better executed than the work itself. The notes, though they may possibly prove of some utility to the unfledged lawyer, are, for the most part, sufficiently dull.

There is no complaint more frequent amongst the writers of America, than the injustice and incorrectness which our English travellers have displayed in the delineations of their manners and institutions. This is not, indeed, altogether an imaginary grievance, and it was, therefore, with great pleasure that we perused a less exceptionable

able work, entitled *Views of Society and Manners in America, in a series of Letters from that Country to a Friend in England, during the years 1818, 1819, and 1820*, by Mrs. WRIGHT. There is great ability, and so much acute observation in these letters, that we have submitted copious extracts from them in the Number of the Supplement published, and we trust delivered by the booksellers with this Magazine.

The Carnival of Death, a Poem, by THOMAS BAILEY, is a very astounding display of the horrors of war, in very indifferent verse. We may convey the essence of his style and subject in a few lines, in which he may be said to hit the nail on the head, and a hard blow into the bargain. Let our readers judge.

Soldiers plundering,
Cannon thundering,
Dying groaning,
Wounded moaning,
Buildings crashing,
Armour clashing,
Waggons rattling,
Horsemen battling;
Helmets ringing with the blows
Which the ponderous sword bestows;
Prisoners, on their knees, entreating;
Trumpets sounding, drums loud beating;
Victors shouting, slaying, swearing,
Eagles wresting, standards tearing;
Showers of shot, grenades, shells;
Dismal shrieks, terrific yells;

Falling roofs,
Noise of hoofs—
Combat, din,
Without, within,
All was mingled horror, fear,
Madness, suffering, rage, despair.

There are many savoury ingredients in this mess of horror, but Mr. Bailey does not possess the art of mixing them with success. The meal is good, but he is a bad cook. He deals largely in the trade of slaughter, and learns from experience, that, as he expresses it,

“The great and brave
Take no more killing than a slave.”

The object of the writer seems to be to promote pacific and good principles, but we apprehend he will not effect this by inditing such productions as the volume before us. The truth is, that he has travelled out of his province on this occasion, and assumed a subject with which he cannot grapple. It is too high for him; and we recommend him to confine himself to those milder and simpler themes on which he has been, and will be, much more successful.

The Scottish Orphans, by Mrs. BLACKFORD, the author of *The Eskdale Herd-boy*, professes to be a moral tale, founded on an historical fact, and calculated to improve the minds of young people. This advertisement seems to us to be in all points correct, and we can with justice add, that the perusal of its simple pages has afforded us considerable pleasure. The orphans were deprived of their parents, during one of the rebellions of the last century, in favour of the Stuart family, and

were committed to the hands of a humble dependent, to be brought up in privacy. Their re-establishment in the rank and fortunes of their family, forms the interest of the story, which is left unfinished in the present volume; but the favourable opinion of the public on the merits of her useful task, will, we hope, induce the author to complete it speedily.

The outcry against Lord Byron for blasphemy, grows long and loud, and is carried by bigotry or hypocrisy to a length which must disgust every moderate and impartial mind. Amongst the rest, we observe a *Remonstrance, addressed to Mr. John Murray, respecting a recent publication*, by OXONIENSIS, in which that publisher is threatened with an information by the Attorney-General, and with the loss of his business, for daring to scandalize the pious by the publication of Cain. From another quarter, we are given to understand that a very high personage has condemned that poem to have no second edition, and has expressed his surprize that the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews have not singled out Lord Byron, and fulminated their anathemas against his immorality and impiety. After this intimation, we shall scarcely be surprized at the appearance of an *Index Expurgatorius* issued under the sanction of this same high authority, in which we may reasonably expect to find the perusal of the *Paradise Lost* inhibited, lest the minds of his Majesty's religious subjects should be perverted by the sophistries of so able a dialectician as Satan. If the mysteries of Lord Byron are to be discountenanced, it must be by the salutary operation of public opinion, and not by the exertion of arbitrary authority.

A little work has just been put into our hands, which promises to be of considerable utility to London and country medical practitioners, whose time is so occupied by business, or whose education has been so limited as to preclude an acquaintance with the chemical decompositions which so frequently take place in the preparation of prescriptions. It is entitled the *Epitome of Pharmaceutical Chemistry*, by REES PRICE, M.D. In this work there is an alphabetical arrangement of the principal articles in the pharmacopœias on the left side of the page; and on the right is an enumeration (with occasional pertinent observations,) of those substances.

ANTIQUITIES.

A Description of the Antiquities and other Curiosities of Rome; by the Rev. Edward Burton, M.A. 8vo. 15s.

Iamblichus; or, the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians; by Thos. Taylor, 8vo. 16s.

ARCHITECTURE.

No. I. Vol. II. Specimens of Gothic Architecture,

chitecture, selected from various ancient edifices in England, 4to. 11. 1s.

An Address read before the Society of Architects and Antiquaries of London, at the first meeting of their third session; by J. Buttón, F.S.A. Secretary.

ASTRONOMY.

A Celestial Atlas; by R. Jamieson, A.M. royal 4to. 11. 5s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Hatchard and Son's General Catalogue of Modern Books.

J. Cuthell's Catalogue of Second-hand Books.

Part II. of Longman and Co.'s Catalogue of Old Books, for 1822. price 2s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the year 1822: containing Memoirs of Celebrated Men who have died in 1820-21, 8vo. 15s. bds.

Part V. of Lives of Eminent Scotsmen, 18mo. 2s. 6d.

BOTANY.

No. 84, of the Botanical Register, completing the seventh volume of this superb work, containing nearly 100 plates, coloured after Nature; by Sydenham Edwards, F.L.S. 2l. 9s. each volume.

No. 25, of Geraniaceæ; or, Natural Order of Geraniums, completing the first volume, containing 100 coloured specimens; by Robert Sweet, 3l. 16s.

The Botanical Cultivator; or, a Practical Treatise on Propagating, Rearing, and Preserving all descriptions of Plants, alphabetically arranged; by Robert Sweet, F.L.S.

Treatise on Bulbous Roots, with Directions for their Cultivation; by the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert, 8vo. 5s.

Hortus Suburbanus Londinensis; or, a Catalogue of Plants cultivated in the neighbourhood of London: arranged according to the Linnean System, 8vo. 18s.

Rosarum Monographia; or, a Botanical History of Roses, with an Appendix for the use of Cultivators; by John Lindley, esq. F.L.S. 8vo. 21s.

A Natural Arrangement of British Plants; by S. F. Gray, 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.

EDUCATION.

The Orphans of Normandy; by Mrs. Sherwood, with three engravings, 12mo. 3s. 6d. b's.

Six Tales, Moral and Religious, translated and altered from the French of Madame Genlis, small 8vo.

The English Mother's First Catechism for her Children, containing those things most necessary to be known at an early age, illustrated by 100 engravings; by the Rev. J. Clark, price 6d.

Farmer Watson and his Man Harry; or, Hints to Parents. 6d.

Barnabas Hill; or, the Cottage on the Shore; by the Author of the Little Manufacturer.

Stories after Nature, f. c. 8vo.

FINE ARTS.

Part IV. of a Series of Views in Savoy, Switzerland, and on the Rhine; by John Dennis, engraved in Mezzotinto, and accompanied with descriptive letter-press. 16s. proofs 24s.

No. 7, of Views in Paris and its Environs; by Frederick Nash. 16s.

A View of the Inside of Westminster Abbey, with the Ceremony of the Coronation; engraved by C. Turner, from a picture by Frederick Nash. 11. 1s.

Part XI. and XII. of Portraits of the British Poets, containing 12 portraits, 8vo. 14s. 4to. 18s. proofs on India paper, 28s.

GEOGRAPHY.

Letters from the Illinois: written in 1820-21; by Richard Flower; with a Letter from M. Birkbeck. 8vo. 2s.

The first volume of Hindoostan: containing a description of the Religion, Manners, Customs, Trades, Arts, Sciences, Literature, Diversions, &c. &c. of the Hindoos; with 17 coloured engravings. price 8s.

GEOLOGY.

A Comparative View of the Mineral and Mosaic Geology; by Granville Penn, esq. 8vo.

MEDICINE.

Physiological Lectures, addressed to the College of Surgeons: by John Abernethy, F.R.S. &c. 8vo. 18s. bds.

Essays on Surgery and Midwifery, with Practical Observations and Select Cases; by James Barlow, surgeon. 12s. bds.

MISCELLANIES.

No. 7 of Museum Criticum; or, Cambridge Classical Researches, 8vo. 5s.

Rivington's Annual Register, commencing with his present Majesty's reign; or, a View of the History, Politics and Literature for 1820, 8vo. 18s.

A Remonstrance addressed to Mr. John Murray, respecting a recent publication. 1s.

The English Perfumer, Snuff Manufacturer, and Colourman's Guide; being a collection of Choice Receipts and Observations, proved in the Practice of 30 Years in the above trades; by the late Charles Lillie, revised and improved throughout, by C. Mackenzie. price 10s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Monograph on the Genus Camellia, by Samuel Curtis, F.L.S. illustrated by five plates, exhibiting eleven varieties of the Camellia, drawn from Nature; by Clara M. Pope, folio. 3l. 3s. plain, 6l. 16s. 6d. col.

NOVELS.

The Sybil's Warning; by Edward Ball, esq. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

The Festival of Mora: an Historical Romance; by Louisa Sydney Stanhope, 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 4s. bds.

Agnes; or, the Triumph of Principle. 6s. boards.

PHILOLOGY.

A Grammar of the Sanscrit Language, on a New

a New Plan; by the Rev. W. Yates, 8vo. 2l. 10s. bds.

Harmonical Grammar of the principal Ancient and Modern Languages; by the Rev. F. Nolan. 2 vols. 1l. 5s.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

A New System of Natural Philosophy on the principle of Perpetual Motion: with a variety of other useful discoveries; by W. Martin, of Walls End, Northumberland, 8vo. 5s.

POETRY.

The Pleasures of Fancy: a Poem, in two parts, 8vo. 4s. 6d.

The Pleasures of Conversation: a Poem; by W. Cooke, esq. 5s. 6d.

Idle Hours: a Collection of Poems; by W. H. Armstrong, 12mo. 6s.

Selim: a Turkish Tale, in three Cantos; by G. Fitzgerald.

Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys: to which are added, the Ballad of Bessey Bell and Chevy Chase, in Latin and English Verse. Reprinted from the best edition 1773, f. cap 8vo, with four new designs; by Deighton.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Narrative of the Political and Military events which took place at Naples in 1820-21; with observations explanatory of the national conduct in general, and of his own in particular; by Gen. William Pepe, 8vo. 6s. b's.

The Private and Confidential Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, principal Minister to King William for a considerable period of his reign; by the Rev. Archdeacon Coxe, with a portrait, 4to. 3l. 3s. bds.

The Speeches of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan in the Irish and in the Imperial Parliament, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 8s.

A Practical Scheme for the reduction of the Public Debt and Taxation, without individual sacrifice; by Jonathan Wilks, 8vo. 1s. 6d.

A Short Letter to the Earl of Liverpool, on an Amelioration of the Taxes; by a Whig of the Old School. 1s.

The Speeches of Sir Samuel Romilly in the House of Commons, with a Memoir of his Life; by William Peter, esq. with a portrait, 2 vols, 8vo. 26s.

Remarks upon Prison Discipline, &c. &c. in a Letter addressed to the Lord Lieutenant and Magistrates of the County of Essex; by C. C. Western, esq. M.P. 2s.

Letters of Junius, with Preliminary Dissertations, and Copious Notes; by Atticus Secundus, with portraits and vignette, 24mo. price 6s.

THEOLOGY.

A Letter to Edward Copleston, D.D. occasioned by his Inquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Predestination. 1s. 6d.

Suggestions on Clerical Elocution; by John Lettice, D.D. &c. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

A Summary of Christian Faith and Prac-

tice, confirmed by references to the text of the Holy Scriptures, compared with the Liturgy, Articles and Homilies of the Church of England; and illustrated with extracts from the chief of those works which received the sanction of public authority, from the time of the Reformation to the final revision of the Established Formularies; by the Rev. G. J. Burrow, D.D. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

Twenty Sermons on the Evidences of Christianity, as they were stated and enforced in the discourses of our Lord: delivered before the University of Cambridge, in the Spring and Autumn of 1821; by James Clarke Franks, M.A. Chaplain of Trinity College, 8vo. 12s.

Six Discourses preached before the University of Oxford; by Thomas Linwood Strong, B. D. of Oriel College, Oxford, 8vo. 6s.

The Village Preacher: a collection of short plain Sermons; partly original, and partly collected, and adapted to village instruction: by a Clergyman of the Church of England, Vol. II. 12mo. 5s.

Christian Temper; or, a View of the blessed change gradually wrought in the Natural Disposition of Man, by the admission of Christian Principles into his Understanding and Life. 1s. 6d.

Treatise on Opposites, their Nature, Origin, and Uses, as affecting both the Natural and Spiritual Life of Man. 2s. 6d.

The Divine Person and Character of Jesus Christ Defended, in opposition to the Unitarian or Socinian doctrine, being proved from the Prophecies in the Old Testament and their accomplishment in the New. 6d.

A Treatise on the Covenant of Works; by John Colquhoun, D.D. 4s. 6d. bds.

Vol. I. of the Preacher; or, Sketches of Sermons, chiefly selected from the MSS. of two Eminent Divines of the last century, for the use of Lay Preachers and Young Ministers, to which is prefixed a Familiar Essay on the Composition of a Sermon, 12mo. 4s.

Howe's Works, Vol. VIII. royal, 16s. demy, 12s.

The Widow's Narrative, comprising Remarks on the Conduct of Humble Life, crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Grounds of Hope for the Salvation of all Dying in Infancy, an Essay; by the Rev. W. Harris, 8vo. 4s. 6d.

The Evangelical Rambler, No. I. &c. To be continued Monthly.

An Investigation of the Doctrine of Water Baptism; by T. L. P. 2s 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Part 7. of a General History of the County of York; by Thos. D. Whitaker, L.L.D. &c. folio. 2l. 2s.

A Geographical, Historical, and Topographical description of Van Diemen's Land: with important Hints to Emigrants, and directions how to apply for Grants of Land, previous to leaving England, &c. with a View of

of Hobart Town; by G. W. Evans, surveyor general of the Colony.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Part V. Vol. VI. of Modern Voyages and Travels; containing a Journey over-land from the Coast of Haiman to Canton, in China. price 3s. 6d. sewed, 4s. boards.

Sketches taken during Ten Voyages to Africa, between the years 1786 and 1800: including Observations on the Country between Palmas and the River Congo, and Remarks on the Physical and Moral Cha-

acter of the Inhabitants, &c.; by Capt. John Adams, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A Visit to North America, and the English Settlements in Illinois; with a Winter Residence in Philadelphia, solely to ascertain the actual prospects of the Emigrating Agriculturist, Mechanic and Speculator; by Adlard Welby, esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

A Visit to Vaucluse, Nisme, Orange, Pont-du-Gard, Avignon, Marseilles, &c. in May, 1821, 8vo. 6s.

NEW MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Haydn's Symphony Letter S. as performed at the Philharmonic Concerts. Arranged as a Duett for Two Performers on one Piano Forte, by W. Watts. 6s.

THIS symphony commences with an *Adagio*, the subject of which constitutes the ground work of the succeeding *Allegro*, in the same measure. In the accelerated portion of this compound movement, the composer has displayed a richness of fancy and ingenuity of modulation calculated both to surprize and delight the ear. Gradually proceeding from the most powerful *forte* to the tenderest piano, then as gradually rising to new brilliancy and accumulated strength, it attains the intended climax by means of a diversity of effect continually growing or gaining upon the gratified ear. The succeeding *Andante*, in the allotment of the parts of which, Mr. Watts has displayed much taste, is both elegantly and impressively conceived. The minuet, though somewhat long, is vivid and striking; the trio marked by a peculiarity of style, and the finale unusually bold and animated. The subject of the latter movement is successfully distributed in various forms; and the coda is so grand and appropriately conclusive, as alone to be sufficient to point out the great master from whose genius it emanated. The whole arrangement of this piece is honourable to Mr. Watts's taste and skill, and presents an improving exercise for the finger, and a feast for the cultivated amateur.

Twelve Monferrinas for the Piano Forte, composed and dedicated to Signora Barbarina Frigerio, of Milan; by Muzio Clementi. 5s.

These twelve movements, or pieces, are named from a dance peculiar to the state of *Monferrato*, and are, of course, all in the same time, or measure. This measure is *six quavers in a bar*: and

considering that Mr. Clementi has filled twenty-five folio pages with movements necessarily of the same cast, or order, it is no small credit to his imagination, that he could infuse into them so much variety of character. The subjects, or leading passages, of most of them, are very pleasingly conceived; and in their conduct, they display the science and ingenuity of a skilful master. As practices, they will be found useful; and as recreations, more than ordinarily gratifying.

"Wave thy fair Head," a Glee for three Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte. Composed by J. M. Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon. 2s.

This glee forms a three-voiced ballad of three verses, the second of which digresses into the relative minor, producing a felicitous relief to the first and third. The melody is smooth and flowing; and though the combination cannot boast of any thing like point or response, its fabrication is sound and legitimate, and its prevailing effect beyond that of the general harmonization of the day.

"Sing to Love a Roundelay," a favourite Ballad, sung by Mr. Leoni Lee, at the New Theatre Royal, Haymarket, in the Opera of The Marriage of Figaro, written and composed by J. A. Wade, esq. 1s. 6d.

Independently of the novel ideas and appropriate character of this air, we find in it a degree of ease and grace that bespeak talent and considerable delicacy of feeling. The passages, though happily varied, are symmetrical, and produce a unity of effect that identifies the melody, and gives it a distinct place in the province of ballad beauty. The words (comprized in two verses) are passionate and natural, and evince Mr. Wade's possession of much poetical fancy.

"And

"And art thou then, celestial spirit, flown?" an *Elegy* (written by a young lady) on the much lamented death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, composed by R. W. Evans. 2s.

The piety expressed in the words, and the expression intended in the music, of this elegy, are recommendations that will not be overlooked by the admirers of the character to whose memory the composition is dedicated. The sentiments of the poetry have evidently been felt by the composer; and, a few lapses in the accent excepted, we find the composition worthy of our favourable report.

"*Le Carnival de Venise*," a favourite Air. arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte, by Augustus Voight. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Voight has prefaced this pleasing composition with a very agreeable and appropriate introduction. The rondo itself is novel and striking in its subject, and worked into a piano forte exercise, with considerable address. It certainly may be practised with much advantage to the juvenile finger, and cannot be heard but with pleasure.

That elegant and expressive instrument, the piano forte, from the period of its invention to the present time, has been in a constant progress towards perfection, but its present high state of excellence, owes more, perhaps, to the spirit and liberality of the house of Clementi, Collard and Co. than to any other source. The recent improvement this distinguished firm has produced, is derived from what they term the *Bridge of Reverberation*. The advantage of this bridge is, to give the strings the effect of being fixed, like those of a harp, to the sound-board itself, instead of their being checked by their immediate attachment to a solid substance. By this contrivance, not only a more rich and equal flow of vibration is produced, but the whistling is obviated of the large steel strings so common in grand piano fortes. This bridge also converts those portions of the strings lying beyond the original bridge, to the augmentation of the tone produced from the main body of the instrument, by the *Harmonic Swell*. It is but doing justice to distinguished in-

genuity, to inform our readers, that this novel and important improvement of the piano forte, was devised and executed by F. W. Collard.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—The preceding month has been auspicious to the interest of the Covent Garden managers. The *Exile*, Young's *Hamlet*, the exertions of Liston and Miss Stephens in the *Comedy of Errors*, Miss Halland's *Macheath* and Miss Stephens's *Polly*, over and above all the magic attractions of *Harlequin* and the long renowned *Mother Bunch*, have drawn numerous and brilliant audiences. This pantomime is, perhaps, as neat in its changes, and as striking in its scenery, as any that has appeared at either house for many years. The borders of the sandy desert, the castle of polished steel, and the domestic representation of Black Heath, are particularly imposing, and perfectly worthy of entertaining other connoisseurs than those of from three to four feet high.

DRURY LANE.—The talents and indefatigable industry of the lessee of this theatre, continues to support its respectability, in spite of the partial failure of *Giovanni in Ireland* (the intended substitute for a Christmas pantomime) to make powerful stand against the high-strained efforts of the rival house. To the rich and spirited acting of Elliston and Munden in *Secrets worth Knowing*, and Kean's truth and energy in *Richard*, *Macbeth*, *Othello* and *Lear*, have been added the interest of a new original play, in three acts, called *The Pirate*, founded on the novel of that name by Sir Walter Scott. Considering the difficulty of compressing the materials of three volumes into as many acts, and the hurry in which this piece was prepared for representation, we ought, perhaps, to wonder that Mr. Dimond, the editor, and that Messrs. Rooke, Cook and Wilson, the musical composers, acquitted themselves so reputably; and that some of the scenes, especially those of the *Exterior of a Castle*, the *Cabin of the Pirate's Ship*, and the *Sea View*, are so well conceived.

MEDICAL REPORT.

REPORT of DISEASES and CASUALTIES occurring in public and private Practice of the Physician who has the care of the Western District of the City Dispensary.

PHYSIOLOGICAL facts, when obviously and immediately tending to practical good, cannot be too highly appreciated. Of

this nature, and therefore deserving of every encomium, is the discovery recently made by M. Magendie respecting the power of moderate

derate blood-letting in exciting the absorbent faculty; and the writer of these papers believes that much of the good ascribed to depletion in a direct manner, is properly attributable to its indirect agency. The subduction even of inflammation is not perhaps so simple and straight-forward a process as is usually conceived, but is effected, partly at least, by an impulse given to the absorbents, and when venesection is had recourse to in complaints marked by deficiency of power, the principle at present adverted to is most decidedly operative. Sydenham was wont to commence his course of therapeutic operations by a single bleeding, even in cases of chlorosis, and the success of the plan justified its adoption; but then he did not, as is too much the case with some of our modern venesectioners, look upon depletion as the alpha and omega of all remedial powers, but on the contrary, considered it as a mere preliminary and make-way for strengthening medicinals: and the father of medicine has observed that debilitating measures, however occasionally necessary, must be instituted with circumspection, and conducted with care, *κένωσεις ἐς τὸ ἐσχάτον ἀγασθαι, σφαιλεῖται*. A remarkable case of congestion in the brain, connected with nervous weakness, has just fallen under the observation of the writer, in which the combined operations of pulling down and building up, have been most unequivocally useful, and which is here alluded to from the circumstance of its having been thought by some persons, that to let out blood was both to let and *shut out* the disorder. If the reporter be charged with urging the necessity of caution in these particulars, with an undue pertinacity, he replies, that his frequent allusion to the subject is founded on the conviction that we are apt either to be too fearless, or too fearful of pouring out the vital fluid. He should be glad to feel that it was in his own power always to fall upon the correct medium; but daily experience convinces him that to propound dogmatia and to practise satisfactorily are very different affairs.

Within the last few days, another case has occurred, in which the utility of the croton oil has been most unquestionably displayed. It was a case of obstinate constipation, which threatened serious consequences from its con-

tinuance, but which, although it had refused to give way before some very drastic cathartics, almost immediately yielded to two drops of the oil in question, made into a small pill with crumb of bread. It is the concentration as well as the great power of this drug that renders it so important an addition to the list of medicines, and in cases where deglutition is impeded almost to suspension, it may be sometimes employed with effect; for as remarked in a former paper, merely to rub the tongue with a cork moistened by the oil is often to accomplish every purpose.

Affections of the larynx and trachea, which, without much care, are apt to be confounded with pulmonary and consumptive maladies, are frequent in their occurrence. To the pathology of these important parts of organization, the attention of systematics has not perhaps hitherto been sufficiently given; but as metaphysical or abstract, gives way to anatomical or structural nosology, we shall find that the deficiency complained of will come to be remedied by succeeding observers. It was with much satisfaction that the writer perused a very interesting little paper on this subject, from the elegant pen of Dr. Walker, of Huddersfield, in the last number of the Medical Repository; and Dr. Abercrombie has recently added to the obligations he had already laid the profession under, by entering somewhat largely into the discriminating marks between real and pseudo consumption. The papers of Dr. A. are to be found in the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal—a journal which has from its commencement been conspicuous for the excellence of its original communications.

In an instance of tracheal secretion, the result of previous inflammation, but at length connected with signal debility, (and in which suffocation was menaced by the copiousness of discharge from the membrane) much benefit has been derived from the inhalation of tar-vapour, a medicine which, in these cases of mucous secretion, from induced weakness, may be made use of with a prospect of advantage; but the writer has witnessed its injurious tendency when applied to consumptive ailment of an inflammatory kind and genuine character.

D. UWINS, M.D.

Bedford Row, Jan. 20, 1822.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THIS report consists merely of the echo of former distresses. With respect to the routine of Country business, there is nothing of novelty or interest to mention. The wheats, where they have not been flooded, are generally found to look well; but drawn upward as they have been, by a constant series of warm and moist weather, without the slightest check from frost, the apprehension is far from being groundless, that they may be exhausted by excessive vegetation, and ul-

MONTHLY MAG. No. 364.

timately be more productive in straw than corn. It was supposed last month, from the wet and poachy state of a great part of the lands, that much of the wheat sowing must be postponed till after Christmas; but from subsequent accounts, in spite of all difficulties it seems, that a finish has been generally made. Talavera (Spanish) wheat is getting out of repute; perhaps corn from a warm climate, should never be sown in this country in the autumn, until it shall have become naturalized

L

turalized to our soil. Sheep, in course, are doing badly abroad, with their fleece and loins constantly wet, feeding on sodden and half-rotted turnips. The mortality among them in various counties, and in Scotland, has already been considerable; and unless a speedy change in the weather should supervene, a general rot, like those in former days, may be apprehended; in the mean time, they who keep sheep abroad in such circumstances, yet possessing the means of feeding them under shelter, (and there are many such men) may, perhaps, be *wise men*, though certainly sorry calculators. But custom and fashion must ever govern practices, as well in sheep husbandry, as in physic and divinity. A public fortune-teller of prime notoriety, who moreover refers to the exact fulfilment of his former predictions, has lately ventured to prophecy a still farther decline in the price of wheat, to the ratio of cent per cent. Give the markets time for this, and the prediction may be verified; but should the old rules of weather-wisdom hold their ground, and a warm and moist winter be followed by a cold and blighting spring and summer, it may be presumed that, neither the quantity, nor quality of the future wheat crop, will give much sanction to a farther decline of price, in whatever humour *currency* may find itself. During several weeks past, the causes of rain and fog, of the former particularly, appears to have been evidently exhausted; yet a state of moisture in the atmosphere has constantly prevailed, and the lands have remained in a very wet and poachy state. There is at present great hopes of a favourable change. Fine, heavy, dry wheat, short in quantity, and much in request, is worth 75s. per quarter; but in general, all kinds of produce are necessarily at a declining price, since the supply invariably exceeds the demand. Perhaps long wool is an exception, being rather ready of sale. Manufactures are in a far more prosperous state than agriculture, and are gradually relieving the land from a part of its superfluous labourers. Great part of the lands may be said to be farmed by the proprietors, through the support which they have most prudently and honourably extended to their tenants; but the mere eleemosynary plan, perhaps first deprecated in these reports, seems about to be superseded by properly adapted contracts. In this respect the Lords FITZWILLIAM and STAFFORD have acted wisely and worthily, and the latter has given public notice that he will in future, be governed in the receipt of his rents, by the market price of wheat; a regulation which, if generally adopted, would place agriculture on a solid basis, and throw all the consequences of fluctuating markets on proprietors, capitalists, and consumers; and although it would place the tenant at his ease, yet landlords would gain by the advance, when prices required an increased income, as much as they might nominally lose when prices diminished; and, when of course, the expenditure their establishments would be less.

Scotland, where *general inclosure* has always been free, has suffered less than any of the southern parts of the island; and late accounts state that farms are there freely taken at the old rents. The state of Ireland, naturally a moist climate, is most deplorable; a state, in too great measure, attributable to the policy and national justice of this country, to which, a finishing stroke was put by a PITT administration. The Continent shares with us in the miseries of superabundance. Not *Chaos*, but the days of *Midas* are come again! It has been a hard-run race between the continental cultivators and our own, which should have the honour and profit of feeding this country. The present are days of individual and partial distress, but of general prosperity.

The relative situations of the two great classes of the community, the agriculturists and the manufacturers, renders the relief of the former, in the principle of higher prices a question of great difficulty and delicacy. It would be a monstrous policy to endeavour to benefit either class of the community, by adopting any measure to raise the price of the necessities of life. Such a policy ought to be opposed by all classes. What then is to be done for the relief of the agriculturist? He produces a commodity which will fetch only a certain price in the market, and it is the interest of all, that it should not fetch a higher price; but any price is sufficient, if the out-goings bear a just proportion to it. In this case, then, are the out-goings necessary, and can they be diminished? They consist of RENT, which it is obvious, can be diminished; of TAXES, which can or ought to be diminished; and the continuance of which, depends on the pleasure of the legislature; of the POOR'S-RATES, created by the engrossment of farms, owing to the cupidity of landlords and speculating farmers—and of the PRICE OF LABOUR, which has already been reduced to a *minimum*, insomuch that many industrious labourers depend more on the parish than their employers, and which, therefore, admits of no reduction. The remedies, consequently are obnoxious: rents must be reduced—taxes must be transferred from land to the funds, whose annual accounts exceed the rental of land, and small farms must be restored for the purpose of diminishing the poor-rates, and providing for the over supply of labourers.

Smithfield.—Beef 2s. 9d. to 4s. 2d.—Mutton 2s. 9d. to 4s. 0d.—Lamb 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal 4s. 9d. to 6s. 0d.—Pork 3s. 4d. to 5s. 0d.—Bacon 6s. 0d. to 8s. 0d.—Raw Fat 2s. 8½d.—Wheat 30s. to 75s.—Barley 17s. to 30s.—Oats 14s. to 28s.—The quartern loaf in London 10½d.—Hay 60s. to 90s. 0d.—Clover do. 72s. to 105s.—Straw 27s. 6d. to 40s.—Coals in the Pool 34s. 6d. to 45s. 6d.

Middlesex, Jan. 25, 1822.

MONTHLY

1822.]

[75]

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

PRICES OF MERCHANDIZE.

	Dec. 27.			Jan. 28.			
Cocoa, W. I. common	£3	0	0	to	4	0	0 per cwt
Coffee, Jamaica, ordinary	4	5	0	..	4	14	0 ditto.
Coffee, ———, fine	5	4	0	..	5	7	0 ditto.
—, Mocha	0	0	0	..	0	0	0 per cwt
Cotton, W. I. common	0	0	8 $\frac{1}{2}$..	0	0	9 $\frac{3}{4}$ per lb.
—, Demerara	0	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$..	0	0	0 ditto.
Currants	4	16	0	..	5	14	0 per cwt.
Figs, Turkey	2	10	0	..	3	15	0 ditto.
Flax, Riga	58	0	0	..	0	0	0 per ton.
Hemp, Riga Rhine	52	0	0	..	0	0	0 ditto.
Hops, new, Pockets	2	0	0	..	4	4	0 per cwt.
—, Sussex, do.	2	10	0	..	4	4	0 ditto.
Iron, British, Bars	8	15	0	..	9	10	0 per ton.
—, Pigs	5	0	0	..	7	0	0 ditto.
Oil, Lucca	39	0	0	..	0	0	0 per jar
—, Galipoli	65	0	0	..	0	0	0 per ton.
Rags	1	18	0	..	0	0	0 per cwt.
Raisins, bloom or jar, new	4	0	0	..	4	3	0 ditto.
Rice, Patna kind	0	0	0	..	0	0	0 ditto.
—, East India	0	9	0	..	0	10	0 ditto.
Silk, China, raw	1	0	1	..	1	1	4 per lb
—, Bengal, skein	0	14	6	..	0	17	1 ditto.
Spices, Cinnamon	0	7	3	..	0	8	0 per lb
—, Cloves	0	3	9	..	0	0	0 ditto.
—, Nutmegs	0	3	8	..	0	4	8 ditto.
—, Pepper, black	0	0	7 $\frac{1}{4}$..	0	0	0 ditto.
—, ———, white	0	1	2 $\frac{1}{2}$..	0	0	0 ditto.
Spirits, Brandy, Cogniac	0	3	10	..	0	4	4 per gal.
—, Geneva Hollands	0	1	4	..	0	1	9 ditto.
—, Rum, Jamaica	0	0	0	..	0	0	0 ditto.
Sugar, brown	0	0	0	..	0	0	0 per cwt.
—, Jamaica, fine	0	0	0	..	0	0	0 per cwt.
—, East India, brown	0	14	0	..	0	16	0 ditto.
—, lump, fine	2	0	0	..	2	4	0 per cwt.
Tallow, town-melted	2	7	0	..	0	0	0 per cwt.
—, Russia, yellow	2	5	0	..	0	0	0 ditto.
Tea, Bohea	0	2	5 $\frac{1}{2}$..	0	0	0 per lb.
—, Hyson, best	0	4	0	..	0	0	0 ditto.
Wine, Madeira, old	22	0	0	..	33	0	0 per pipe
—, Port, old	24	0	0	..	55	0	0 ditto
—, Sherry	25	0	0	..	60	0	0 per butt

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 20s. 0d.—Cork or Dublin, 20s. 0d.—Bel-fast, 20s. 0d.—Hambro', 40s. 0d.—Madeira, 20s. 0d.—Jamaica, 30s. Greenland, out and home, 6gs. to 12gs.

Course of Exchange, Jan. 27.—Amsterdam, 12 7.—Hamburgh, 37 4.—Paris, 25 40.—Leyhorn, 47.—Lisbon, 50 $\frac{3}{4}$.—Dublin, 9 per cent.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies.—Birmingham, 560l.—Coventry, 1000l.—Derby, 135l.—Ellesmere, 63l.—Grand Surrey 59l. 0s.—Grand Union, 20l. 0s.—Grand Junction, 222l.—Grand Western, 3l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 350l.—Leicester, 290l.—Loughbro', 2600l.—Oxford, 649l.—Trent and Mersey, 1800l.—Worcester, 24l.—East India Docks, 163l.—London, 101l.—West India, 176l.—Southwark BRIDGE, 13l.—Strand, 5l. 5s. Royal Exchange ASSURANCE, 250l.—Albion, 50l. 0s.—Globe, 131l. 0s.—GAS LIGHT COMPANY, 62l. 0s. City Ditto, 105l. At the Office of Wolfe and Edmonds'.

The 3 per cent. Reduced, on the 27th was 76 $\frac{1}{2}$; 3 per cent. consols, 76 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6; 5 per cent. navy 107 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8.

Gold in bars 3l. 17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz.—New doubloons, 3l. 14s. 3d.—Silver in bars 5s. 0d.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES announced between the 20th of Dec. 1821, and the 20th of Jan. 1822: extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES. [this Month 91.] Adcock, H. W. Birmingham, dealer. (Tyndall and Co.)
Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.
 ABBEY, T. Pocklington, ironmonger. (Holmes, attorney.) Ambrose, T. Waterloo Place, woollen draper. (Hodgson.)
 Abbey, R. Alne, York, miller. (Gamble.) Andrew, S and H. Micklehurst, Cheshire, woollen manufacturers. (Buckley.) Aunen,

- Annen, J. Blackheath, merchant. (Sweet and Co.)
 Beaufoy, I. Meriden, Warwick, draper. (Trough-ton and Co.)
 Birch, R. Y. Hammersmith, medicine-vender. (Harnett.)
 Blackburn, W. Bedford, Lancaster, dealer. (Kershaw.)
 Bond, J. Munsley, Hereford, coppice-dealer. (Holbrook.)
 Brittain, B. Warren's Farm, Herts. dealer. (Bond.)
 Broadbent, I. and A. Saddleworth, York, merchts. (Whitehead.)
 Bush, H. Loddon, Norfolk, grocer. (Boyce.)
 Butcher, O. Burnham Westgate, Norfolk, farmer. (Withers, jun.)
 Cantor, J. J. Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate-street, pen-manufacturer. (Noel.)
 Cartwright, T. Oakhampton, inn-keeper. (Brutton.)
 Chafer, W. Hull, grocer. (Brown.)
 Christie, C. Clement's-lane, insurance-broker (Alliston and Co.)
 Churchill, S. Hadlow-street, Brunswick-square, wine-merchant. (Howard.)
 Clark, T. Hammersmith, money-scriv. (Isaacson.)
 Clemence, I. jun. Northumberland-street, carpenter. (Stevens and Co.)
 Cole, T. Cartoft, York, dealer. (Garbutt.)
 Colville, E. Charlotte-st. Portland-place. (Poole.)
 Croaker, C. Crayford, Kent, farmer. (Stevens & Co.)
 Deleval, A. York-street, Covent Garden, wine-merchant. (Reardon and Co.)
 Etherington, I. Knottingley, York, coal-dealer. (Clough and Co.)
 Forbes, G. M. Liverpool, merchant. (Avison.)
 Frost, J. Temple Norinanton, Derby, maltster. (Rickards.)
 Fulstone, H. Cottenham, Cambridge, auctioneer. (Bays.)
 Gear, I. Nottingham, fishmonger. (Hopkinson, and Co.)
 George, I. Park-street, Hanover-square, auctioneer. (Fenton.)
 Gidden, T. the younger, Prince's-square, St. George's in the East, curriers. (Vizard & Co.)
 Gill, W. Scarborough, linen-draper. (Wood.)
 Graves, T. jun. Cottenham, Cambridge, butcher. (Whiteley.)
 Grayson, R. Wigan, cotton-spinner. (Battersby and Co.)
 Griffiths, V. Knightsbridge, plumber. (Palmer & Co.)
 Haigh, T. Poland-street, bookbinder. (Mahew.)
 Hall, J. Watton at Stone, Herts, corn-dealer (Forbes.)
 Harrison, R. Coleshill, tanner. (Palmer.)
 Heath, J. Rosemary-lane, cheesemonger. (Tomlins and Co.)
 Hext, S. Haddington Mandeville, Somerset, sail-cloth maker. (Murley.)
 Hole, B. Broad-street, Bloomsbury, tailor. (Constable and Co.)
 Hunter, I. Hawkhurst, Kent, corn dealer. (Gregson and Co.)
 Jenkins, Edward, Picketstone, miller. (Gregory, and Bassett.)
 Jenkins, R. I. R. Axbridge, dealer. (Saunders.)
 King, Jacob, Great Yeldham, Essex, linen-draper, &c. (Reardon and Davis.)
 Mackintyre, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Battye, and Crump.)
 Mather, I. Jewin-street, wine-merchant. (Watson Metcalfe, R. Brunswick-place, City-road, merchant. (Alliston, and Hundleby.)
 Mickle, I. Piercy-street, Tottenham-court-road, tailor. (Fisher.)
 Midwood, T. H. London, merchant. (Word.)
 Milne, J. Liverpool, painter. (Ramsbottom.)
 Munro, G. Mincing-lane, wine-merchant. (Wright.)
 Nattris, I. sen. Thornton, York, linen-draper. (Cornwall.)
 Neale, G. Grantham, brick-maker, (Newcome.)
 Nunneley, S. Cransley, Northampton, cattle-jobber. (Lamb.)
 Oliver, T. High-street, Mary-le-bone, victualler. (Carlton.)
 Park, John, Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Lowden, and Helder.)
 Parker, I. Edgware-road, earthenwareman. (Carlton.)
 Pearson, E. & Co. Liverpool, merchts. (Orred & Co.)
 Penley, I. jun. Uley, Gloucester, dyer. (Eden.)
 Pinneger, J. Lechlade, Gloucester, wool-merchant. (Mullings.)
 Potbury, G. Sidmouth, cabinet-maker. (Brutton.)
 Pownall, T. Handforth, Chester, flour factor, &c. (Wright and Cole, and Dumville.)
 Rawlinson, S. Bowtell, near Hayes, Middlesex, brickmaker. (Carlton.)
 Richards, J. Exeter, cabinet-maker. (Drake and Church, and Terrell.)
 Robinson, E. Langbourn Chambers, merchant. (Cousins.)
 Robinson, M. A. Red Lion-street, Holborn, grocer. (Few and Co.)
 Rogers, T. and Co. Savoy-street, Strand, harness-makers. (Lewis.)
 Routledge, T. Liverpool, broker. (Lowten, and Leicester.)
 Scott, O. Manchester Buildings, Westminster, army and navy-agent. (Alliston and Co.)
 Shaw, I. Oldham, Lancaster, machine-maker. (Shattlew.)
 Simpson, W. F. Manchester, hosier. (Law & Co.)
 Smeeton, G. St. Martin's-lane, printer. (Davies.)
 Staff, E. Norwich, Brickmaker. (Holme and Co.)
 Stoker, I. Doncaster, tinman. (Badger, jun.)
 Tennant, I. Liverpool, merchant. (Massey.)
 Thomas, W. Blewit's Buildings, Fetter-lane, work-box manufacturer. (Messrs. Harman.)
 Thompson, W. Tottenham, near Lynn, cattle dealer. (Fisher.)
 Todd, I. Tottenham, Cambridge, butcher. (Peacock.)
 Toussaint, C. Castle-street, Leicester-square, plumber. (Allen.)
 Wardle, I. Worksop, butcher. (Beardshaw.)
 Washburn, J. Great Marlow, Bucks. wire-manufacturer. (Thomas.)
 Waugh, R. Hull, cabinet-maker. (Sandwith.)
 Whitbourn, J. Brook-street, Holborn, oilman. (Shepherd and Pacey.)
 White, J. Bletchingley, farmer. (Welchman & Co.)
 Wigfall, H. Sheffield, file-maker. (Smith.)
 Wilson, E. Strand, merchant. (Lewis.)
 Winter, George, Norfolk-street, Strand, merchant. (Llewellyn.)
 Woodwood, T. Bridgewater, Somerset, druggist. (Lowe and Bower.)
 Wotton, I. Windsor, timber-mercht. (Biggs & Co.)

DIVIDENDS.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| Anbusson, C. W. F. George-st. Hanover-square. | Blackwell, R. Crescent, Minorities. | Carter, I. S. and Co. Liverpool. |
| Anderson, D. Billeter-lane. | Boyce, I. Bordesley, near Birmingham. | Colbeck, T. West House, York. |
| Armstrong, I. Bristol. | Brennan, T. Bread-street. | Cundell, R. jun. Suburbs of York. |
| Armstrong, I. North Wanboro', Odiham, Hants. | Brook, N. Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. | Day, R. H. Tovil, near Maldstone. |
| Ashby, R. Poultry. | Brown, W. Sutton at Hone, Kent. | Deakin, F. and Co. Aston, near Birmingham. |
| Atkinson, H. Bread-street Hill. | Brown, E. Friday-street. | Dingle, I. St. Austle, Cornwall. |
| Atkinson, P. Rathbone-place. | Bulpin, R. Bridgewater. | Doull, A. sen. Greenwich. |
| Aubrey, G. E. Manchester. | Burley, I. Bristol. | Edwards, L. O. Minorities. |
| Austin, T. and Co. Bath. | Burn, J. Lothbury. | Ellis, W. Liverpool. |
| Bayley, G. and Co. Finsbury-place. | Burrows, I. Gloucester. | English, F. Birmingham. |
| Bayley, C. Abingdon. | Button, W. and Co. Paternoster-row. | Fincham, B. W. and Co. Epping. |
| Baylis, I. and Co. Piccadilly. | Byron, W. Hammersmith. | Forbes and Co. Liverpool. |
| Belham, T. Stratford, Essex. | Campbell, D. Old Jewry. | Fowler, D. and Co. Gracechurch street. |
| Beddeck, T. St. Issey, Cornwall. | | Fraser, I. Swithin's-lane. |

- Freeman, I. Hatton Garden.
 Frew, J. Museum-st. Blooms-
 bury.
 Gatton, S. Wood-street, Cheap-
 side.
 Gilbert, H. and Co. Brixham,
 Devon.
 Gill, J. M. Plymouth Dock.
 Greensmith, I. Cartmel, Lan-
 caster.
 Groming, R. Broad-st. Buildings.
 Grove, P. Cardiff.
 Gundry, G. Knaresboro'.
 Hackett, J. Breendon on the Hill,
 Leicester.
 Haggart, B. Lime-House Hole.
 Haigh, I. Huddersfield.
 Halcon, R. Ashbourn, Derby.
 Hale, S. London Tavern, Bishops-
 gate-street.
 Hall, I. Chatham.
 Handley, W. Stretton-en-le-Field.
 Hannington, H. Putney.
 Hawkins, I. Farncomb, Surrey.
 Hayter, I. Bristol.
 Hewett, C. of or near Henley-
 upon-Thames.
 Hobbs, R. Stratford-upon-Avon.
 Hoile, I. Beech-street.
 Holdsworth, W. Bradford, York.
 Holmes, T. and Co. Long Acre.
 Hooper, I. Tooley-street.
 Howitt, I. St. Martin's-lane.
 Hughes, I. and Co.
 Jackson, C. Upper Thames-st.
 James, B. and Co. Lawrence-lane.
 Jarrett, T. Shrewsbury.
 Johnson, W. Heybridge, Essex.
 Jones, A. W. New Brentford.
 Jones and Co. Liverpool.
 Jones, R. A. Tottenham Court
 Road.
 Jones, H. Holywell.
 Jordan, P. Whitechapel.
 Keating, A. Strand.
 Kempster, T. Bouverie-street.
 Kenworthy, I. Stons Wood,
 York.
 Kilner, W. and Co. Huddersfield.
 King, C. M. Upper East Smith-
 field.
 Knight, I. Castle Carey, Somer-
 set.
 Laing, G. Commercial Sale
 Rooms.
 Latby, I. Honiton.
 Lewis, I. Three Kings' court,
 Lombard-street.
 Little, A. Bolton, Cumberland.
 Little, W. Bolton, Cumberland.
 Lovegrove, R. Arborfield, Berks.
 Mace, S. Norwich.
 Mackenzie, C. Caroline-street,
 Bedford-square.
 Malcolm, R. Ashbourn, Derby.
 Masters, R. Coventry.
 Merriek, T. Frith-street.
 Mumford, E. Liverpool.
 Neville, S. Leeds.
 Nicoll, E. Hemel Hempstead.
 Noon, T. Shepton Beauchamp.
 Nowell, I. Cheapside.
 Palmer, T. Bedford.
 Palmer, T. Bedford.
 Palmer, R. Brighton.
 Park, T. King's Stanley, Glouces-
 ter.
 Park, R. jun. Portsea.
 Parks, T. and Co. Birmingham.
 Peak, I. Newcastle-under-Line.
 Pearse, C. Wellington, Somerset.
 Percy, R. Blandford Forum.
 Phillips, H. & Co. Birmingham.
 Pier, G. Newport, Monmouth.
 Preddon, E. Horncastle.
 Paton, A. and Co. Old Gravel-
 lane, Ratcliffe Highway.
 Read, I. Lloyd's Coffee-house.
 Richardson, G. Horncastle.
 Robinson, S. S. Clarkson, J. J.
 and Parker, G. J. Change
 Alley, London.
 Rogers, S. Gutter-lane.
 Ross, A. Leadenhall Buildings.
 Routh, I. Austin Friars.
 Ryder, A. Mincing-lane.
 Sargent, T. Milbank-row.
 Silver, R. Liverpool.
 Simson, R. Crown-court, Thread-
 needle-street.
 Stanley, H. Jack House Within
 Oswald Twistle, Lancaster.
 Swaine and Co. Halifax.
 Sykes, W. and Co. White Lion-
 street, Norton Folgate.
 Symonds, C. & Co. Watling-street.
 Thorn, I. T. Plymouth.
 Thurkle, G. M. New-st.-square,
 Fetter-lane.
 Tillotson, I. Halifax.
 Tipping, T. Warrington.
 Tollervy, W. H. Port-ea.
 Townend, R. and Co. Mitre
 Court, Fleet-street.
 Tucker, W. and Co. Sheffield.
 Turner, T. W. Brentford.
 Vice, J. Blackfriars Road.
 Underdown, T. Colyton, Devon.
 Wardell, R. Brighton.
 Walls, T. Webber-street, Lam-
 beth Marsh.
 Ward, T. Seamer, York.
 Webster, J. and J. Wakefield,
 Yorkshire.
 Welford, I. Broad-st. Ratcliffe.
 Whitmarsh, H. H. Wingham,
 Kent.
 Whitby, W. and Co. Clement's-
 lane.
 Wilcox, T. Holborn.
 Wilkes, J. sen. Burley, York.
 Wilson, I. Macclesfield.
 Wilson, W. R. Crown court,
 Broad-street.
 Woodhouse, I. and M. Mincing-
 lane.
 Young, T. Cheltenham.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS IN JANUARY.

GREAT BRITAIN.

SEVERAL meetings of proprietors and agriculturists, in consequence of low prices, have taken place during the month, to complain of taxes, and of the extravagant expenditure of the government. Unhappily, in past times, principles have had no influence on these persons. While they got high prices, cities might be sacked, fields of battle covered with victims, liberty destroyed, and nations oppressed by means of exactions from their stores, and they not only forebore to protest, but fostered brutal prejudices, and fanned the flames of war by every means in their power. Perhaps their ignorance is their best apology, and so far as this can be admitted, they are entitled to present compassion. Never was the finger of God more visible in visiting the pride and crimes of a people! What else but the power of Omnipotence could have reached the fire-sides of the haughty land-owners, and purse-proud agriculturists of this empire, who, when wheat

was 120s. per quarter, laughed at the distresses of the manufacturers, and at the miseries of Europe, and encouraged wars waged for no more definable object, "*than to relieve Europe from suspense.*" We cannot resist this taunt—the crimes committed by such persevering selfishness merit what is suffered, and they ought to be repented in sack-cloth and ashes! We, however, habitually pity the failings and the sufferings of our fellow-creatures, and sincerely sympathise with the agricultural interest in their present dilemma. Their first course is to set themselves *morally* right by demanding the punishment of those who abused their confidence. This the justice of heaven demands of them. Then they may properly seek that reduction of expenditure which is the cause of such heavy assessments on their reduced returns—and finally require an equalization of taxes, by calling on the drones, the fund-holders, to pay their full quota of the existing taxes. The next thing will

will be for farmers to relinquish those extended tracts of land which their avarice led them to engross, and for landlords to rebuild those farm-houses which their insensibility to the distresses of industry led them in wantonness to destroy. These things done, the blessing of heaven will return to the country—prosperity will be equalized—and industry will enjoy the produce of its virtue and labour. We agree, at the same time, with the Duke of Sussex and other illustrious authorities, that if the people had been fairly represented in Parliament, or if Parliament had not been filled with members for rotten boroughs, the crimes of the last thirty years would not have been committed; and therefore we hope that all the interests of the country will unite in bringing about such an improvement in the representation as shall be compatible with the security of the Constitution, and the strength and durability of the Empire.—The meetings alluded to are described in our Provincial Intelligence, and we hope, in our ensuing Numbers, to have occasion to notice more of them.

But while these distresses accumulate on the landed interest, owing to the emancipation of South America, and other causes, the Manufacturers are generally fully employed; and owing to quickened collections of the revenue, the coronation, &c. the amount has improved half a million.

The following is an official abstract of the net produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the years and quarters ended 5th Jan. 1821.

	Quarters ended 5th Jan.	
	1821.	1822.
Customs .	2,117,659	2,486,896
Excise .	6,315,737	6,390,789
Stamps .	1,535,474	1,497,128
Post Office .	321,000	308,000
Assessed Taxes	2,333,674	2,292,708
Land Taxes .	427,582	473,000
Miscellaneous	114,187	119,696
	<hr/> 13,165,313	<hr/> 13,568,217
	Years ended 5th Jan.	
	1821.	1822.
Customs .	8,631,891	9,135,102
Excise .	26,364,702	26,546,415
Stamps .	6,151,347	6,108,640
Post Office .	1,389,000	1,318,000
Assessed Taxes	6,311,346	6,256,811
Land Taxes .	1,192,257	1,263,274
Miscellaneous	293,938	303,463
	<hr/> 50,334,481	<hr/> 50,931,705

The revenue of the year ending the 5th Jan. 1822, therefore, is nearly 51,000,000l. and exceeds that of last year by nearly 600,000l. On reference to Mr. Vansittart's budget of June last, it will be seen that he stated the total charge for the year to be 52,000,000l. The income to meet this charge is as follows:

Total revenue for England	51,000,000
Supposed revenue for Ireland	3,500,000
	<hr/> 54,500,000

The surplus, therefore, of 2,500,000l. is the whole of the Sinking Fund, available on the 5th of January, 1822.

At the great dinner, in Norfolk, to celebrate Mr. Fox's birth-day, the Duke of Sussex, on his health being drank, made the following observations:

"In former times, he said, when England interfered in Continental politics, it was to save the people of one state from the oppression of another;—such was the interference of Queen Elizabeth; but now there was a community of effort to crush, not to save, the oppressed. The system of spies and informers of late years so organized, were not the growth of an English soil. No; they were the emanation of the Holy Alliance, and one of the evils it inflicted, or, as some would perhaps say, the glories that attested the salvation of the country. Of a piece with these domestic proceedings was one circumstance connected with that *beautiful* Bridge-street concern, which he was surprised had hitherto escaped public notice. He would not be foul-mouthed even respecting the contemptible agents of that society; but it was worth notice, that their secretary was the treasurer of the society for the relief of foreigners in distress—a situation which necessarily gave him access, as often as he pleased, to the whole foreign diplomatic corps resident in this country, and afforded the most convenient opportunities for any practices in which he might be engaged. This was another branch of the Holy Alliance; from such might the Lord defend him! Next to the system of espionage, came the system of terrorism. The base operators of that system knew that though there were some who scorned their arts, there were others who would be deterred by their base threats—he was one of those who would always scorn and defy them. This most infamous and wicked system was carried on under the unworthy artifice of assuming a name associated with every thing that was the reverse of such baseness. John Bull was incapable of tolerating the atrocities which wretches were found to commit under the cloak of his honest name. Mr. Denman had said truly the other day in a court of justice, that

that if the base arts of these vile calumniators were retorted upon administration, no government could withstand them. If they were calculated, then, to batter down a government, what stand could isolated individuals be expected to make against them? The process of terrifying and frightening a man from his duty was easy according to this project; for were he a father, it was only to send him an anonymous threat, that if he attempted to do such an act, he should read the following Sunday such or such a story of his wife, his son, or his daughter. On the subject of the grievances which now weighed down the country, he fully concurred in the opinion, that their immediate cause was excessive taxation. The government had long tried to divide and distract the public attention, to set off the agriculturist against the manufacturer, and, *vice versa*—to concede this point, and form that committee, until they had at length made such a juggle of all the interests of society, that none could extricate themselves from the mass of confusion which alike perplexed all. This was exactly what the ministers aimed at, and from it the country had no chance of disengaging itself, but by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. As to the remedy, the first step was naturally to remove the cause of that taxation which was the immediate evil. He was perfectly convinced, and he spoke it without pledging himself to specific details, or shutting out particular qualifications, that a rational reform in Parliament could alone save the country."

FRANCE.

In our last we noticed a change in the French king's ministers, by which the faction of the ultra-royalists had displaced the sort of middle party, which had for some time directed the French councils. Such men were, however, not likely to be acceptable to the nation, and the measures which they have proposed prove that they are more likely that their predecessors to dispense with the charter to which the Bourbons owe their restoration. As the Censorship of the press was no longer tolerable, these men have proposed to place the press out of the protection of the law, and to treat its agents as so many outlaws. Thus a royal commission is proposed to be erected to try what the ministers consider offences of the press, in exclusion of juries and all usual forms. The subject is in course of debate while this article is written; and it is to be hoped that so audacious a project, directed against the first principles of liberty, will be repelled

by a large majority. As far as the debate had proceeded, according to the last mail, more zeal and talent has not been exerted since the year 1789; whether the results will be similar to those of that famous year, time will shew.

A considerable sensation has been produced all over Europe, during the month, by an eloquent petition of an English gentleman of the name of Loveday, to the Chamber of Deputies, complaining of the seduction of two daughters, whom he had placed in a Paris boarding-school, to the tenets of the Catholic religion. Indeed, it appears from this document, and from all other information, that religious fanatics are at this time as busy in France, as they are in England; and that certain zealots, who think their power greater than that of omnipotence, are thrusting forward their unhallowed services, in promoting certain modes of faith to which these poor creatures are attached. In France, this fanatical spirit is more operative, because it has but one direction, in favour of Popery; but happily in England it is neutralized by the opposite directions in which it acts, and by the varied modes of faith which our zealots inculcate.

PORTUGAL.

The Cortes of Portugal are proving themselves one of the most enlightened bodies of legislators in Europe. They listen to the voice of philosophy, as will be seen by the following documents:—

Translation of a Minute from the Journals of the Portuguese Cortes.

Read by Secretary Freire a Letter, presented by Senhor Sepulveda, to whom it had been addressed by Senhor Carvalho, Member of the Regency of the Kingdom,* along with the works of Jeremy Bentham, offered by their venerable author to the Portuguese nation; in which letter of Senhor Carvalho it was said, that the writer could not give a more authentic testimony of the value he set upon so flattering an offering than by accompanying it with a wish, that, in their practice, the Cortes may take for their guidance the liberal doctrines of the principal and earliest constitutionalist of Europe.

Penetrated with those sentiments of esteem that are so justly due to the illustrious Bentham—to that sage by whose

* This body is composed of four members: the Conde de Sampaio, President, and Messrs. Carvalho, de Sao Lecis, and Soto Maior.

luminous ideas the whole civilized world has been enlightened, and to whom its free nations should erect a monument of gratitude, for the indefatigable zeal with which he has made application of those ideas to the service of the great cause of liberty and good government,—the assembly has resolved, not only that of this his offering honourable mention be made in their Journals, but also that direction be given to the Regency, to cause to be translated and printed all those his works; and that, by one of the secretaries of this august assembly, a letter be written to him, conveying to him the grateful acknowledgement of the Cortes, accompanied with the intimation that those his gifts were addressed to the assembly by one, and presented by another, of the persons who planned and took the lead in consummating those glorious measures, which gave commencement to our political regeneration; and that to the same Bentham be sent an authentic copy of the paragraph in our Journals, in which expression is given to this resolution of the sovereign assembly. Hermano José Braamcamp de Sobral, president;—João Baptista Felgueiras, deputado secretario;—Agostinho José Freire, deputado secretario."

Address of Mr. BENTHAM to the Cortes.

Portuguese Cortes! Worthy rulers of a regenerated people! Worthy rulers only because faithful servants!

Our correspondence is a singular one: the world's eye is upon it. It is an useful, it is an instructive one,—I continue it.

Once already I have put your virtues to the test; nobly have they stood it: one trial still remains.

Once more, must I bring to your view the never-to-be-forgotten phrase—*Greatest happiness of greatest number*—all comprehensive and sole justifiable end of government. On a collection of works, by which the light of that all-commanding principle has, with more or less intensity, been shed on almost every part of the government, the seal of your approbation, has been already stamped. Altogether, however, they form little more than an outline, nor that any thing better than a rough and incomplete one. That outline—would you see it not only corrected and completed, but filled up? filled up by a body of proposed law, conceived, and as to all the most important parts of it, expressed, not in detail only, but *interminis*? speak the word, and you shall have it.

In the first place a proposed *Penal Code*; in the next place a proposed *Civil Code*; in the last place a proposed *Constitutional Code*:—this is what I have to offer you. In all of them, the circumstances in which Portugal stands will be kept steadily in view; these circumstances, so far as they

can be learnt from your judicial customs and existing ordinances, more particularly such ordinances as in the intervening interval shall have emanated from the regenerated legislature. To these will be added whatever information from any appropriately intelligent citizens of your's I may be fortunate enough to have found within my reach. Where, owing to the fluctuating nature of the incidents by which the demand for legislation is produced, arrangements proposed *interminis* would be inapplicable, general directions or instructions will be substituted. Finance law will suggest to you examples.

Subjoined to this address is an appendix. In Part I. are *Testimonials*, in Part II. *Reasons for acceptance*. It is for your table this appendix—not for your ears.

As to Testimonials, those which you yourselves have given me are worth all others put together. Still it may be some satisfaction to you to see that in your own opinion in favour of this your proferred servant, there is not any thing with which that of other countries, more particularly his own, seems likely to be in discordance.

Of the Reasons for acceptance, the matter (I have said) is for your table. Length and respect for your time have rendered the separation necessary. To your ears, however, I venture to submit the heads of it.

No; I will not, as yet, seek to burthen you with it. It is, however, ready, and the next post shall bring it to you.

Legislators! Such is the mite I offer to cast into your treasury. But before the cast, or the mite itself, can have been made, something on your part must have been done; something to this effect you must have said to me, "Friend of man, send us these works of your's, they shall be laid upon our table. Rejection *in toto*, consideration in detail, sanctionment of one part, or of another part,—at one time, at another time, or at no time—all this will depend, for it cannot but depend, upon the judgment formed by us, as to what is most conducive, to the greatest happiness of the greatest number of the people under our charge. For thus much, however, the Cortes pledges itself, in so far as it is in its power to pledge itself; each of these your proposed codes shall, on its arrival, by the earliest opportunity, be taken for the subject of our deliberations."

"Well, but," says somebody, "this present of his—why all this talk about it? why not send it to us at once?"

Legislators! it is *not* made; and because it is not, therefore it is that I thus offer it. Without acceptance, such as that I have spoken of, I am not sure that it ever can be made; what I am sure of is, that it cannot be made either so promptly or so well.

well. At the age of three and seventy the current of the blood runs slow; something is wanting, something from without to quicken it.

One short word more: let there be no mistake,—*acceptance* is what I call for,—*acceptance*, nothing more; no such thing as *preference*, much less *exclusive preference*. As to rival works, not to exclude, but to multiply them, would be my wish; rival works from any hands, but more particularly from native ones. Of the sincerity of this wish proof more than in abundance is already in your hands. It may be seen at length in one of those former works, by the acceptance of which your character has already shed its lustre on the untitled and title-scorning name of—

JEREMY BENTHAM.

GREECE.

Every account from Greece proves that the people of that country are performing the most heroic achievements for their emancipation from the Turkish yoke; and it seems that volunteers are flocking to their standard from every European nation. In the meantime, the legitimates, (as they call themselves) are looking on with jealousy or indifference. The distracted state of the Turkish empire leads to the hope that the Greeks may accomplish their purpose without any diversion on the part of Russia, as the surest means of combining civil liberty with national independence. The present Czar of Muscovy must be regarded as a liberal and enlightened man; but the genius of his government, backed as it is by hordes of trained savages, prevents any cordial co-operation on the part of such a power, in favour of liberty.

Nothing beyond speculation is afloat relative to the probability of war between Russia and Turkey.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Accounts by various channels indicate that Iturbe, popular commander of the Mexican patriotic troops, has been seduced by ambition, or by the flattery of sycophants, to assume the

title of Emperor of Mexico. Our private accounts describe him as a middle-aged man of great energy of character, possessed of talents and unbounded popularity. The latest advices describe a failure of the patriots in an attack upon Vera Cruz, but this must be regarded as an affair of minor consequence, contrasted with the general independence of the fine provinces which constitute the Mexican isthmus.

On the other hand, in Columbia, the brave Bolivar, after a series of struggles, unequalled in partizan wars, has declined all the honours tendered to him by the people; and has declared that he will hold the office of president only while the new government is arranging, and will then retire into private life.

In Peru, Callao held out at the date of the last advices, and the remnant of the royalist army have thrown themselves into its fortress; but having only a month's provisions, their speedy surrender seemed inevitable. The King of Portugal has magnanimously recognized the new republic of Chili; and stated a new principle of legitimacy, which will alarm and displease the unprincipled despots, who leagued against the successive governments of France. His Portuguese Majesty justly states that every government must be regarded as legitimate to which the people are obedient; and therefore he recognizes the new American republic. For this declaration, the King of Portugal will live in the affections of mankind, while the despots who brought such misery on all Europe, by maintaining the insulting principle, that no government was legitimate, unless directed by some decrepid dynasty, will be execrated to the end of time. Let it also be observed, that the King of Portugal is the first head of a government who has made this recognition; and has placed the government of the United States in a relatively ignominious position.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON, *With Biographical Memoirs of distinguished Characters recently deceased.*

CHRONOLOGY OF THE MONTH.

Dec. 27. **T**HE tide of the Thames flowed so high, that many houses on the Rotherithe side of the river were above three feet deep in water. Surrey-street and Craven-street in the Strand, as well as many parts of Westminster, were completely inundated: and at the Custom

MONTHLY MAG. No. 364.

House, the water rose within a foot of the summit of the terrace.

— Five individuals were examined at Bow-street, on a charge of robbing a jeweller, in the Strand, of watches and jewels to the amount of two thousand pounds and upwards.

— 28. The tide at London-bridge rose
L higher

higher than was ever remembered. At Westminster and Vauxhall great devastation was occasioned by the overflowing of the river, which rose four inches higher than the great flood of 1774.

Jan. 2. The proprietors of the John Bull newspaper tried in the Court of King's Bench, for a libel on the Countess of Jersey; but acquitted for want of evidence.

— 3. Parliament prorogued until the 5th of February.

— 4. The proprietors of the John Bull newspaper tried in the Court of King's Bench, for publishing a series of libels on the late Queen.—Guilty.

— 11. Another bill was this day found by the Grand Jury, against the City Gas Light Company, for a nuisance.

— 12. Four of Carlile's chopmen, prosecuted by the noted Bridge-street Society, were this day arraigned at the Old Bailey, for trial; but on various accounts were remanded.

— 15. During the early part of this morning, the wind was so high, that considerable damage was done on the Thames. In Stepney Fields, the gable end of one of the new houses was blown down; and on the Deptford-road, an elm-tree was torn up by the roots.

List of the christenings and burials within the bills of mortality, from Dec. 12, 1820, to Dec. 11, 1821:

Christened in the 97 parishes within the walls, 1105; buried, 1090.

Christened in the 17 parishes without the walls, 5445; buried, 3606.

Christened in the 23 out-parishes in Middlesex and Surrey, 14,555; buried, 9605.

Christened in the ten parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster, 4129; buried, 4150.

Total christened; males, 13,072; females, 12,160; in all 25,232.

Total buried; males 9379; female, 9072; in all 18,451.

Whereof have died,	
Under two years of age	4276
Between two and five	1793
Five and ten	904
Ten and twenty	628
Twenty and thirty	1358
Thirty and forty	1817
Forty and fifty	1957
Fifty and sixty	1872
Sixty and seventy	1612
Seventy and eighty	1312
Eighty and ninety	771
Ninety and a hundred	150
A hundred and eight.	1

Decreased in the burials this year, 897.

Thirty-four persons were executed in London and the county of Surrey during the last year.

MARRIED.

Robert Augustus Cottle, esq. of Alder-

manbury, to Miss Sargeaunt, of Gower-street.

Mr. Sherman Stimson, of Oakham, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. William Brown, of Commercial-road.

Samuel Williams, esq. of Plymouth, to Eliza, daughter of John Symes, esq. of Essex-street, Strand.

Mr. Julius Giani, of Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, to Miss Eve Berry, of King-street, Portman-square.

Mr. W. Johnson, of Mile End-road, to Mrs. Pilgrim, widow of the late Mr. P. of Stratford, Essex.

Mr. John Wieppert, to Miss Isabella Stevenson.

Mr. W. Dent, of Clapham, to Miss Frances Sarah Stanley, of Prince's square.

Mr. Tilly, of Cornhill, to Miss Stockman, of Portsea.

John Brooks, esq. of Southampton-street, Strand, to Miss Wallis, of Clapham.

Mr. R. S. Bonwell, of St. Martin's-court, to Miss Lear, of Holloway.

John Hore, esq. of Red Lion-square, to Miss A. E. Robertson.

Mr. W. Dell, of Holborn, to Ann, youngest daughter of R. Dancer, esq. of Chancery-lane.

Mr. Edward Lawrence, to Matilda, daughter of the late John Smith, esq. of Harold's Park, Essex.

Joshua Blackburn, esq. of Liquorpond-street, to the eldest daughter of John Blades, esq. of Brookwell-hall.

Mr. John Boosey, of Broad-street, to Miss Fordham, of Sandon.

Mr. J. S. Nail, to Selina, eldest daughter of George Temple, esq.

William Imrie, esq. of Rathbone-place, to Mary Matilda, relict of George Steel, esq.

Mr. Richard Keysell, to Miss Meabry, of Bloomsbury.

George Longmore, esq. to Eliza Beckford, 3d daughter of G. Reynolds, esq. of Christ's Hospital.

Robert Walter, esq. youngest son of the late Major Byers, to Anne, daughter of the late Benjamin Travers, esq.

James Peachey, esq. of Salisbury-square, to Amelia Bridget, only daughter of the late James Mayor, esq. of Islington.

Mr. Edward Smith, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. Player, of Dursley.

Christian Tawke, esq. of Croydon, to Mary, eldest daughter of T. Leach, esq. of Clapham.

Lieut. Col. Walter O'Hara, late of the Portuguese service, to Marian, second daughter of Charles Murray, esq. of John-street Bedford-row.

Capt. W. S. Badcock, R.N. to Miss Selina Crew, daughter of Lady H. Crew.

William Joseph Furlong, esq. to Miss M. A. S. Leigh, of Thames Ditton.

Mr. Joseph Warner Bromley, of Gray's Inn, to Miss Roberts, of Bedford-street.

R. Monroe,

R. Monro, esq. to Charlotte Mary, 2d daughter of the late James Monro, esq. of Hadley.

J. B. French, esq. to Louisa Jane, youngest daughter of the late George Rose, esq. of Crookham, Berks.

F. C. Meyer, esq. of Great Portland-street, to Sarah Pomeroy, eldest daughter of Dr. Smith, of Richmond.

Hugh Hammersley, esq. banker, to Maria Georgiana, eldest daughter of the late Lewis Montolien, esq.

T. Brown, M.D. of Queen Ann-street, Cavendish-square, to Sarah Dionesse, daughter of the late Col. Goate, of Brent Eleigh-hall, Suffolk.

Lieut. Col. Charles Grene Ellicomb, to Mary, 3d daughter of the late Rev. Henry Peach.

John Samuel Hudson, esq. to Miss Allen, of Bath.

Mr. S. Betteley, of Soho, to Miss Brichens, of Biggleswade.

Robert Gogan, esq. to Miss Ruth Ann Twort.

DIED.

At Assembly-row, Mile End, 75, the Rev. *William Wood*.

At Barking, 33, the Rev. *Alfred Baker*.
Frederick John J. Mears, eldest son of Mr. G. M. of Kennington-lane; a youth of exemplary conduct, and beloved by all who knew him.

At Nelson-square, *Sarah*, wife of W. Yeates, esq.

In Upper Ranelagh-street, Pimlico, 78, Mr. *John Darby*, late of Bankside.

Joseph Woolfe, esq. 36, solicitor, Basinghall-street.

In the Hackney-road, 33, after a lingering illness, *Mary Ann*, eldest daughter of Mr. Woodcock.

At Horsleydown, 85, Mrs. *Sarah Haynes*.

In Blackman-street, Southwark, 70, Mrs. *Elizabeth Hunt*.

At Newington, 27, Mrs. *Tolkien*.

William Jones, esq. upwards of forty years a partner in the banking-house of Messrs. Jones, Lloyd, and Co. in London and Manchester. As a man of business, he was uniformly distinguished for integrity, exactness and liberality; and in the relations of private life, he was equally beloved for his humane and generous conduct on all occasions.

In Warwick-square, 56, Charles Letterman, esq. of the firm of Scatcherd and Letterman, of Ave-Maria-lane, booksellers.

At Reigate, *John Fox*, esq. of Parliament-street, Westminster.

At Walworth, *Sophia*, second daughter of Mr. Richard Roffey.

At Ratcliffe-cross, 40, Mrs. *Salhow*.

In South Audley-street, *Mary*, wife of the Rev. Samuel Hackett, after a lingering illness.

In Parliament-street, 61, *John Mills*, esq. deeply lamented by his friends and relatives.

In Phillimore-place, Kensington, 67, *Richard Hopkins*, esq.

In Bernard-street, Russell-square, 22, Miss *Bunning*, universally beloved and regretted.

In Ludgate-street, 77, *Hannah*, wife of Mr. W. March, bookseller.

In Piccadilly, 59, *John Mackay*, esq. of apoplexy.

In Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, *Martha Oliphant*, daughter of the late James O. esq. of Cockspur-street.

Henry Peregrine Howard Beckwith, 36, sincerely lamented by all his friends.

At Barnes, *Caroline Frances*, only daughter of Mr. Pyle.

In Bread-street, Cheapside, Mrs. *G. Smith*, after a long and severe illness.

In Cheapside, Mr. *D. Davis*, of the firm of Clementi and Co.

On the Terrace, Kentish-town, 88, *William Randall*, esq.

At Stratford-green, Mrs. *W. Loxley*.

At Wimbledon, *William Moffatt*, esq.

In Bedford-street, Covent Garden, Mrs. *Phillips*, sen.

18, *Margaret Sophia*, youngest daughter of the late C. Cock, esq.

At Aldbury-cottage, near Guildford, 72, the Rev. *Sydney Malthus*.

In Berkley-square, after a long and painful illness, *Maria*, Countess of Guildford, widow of Francis, late Earl of Guildford.

In Bolton-row, *Catherine Julia*, wife of R. Ward, esq. M.P.

At Kensington Gore, *Barbara*, eldest daughter of William Wilberforce, esq.

In Rockingham-row, Newington, 86, Mr. *John Sheppard*.

At Blackheath, 79, *Isaac Warner*, esq.

At Dorking, 29, Mr. *Henry Grigoin*.

At Stanwell, 76, *Catherine*, wife of John Barber, esq.

At Norwood-green, 86, *Michael Thackthwaite*, esq.

At Richmond, Mrs. *Fanny Roades*, of Bolton-place, Chelsea.

At Wandsworth, *George Owen*, esq.

At Camden-town, 73, Mr. *W. Miller*, late of Hanway-street.

In Bryanston-square, *Eliza*, daughter of Ralph Bernal, esq. M.P.

At Serjeant's-inn, *Maria*, daughter of John Philpotts, esq. of Gloucester.

In President-street, Goswell-street-road, the Rev. *W. Parker*, B.D. curate of St. Peter-le-poor, London.

In Manor-place, Walworth, 83, *W. Haynes*, esq.

At East Sheen, *Catherine Elizabeth*, wife of Francis Seymour Larpent, esq.

In St. James's-square, the Duchess of St. Albans.

At

At Streatham, 80, Mrs. *Lambert*.

At Upper Tooting, 83, Mrs. *Wilson*, relict of the late C. Wilson, esq.

At Epsom, 74, Mrs. *Pilgrim*.

In Argyle-street, 75, T. *Randal*, esq.

In King-street, Portman-square, 18, Mr. *Charles Celarius Fitzgerald*.

In Charter-house-square, Mrs. *Jane Bridges*.

In Dean's-yard, Westminster, 79, *Richard Bevin*, esq.

At Hackney, Mrs. *Ann Goodbehere*, wife of the late J. G. esq. and niece of the late alderman of that name. Her death was occasioned by part of her clothes being suddenly drawn through the bars of a grate while stirring the fire. An inquest was held on her body the same evening, when the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death." It must be evident, on the slightest consideration, that if this lady had fortunately happened to have been instructed in the principle of the ascent of flame, and had lain down at the commencement of the accident instead of maintaining an erect position, by which the combustion not only accumulated, but ascended to the throat, face, and head, no fatal consequences could possibly have ensued. This principle, upon which we have long insisted, and which we first promulgated, has been the means of saving many lives, under circumstances similar to those of Mrs. Goodbehere. If the parties stand erect till the flames have acquired a certain intensity, even rolling in a carpet often does more harm than good.

[*Thomas Whately*, esq. whose death we lately noticed, was the son of a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Whately, of Derby, who had filled the civic chair of the corporation three successive years with characteristic dignity, urbanity, and reputation. Born of a good family and highly respectable parents, Thomas, the subject of this notice, had received a liberal education; after which, suitably with his inclination, he was apprenticed to the medical profession, and became fellow apprentice with the celebrated author of the 'Botanic Garden,'—Dr. Darwin. Naturally attached to studious habits and the pursuits of anatomical and literary information, Master Whately cultivated every opportunity for his mental improvement, examined his principles by the nicest scrutiny, and formed his judgment upon the foundation of ocular truth. As he advanced to manhood, he progressively enriched his mind, which, as a physiological student, he considered of the first importance to his present and future interests; so zealously, indeed, that his intense application induced a nervous head-ache, which continued, in modified degrees, to the last moment of his life. Perseverance, led him forth into the world, endued with a great store of valuable knowledge. As a botanist, he was particularly distinguished: he invented an improved plan

for the better management and more durable preservation of plants in sand and paper, which met with the sanction and approval of the most eminent votaries of Linnæus, and testimonies of its utility are recorded in the best and latest works on botany and horticulture. Free from the versatile and pre-disposing influence of hospital associates, he passed the several examinations of the colleges, societies, and critical ordeals in Scotland and England with so much advantage, that he gained the countenance and friendship of men of letters and medical fame. Thus honoured, he was encouraged to persevere yet more diligently, and he gleaned the scattered fragments of science like a wise husbandman. London, which has the strongest claims for practice and experience, now began to invite Mr. Whately to exercise his talents in pharmacy and the more scientific branches of physical operations. This apostrophe in his life gave him further chance of acquiring celebrity, and brought his surgical skill into deep and forcible action. The quickness, ease, and certainty of Mr. Whately's performances on his patients, in the most difficult cases, decided his choice of confining himself wholly to surgery. Hence his fame spread widely and justly among the afflicted, and his elevation as a surgeon became maturely and honourably established in the highest circles. As a writer, he was signalized by the several works which issued from his pen, and which are consulted by students on account of their character for practical and experimental utility. They are principally—a work on 'Ulcers'—the 'Tibia'—'Strictures'—'Polypus,' with improved forceps—'Necrosis,'—and some other tracts and papers, periodically inserted in medical publications. Mr. Whately and Sir Everard Home, for some time carried on a paper controversy, which ended by proving that his method of treating strictures caused less pain to the sufferer, and was equally felicitous, perhaps more, in performing speedy and permanent cure, than the noticed baronet's. Mr. W. was a great and constant friend to the poor and afflicted, both with his advice gratuitously and his benefactions. He was the friend of Christianity, and acted up to its dictates by his uniform example and daily walk. He was formerly on the most intimate terms of friendship with the reverend Mr. Newton, with whom he corresponded for many years. He was thrice married, and his seven children and young and amiable widow, who have survived him, were his habitual and indulgent pride. Fond of domestic retirement and the study of phyto-logy, in the cloisters of leaves and beautiful flowers, he avoided the ostentatious glare of the fashionable world; and latterly led a retired life at Isleworth.]

Lately, at Burecote, Salop, 94, W. *Sadler*, esq. the last of an ancient family, who had resided at that place in uninterrupted succession during the last two hundred and thirty-eight years

[At Brighton, *Phæbe Hassell*, aged 108. She was born in 1713, and served for many years as a private soldier in the fifth regiment of foot, in different parts of Europe; and in 1745, fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. She lived the reigns of five British sovereigns, Anne and the four Georges; and through the royal bounty and the occasional assistance of many liberal persons in Brighton, she passed the evening of her life in tranquillity and comfort.]

[At Loodeanah, in the East Indies, on the 18th of May last, 30, Captain *George Rodney Blane*, of the Bengal Engineers, the second son of Sir Gilbert Blane, bart. He received his education at the Charter-house, and the Military College at Marlow, which he joined in 1804, as a cadet of the East India Company. He went there on the department of the line, but was transferred to that of the ordnance, on account of his superior talent in mathematics; and on this occasion, he attracted the particular notice and patronage of Mr. Pitt, then prime-minister. He completed his education at Woolwich, and embarked for India in 1807; where, on his arrival, he was selected for the corps of Engineers. He assisted in surveying the province of Cuttack, and the survey of Sangor and the Sunderlands; and in 1814, he served in the Nepaul war, and directed the works at the siege of Kalunga, under Gen. Gillespie.—In storming this place, Blane received a musket-ball in the arm, and having retired to the rear to have it extracted, returned into action. Capt. Blane was after this employed in surveying the skirts of the Himalah mountains, near the sources of the Jumna; and in repairing the fortification of Loodeanah, on the river Setledge. The service upon which the government of India have so highly recognised his merit, was that of the restoration of the antient canals of irrigation, which had been choaked up more than a century, and on which artificial watering, extensive territories to the N.W. of Delhi, depend for their fertility. The restoration of these canals had occurred to some of Lord Hastings' predecessors, but owing to various objections made at that time, the work was not deemed advisable. At an early part of the administration of the present patriotic and benevolent governor general, the idea of restoring the canals was again revived; and Capt. Blane having already given eminent proofs of his superior skill, was nominated superintendent of this undertaking, in 1814. Various incidents prevented his being called on to commence operations till 1817. The interval he employed in making himself master of the most approved methods of conducting embankments

and excavations, in which he received considerable assistance from the late Mr. Rennie, and several other eminent engineers. Capt. Blane commenced his operations in the autumn of 1817, and completed the whole undertaking in May 1820, being within half the period originally prescribed. The completion of this grand undertaking, has not only tended to increase the fame of Capt. Blane, but will also prove a source of great pecuniary profit to the company; and the government were so highly pleased with the expedition, success and economy with which this great work had been achieved, that they appointed Capt. B. superintendent of all canals in that quarter. A protracted and severe illness, however, frustrated the execution of several other undertakings of great utility. His death was announced in the Government Gazette, dated Calcutta, June 5, 1821, and affords ample testimony to his public and private virtues and talents.

[Lately, 75, the Rev. *John Malham*, vicar of Helton, Dorset. He was a native of Craven in Yorkshire, and in 1768 he published several mathematical communications in the Leeds Mercury, at which time he conducted a school. Soon after entering into holy orders, he served a curacy in Northamptonshire: in 1781, he resumed as schoolmaster, and after several changes, he settled at Salisbury. In 1801, he was presented to the vicarage of Helton; but he latterly resided in London, and was chiefly employed by the booksellers, engaged in publishing bibles and other works in weekly numbers. He also published several theological and elementary works; among which are "the Schoolmaster's Complete Companion, and Scholar's Universal Guide to Arithmetic, 1782;" "Two Sermons on National Gratitude;" "the Scarcity of Wheat Considered," 1800; "Lowndes's History of England, brought down to 1812," 12mo; "A new Introduction to Book-keeping," fifth edition; and several smaller works.]

[In Lant-street, Southwark, *E. Glasspool*, esq. Mr. G. who held a situation in the Victualling Department, rose at his usual hour, and proceeded from his chamber to the kitchen; shortly after the bed-room bell rang, and the servants went up-stairs to attend on Mrs. G. Almost immediately after they had left the kitchen, a report of a pistol was heard, followed by a groan. The servants lost no time in going down stairs, when on entering the kitchen they discovered their master lying on the floor, weltering in blood. A large horse-pistol was lying by his side, with which he had shot himself completely through the heart. The deceased had lately been dismissed from a high and lucrative situation in

in the Victualling Office, and this circumstance is supposed to have induced him to commit the above act. The verdict of the Coroner's Inquest was "Mental Derangement."

At Bethnal-green, 52, Mr. *Everard Wildeboer*.

ECCLESIASTICAL PROMOTIONS.

The Rev. J. H. Hogarth, LL.B. to the rectory of Stifford, Essex.

The Rev. John Boyse, to the rectory of Kitnor, alias Culborne, Somerset.

The Rev. T. Marwood, M.A. to the rectory of English Bicknor, Gloucestershire.

The Rev. Hugh Owen, M.A. rector of Stapleton, Salop, to the archdeaconry of Salop.

The Rev. C. Ingle, M.A. Fellow of St.

Peter's College, Cambridge, to the vicarage of Orston, Nottinghamshire.

The Rev. James, Hoste, M.A. of Christ College, Cambridge, to the vicarage of Empingham, Rutlandshire, vacated by the death of the Rev. Mr. Wilson.

The Rev. T. Thompson, to the vicarage of Addington, Yorkshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. Tyson.

The Rev. Henry Ingleby, to the valuable livings of Swallow and Rigby, Lincolnshire.

The Rev. C. J. Bloomfield, D.D. rector of St. Botolph's Bishopsgate, and of Chesterford, Essex, appointed Archdeacon of Colchester.

The Rev. F. Ellis, M.A. to the rectory of Lassam, Hants.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES,

With all the Marriages and Deaths.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

THE corporation of Newcastle unanimously voted, Dec. 21, the sum of 100 guineas towards the new building to be erected for the Literary and Philosophical Society.

Seaton Delaval, a noble mansion, the property of Sir Jacob Astley, has been lately consumed by fire. For grandeur it was not surpassed in the north of England. The two wings, one of which comprised a spacious kitchen, with various other apartments, and a beautiful stable, were saved by great exertions. The fire originated in a chimney, to which a large beam in the roof had been affixed.

Married. At Wynyard, Durham, Colonel Sir H. Harding, M.P. for the city of Durham, to Lady Emily James, widow, and daughter of the late Marquis of Londonderry.—The Rev. J. Mathewson, of Durham, to Janet, daughter of Mr. Ewing of Glasgow.—Mr. J. Tuer, glass-manufacturer, of Bishopwearmouth, to Mrs. J. Eggleston, of North Shields.

Died. At Newcastle, in his 85th year, Mr. J. Sorsbie, merchant.—Mrs. Hutchinson, 72.—Mrs. Pearson, wife of Mr. W. P. hardware manufacturer, 62.—Mrs. Clavering, 83, relict of the late G. C. esq. of Greencroft. She was kind and benevolent to all her domestics, and her charities to the poor, in whose behalf she was solicited, were unremitted.—Mrs. Watson, widow of Mr. R. W. of the customs, 74.

At Durham, 70, Mrs. J. Johnson.

At Gateshead, in her 64th year, Mrs. King, relict of the late Rev. R. K. and third daughter of the late Sir F. Barnard, bart. She had instituted and supported a Sunday school, and spent much of her time

in visiting and administering to the necessities of the sick and poor.—Mr. G. Taylor.

At Sunderland, Mrs. D. Robson, mother of Mr. B. R. ship owner.—Mr. J. Moore, shoemaker, 79.

At North Shields, Mrs. Wright, wife of S. W. esq. justice of peace for Northumberland.—Berthia, relict of Mr. J. Robinson, ship owner, 76.—Mrs. Kidd, wife of Mr. J. K. flax-merchant, 84.—Mr. Morrison, taylor, 93.—Mrs. Taylor, widow, 54.—Mr. A. Gardner, taylor.

At South Shields, Mr. W. Thorbeck, 80.

At Stockton, Mr. J. Shotton, hatter, 31.—Mr. A. Hall, cabinet-maker, 59.

At Bishopwearmouth, the wife of Mr. J. Brown, ship owner, 38.

At Bishop Auckland, 45, Mr. J. Cummin.

At Darlington, 70, Mr. T. Hale.—Mr. R. Dobson, formerly a master saddler, 87.—Mr. S. Lister, 69. He was forty years a local preacher among the Methodists.

At Tynemouth, Mr. T. Davison, school-master, 68.

At Bernard Castle, Mrs. S. Cornell, widow of Mr. Jas. C. inn-keeper.

At Hexham, 44, Mr. J. Robinson, supervisor of Excise.—The widow of Mr. Bell, 79.

At Hamburgh, 61, Mr. S. Watson, formerly mare-bearer, at Newcastle.

At Heathlands, parish of Rockliffe, Jane, fourth daughter of the late J. Forster, esq.—At Usworth House, aged 50, Mrs. Pearneth, relict of the late W. P. esq.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

Marriages, christenings, and burials in Kendal parish church, for 1821:—Marriages 90, decrease 10; christenings 359, increase 3; burials 314, decrease 42.

In the Whitehaven Gazette it is stated that within the last twenty years, the coal belonging to the school of St. Bees, though leased at 3l. 10s. per annum, has produced the immense sum of 22,000l., or about 11,000l. a year. The case of this charity is now before the court of chancery.

A meeting has been held in Carlisle for obtaining a mail coach from Whitehaven to Kendal. Whitehaven will have a direct communication with the great north roads should the measure be effected.

Married.] At Dublin, H. Skelton, esq. of Papcastle, in Cumberland, to Maria, eldest daughter of the late W. Betty, esq.—At Renwick, near Penrith, after a courtship of seven days, Mr. John Hood, commonly known by the name of Admiral Hood, aged 84, to Miss Hilton, aged 18!—At Cockermouth, Lieut. Haggard, late of the 14th foot, to Miss Mackreath.—And Mr. T. Mackreath, brother to Miss M. to Miss Clarkson.—At Carlisle, W. F. E. Liardet, esq. nephew of Sir John Evelyn, bart, to Caroline, niece to the late Major Liardet, who fell at the capture of the Island of Java.—At Kirkhampton, Mr. C. Deures, aged 82 years, to Miss A. Miller, aged 39.—The Rev. W. Rees, M. A. of Carlisle, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late J. Lenthall, esq. of Burford, in Oxfordshire.

Died.] At Carlisle, 79, Mrs. R. Sowerby.—Aged 31, Mrs. C. Miller.

Mr. W. Johnston, 78.—In the prime of life, Mr. W. Huggison, cooper.

At Kendal, 35, Mrs. A. Story.—Mrs. E. Doyle, 47.—Mr. R. Birkit, 69.—Miss J. Strong, 22.

At Whitehaven, 75, Mr. J. Bell.—Mr. J. Wilson, 76.

At Maryport, 65, Isabella, wife of Capt. J. Thompson.

At Workington, 61, Mr. J. Black.

At Penrith, R. Storey, M.D. 82. He was highly respected in his professional capacity, from his many valuable qualifications.

At Brampton, 82, Mr. T. Richardson, watch-maker.

At Longtown, Mr. J. Bowman, miller.

At Annan, 32, W. Irving, esq. surgeon, of Huddersfield.

At Drigg, advanced in years, Mr. W. Walker, yeoman.

At Nunnery, near Penrith, Mrs. Bamber, relict of the late R. B. esq.

The Rev. T. Jackson, 63, rector of Grasmere.—At Eaglesfield, near Cockermouth, Mr. W. Harris, manufacturer.

At Hesket, in the forest, 69, Mrs. D. Rand, late of Cockbridge. She had an excellent character, and of her it may be said, that the memory of the just is blessed.

At Stanwix, Mr. J. Carruthers, sen. 81, well known as an extensive dealer in horses.

He had been an innkeeper sixty years, and had taken out fifty nine licences. The first cost him 3s. 6d. and the last 8l. 1s.

At Irthington, near Brampton, Mr. T. Clark, school master.

YORKSHIRE.

Cloth has been lately manufactured from wool grown in New South Wales, by Mr. W. Hirst, of Leeds, and a specimen of it having been laid before the King. Sir B. Bloomfield has communicated to Mr. H. his Majesty's acknowledgment of the attention, and expressing a wish to be informed if any additional quantity of the same cloth (which is highly admired for its texture and beauty) can be procured in England.

Premises have been taken for the establishment of an Eye Dispensary in Leeds, on the principles of that instituted in the borough of Southwark.

A meeting was lately held at the Guildhall in York, for the purpose of establishing a vagrant office, to prevent the existence of common lodging houses, to assist the deserving, and to restrain common begging. The first resolution purported, That vagrancy and mendicity, with their necessary attendants, common lodging houses, are the fertile sources of crime, misery, and pauperism, and that the extent to which vagrancy and mendicity have of late been carried on calls loudly upon the community to unite heartily in their suppression. The Lord Mayor was in the chair.

Measures are taking to form a botanical garden in Leeds, and a meeting has been held to promote the laudable design.

Married.] J. Butler, esq. of Skidby, to Miss Goundrill, daughter of D. G. esq. of Ryehill, in Holderness.—Mr. J. Crosby, surgeon, of Hampsthwayte, to Mary, only daughter of the late Mr. Ingle, of Ripley.—In London, the Rev. J. Rawson, dissenting minister, of Pontefract, to Ann, daughter of J. Clough, esq. banker and postmaster, of Selby.—The Rev. W. Green, of Elyington, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Is. Grayson, of York.—Mr. P. Hornby, apothecary, to Miss E. Kimber, both of York.—At Welwick, William, eldest son of W. Harland, esq. of Burton Pidsea, to the only daughter of W. Fewson, esq.—At Leeds, Mr. R. Atkinson, solicitor, of Manchester, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. T. H. Grainger, solicitor.—At Dent, in this county, Mr. R. Tatham, of Burton, in Lonsdale, to the only daughter of H. Mason, esq.

Died.] At York, aged 30, Mr. T. Dunning, law-stationer.—In his 58th year, Mr. Crosby, merchant, of a pious, benevolent, and liberal character.—In her 22d year, Eliza, youngest daughter of Mr. G. Ellis, wine-merchant.—The Rev. R. Benson, late fellow-commoner of Christ College, Cambridge,

bridge.—Ann, eldest daughter of S. Birstall, esq. of Hessele.

At Hull, 24, Mr. Wilders, of the theatre. His benefit had been fixed for a day or two after his decease, and the manager appropriated the receipts to the payment of his debts. He was a young man of talents and merit, and is regretted by all his fellow performers, and by all who knew him.

At Leeds, Mr. Wilby, publican, 48.—Mr. J. Hobson, 45.—Mr. W. T. Trant, 74.—Mr. J. Eastburn, cloth-drawer. His death was occasioned by the rupture of a blood-vessel about a month before.—Mr. T. Jackson, formerly a patten-maker.—Mr. C. Simpson, formerly a wool-stapler.—Mr. D. Hopkins, 31, and after a few days, Hannah, his wife, 29.—Mrs. Kilbinton, 53, relict of the late W. K. esq.—Mr. T. Appleyard, formerly a brewer, 73.

At Halifax, at his sister's house, the Rev. J. Phillips, D.D. vicar of Berstead, Sussex, 68.—Mr. J. Kitchin, hat-manufacturer.—Mrs. Murgatroyd, relict of the late Mr. W. M. worsted-manufacturer, of Roe Bucks, in Warley.—Suddenly, Mr. J. Wild.

At Sheffield, 37, Mr. G. Stocks, optician.—Mrs. Cheney, wife of H. Cheney, M.D.

At Whitby, Mrs. Clark, wife of Mr. C. bookseller, 51.

At Wakefield, in the prime of life, Mr. Webster, soap-boiler.

At Knaresborough, 77, Mrs. E. Collins, daughter of the late Rev. T. C. vicar.

At Northallerton, in his 63d year, Mr. G. Clark, tanner.

At Rippon, 69, Mr. T. Williamson, painter. His talents, as an artist, though not of the first order, were very respectable.

At Huddersfield, 26, Eliza, wife of Mr. J. Glover, woolstapler.—Mr. G. Whitehead, chief constable.

At Pontefract, Mr. J. Moody, formerly of the Bull Inn.

At Burlington, 29, Charlotte, wife of Mr. R. Cross, post-master.

At Burlington Quay, 81, Mr. G. Addy.

At Bradford, Mr. W. Wood, nursery and seedsman. He was a man of superior abilities in his profession, and strict integrity in his dealings.—Mr. Nichols, woolstapler, 21.

At Beverley, in her 86th year, Mrs. Wardell, widow.

At Otley, in his 25th year, Mr. J. Whitehead, currier.

At Thorne, at the parsonage, Sarah, wife of the Rev. E. Rudd, and daughter of the late T. Brook, esq. of York.

At Keighley, at an advanced age, Mary Bradley. This cunning woman, for more than thirty years had supported herself and husband in drinking and other excesses with money obtained from the ignorant,

by ruling their planets, and telling their fortunes.

Mr. T. Wilcock, 73. He was gardener at Thornhill Rectory, nearly half a century.—Mr. T. Howsman, plumber and glazier, of Hunslet.

At Clifton, near York, 23, Margaret, youngest daughter of the late J. Crawshaw, esq. of Button Hall, near Sheffield.—At Fryston Hall, near Ferrybridge, 49, the Rev. T. Lucas. He was seated with his family at breakfast, apparently in excellent health, when he suddenly dropped from his chair and expired, without a groan or a sigh. Mr. L. had discharged, for many years, the duties of domestic chaplain to Mrs. Milnes, and was formerly minister of a Presbyterian chapel, at Morley near Leeds.—Mr. T. Hill, of Headingley, 55, eldest son of the late T. H. esq. of Leeds.

Mr. Carr, of Little Gomersall, 75.

Mr. S. Crowther, iron-founder, of Sowerby Bridge, near Halifax, 64.—Mr. Braine, boat builder, of Methley, 80.—Miss Fleming, of Boston, near Wetherby, 74.

At Sidmouth, where he lodged for the recovery of his health, the Rev. C. Hardy, youngest son of the late J. H. esq. of Low Moor, near Bradford. To the poor of Thorparch he had been a liberal and constant benefactor.

At Heptonstall, the wife of Mr. J. Feanish, Itinerant Methodist preacher.—At Armthorp, near Doncaster, 84, J. Littlewood, esq.

LANCASHIRE.

A new market has been lately opened in Great Charlotte-street, Liverpool. This magnificent structure is allowed to be the most complete and capacious building of the kind in Britain. It is laid out symmetrically, in long and elegant rows of shops, stalls, shambles, &c. intersected by extensive walls; the whole beautifully flagged and perfectly adapted to the accommodation of buyers and sellers of all descriptions.

Married.] At Toxteth Park, the Rev. J. Gibson, A.M. to Martha, 2d daughter of J. Barber, esq. of Aigburth.—At Wigan, A. Fitzadam, esq. of Shiffnal, to the only daughter of J. Thompson, esq.—At Colne, Mr. J. Hurst, of or near Huddersfield, to Marianne, daughter of J. Wilson, esq.—J. Machel, esq. of Newby Bridge, to Rosette, daughter of Capt. T. Saunders, of the East India Company's service.—W. Lucas, esq. merchant of Liverpool, to the only daughter of J. Hind, esq. of Everton.—Mr. H. Withington, merchant of Manchester, to Mary, daughter of S. Smith, esq. of Belmont.—J. Shipley, gent. formerly of Sheffield, to Miss H. Johnson, of Liverpool.

Died.] At Lancaster, 79, Mrs. Ellen Wilkinson,

Wilkinson, formerly of Clapham, in Yorkshire.

At Manchester, 37, Mr. S. Dutton, eldest son of Mr. D. linen merchant.—Mr. J. White, principal clerk to the proprietor of the Mercury and Volunteer, for nearly 30 years.—Ann, 2d daughter of Mr. Wilson, grocer.—In his 37th year, Mr. J. Broadbent.—Mrs. Clegg, widow of the late Mr. C. manufacturer, 63.—Mrs. M. Beardsley, of the Elephant Inn, widow, 46.

In Salford, 78, Mrs. A. Crompton, relict of the late Mr. J. C. dyer. To the poor she was a benevolent protectress.—Mr. J. Ingham, 51.

At Liverpool, in his 59th year, J. Mill, esq.—Mr. R. Cummins, master of the King's Dock.—Mr. W. Baylis, 44.—Mr. J. Brocklebank, builder.—Mr. T. Bindloss, 42, clerk of the customs.—Amelia, wife of J. Walker, lieut. R.N., 36.—Mrs. Curry, 63. Mr. R. Unsworth, soap boiler, 50.—Mary, relict of the late Mr. M. Stephenson, attorney, 77.—Mr. C. Shaw, painter, 28.—Mrs. J. Harrison, widow of the late Mr. J. H. corn merchant, of Mount Vernon, 54.—Mr. E. Gillow, painter.

At Blackburn, 67, Mr. J. Aspden, of the Ship Public-house, in which he had resided 37 years.—Mr. J. Folds, jun. butcher, 25.—At the vicarage, in his 63d year, T. D. Whitacre, LL.D. and F.R.S. His classical attainments were highly estimated, and his local histories of Lancashire and Yorkshire, evince an intimate acquaintance with the domestic annals of those districts.

At Oldham, in the prime of life, Hannah, wife of Mr. J. Hartley, ironmonger.

CHESHIRE.

Married.] At Chester, lieut. Watkis, R. Artillery, to Jane, 3d daughter of the late Rev. R. Leach, vicar of Llanfraid, Montgomeryshire.—At Pennyminned, Isle of Anglesea, Mr. J. Williams, youngest son of W. W. esq. comptroller of the Customs at Beaumaris, to Miss Rowlands, of Braint.—Mr. W. Fairclough, merchant of Manchester, to Sarah, daughter of Mrs. Sandbach of Willow green, in this county.

Died.] At Chester, Mrs. Becket, wife of Mr. S. B. cheese-factor.—Mrs. A. Sharp, 89.—Mrs. Foepel.—Mr. R. Lewthwayte, anchorsmith.—Miss E. Hope, 17.—Mr. W. Roberts, 83.—Miss Haywood, 43.

At Macclesfield, Mr. G. Avery.

Penelope, wife of J. Jones, esq. of Llewinn Onn, Denbighshire.—Mr. W. E. Underhill, eldest son of Mr. U. of Eaton Mascott, near Salop.—In his 28th year, Mr. D. J. Charles, only surviving son of the late Rev. T. C. B.A. of Bala, Merionethshire.—At Salop, M. Hamer, wife of the Rev. J. H. rector of Bangor, in Carnarvonshire.—Aged 56, Mr. J. Irlam, of the Ship Inn, at Irlam, near Warrington.—Mr. Hilditch, of Smallwood, 74.—Mrs. Bennett, wife of E. B. esq. of Parkgate, formerly of Liverpool.

MONTHLY MAG. No. 364.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married.] At Derby, Mr. Day, to the only daughter of the late Mr. W. Walker.—Mr. Hill, of Hanley, Staffordshire, to Miss E. Bryer, 2d daughter of Mr. B. of Markeston Park, near Derby.—Mr. J. Unwin, to Miss Parsons, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. P. rector of Carsington.

Died.] At Derby, on a visit to his friends, 55, Mr. T. Ford, of Chesterfield.

At Ashbourne, 25, George, eldest son of M. Pilkington, esq. of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. G. Barker, esq. of Darley-hall, 69.

Mr. J. Newton, of Clow, near Chesterfield. As a neighbour and friend, his hand was ever ready to assist.

Miss Bradshaw, of Denby, daughter of the late G. B. gent. of Makeney.

At Foulbrook Farm, near Derby, 80, Mr. Greatrex, well known for many years to the sporting world.—At Stapenhill, in his 57th year, J. Peel, esq. late of Bowes Farm, Middlesex.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Married.] At Nottingham, P. Wright, esq. of the 7th Dragoon Guards, to Mary, only daughter of the late B. Drawater, esq. of Mansfield.—At Clifton, Mr. E. Hallam, jun. an opulent farmer, to Miss E. Shaw, of Ruddington.—The Rev. H. Evans, curate of Eastwood, to Sarah, daughter of the late T. Walker, esq.

Died.] At Nottingham, 45, Mrs. Raynor, wife of Mr. R. druggist.—Mrs. Palethorp, 64.—Mrs. Lee, 33.—Miss Maryanne Coxe, 18.—Mrs. Bunting, many years a nurse in the town and neighbourhood.—Mrs. A. Orme, 30.—Mrs. Gawthern, relict of the late F. G. esq. 64.—Mrs. Millard, 38.—Mrs. Sadler, 55.

At Newark, 61, Mr. J. Lawton, of the Kingston's Arms.—In his 100th year, Mr. Edward Nail.—Mrs. Capern, widow, 68.

At Mansfield, Mrs. Milliott, widow.

At Ollerton, 75, J. Swan, esq. an eminent medical practitioner.

At New Basford, 47, Mr. W. Gleddel, jun.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Married.] S. Atkinson, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Mr. R. Wood, surgeon, of Barton.—Mr. C. Swan, of Grantham, to Sarah, 2d daughter of Mr. H. Brown, of Melton Mowbray.—At Grantham, Mr. King, of Melton Mowbray, to Miss Turner, daughter of the late Mr. T. Banker.—At Barrow, Mr. W. Gay, solicitor of Barton, to Miss A. Morris.

Died.] At Lincoln, 77, Mr. J. Scott. Though possessed of a handsome property, he kept no servant, nor any companion in his house, except Sancho, his faithful pointer. Notwithstanding certain oddities, he was of a cheerful and friendly disposition, and spent much of his time in convivial parties. Mr. S. was a member of the Witham Lodge, (Free Masons) and had been many years Provincial Grand Architect.

M

teet

test for this county. He was a worthy character, and his remains were interred with masonic honours, a large number of brethren of Lincoln and the neighbourhood, and a numerous assemblage of other friends attending the funeral. Mr. T. Beckwith, 82, father of the Rev. T. F. B. vicar of East Retford.

At Gainsborough, 19, Mr. J. Higgins, son of Mr. H. manager of some provincial theatres, who died a few weeks ago. Also the Rev. J. Fothergill, vicar, prebend of Corringham, &c.

At Huntingdon, on his return from London, 57, the Rev. J. B. Sharp, of Stamford, rector of Martin, near Horncastle.

At Louth, 42, S. H. Inett, esq.

In his 76th year, the Rev. G. Holwell, B.D. vicar of Rigby in this county and rector of Ripley in Yorkshire. The Rev. R. Benson, A.M. for forty years vicar of Heckington.—Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Reckerby, an opulent grazier of Holbeach Marsh.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

A general meeting has been called of the inhabitants of Leicester, to consider of the best means of *enlightening* the inhabitants and *amending* their ways. Of the necessity of these measures several speakers in a select meeting declared their thorough conviction, but others, though agreeing to the necessity, thought the task impracticable. An effort, however, will we hope be made, and we shall be happy to report from time to time on the results.

Married.] At Leicester, Mr. G. Beale of Ullesthorp, to Miss E. Jarvis.—Mr., Chamberlain, to Miss Gamble, of Lowesby.—Mr. R. Hawley, farmer and grazier, of Oakham, to Miss A. Girton, late of Shelsford, in this county.—At Stathern, Mr. A. Shipman, of Eaton Lodge, to Miss M. Hilton.

Died.] At Leicester, the wife of R. Tebutt.—Mr. S. W. Morgan, clerk in the Law Offices of Messrs. Miles and Co.—Mrs. A. Gibson, late of the Green Dragon Inn, 73.

At Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Mr. W. Rozzel, eldest son of the late Mr. W. R. Master of St. Martin's School in Leicester. He possessed talents more than adequate to the appointments he sustained. He was second master of the Free Grammar School.

At Loughborough, Mr. P. Chaplin, formerly a publican.—The wife of Mr. Sutton, tailor.

At Market Harborough, Mrs. Foster, 68.—Mrs. Ingram, widow, 71.—Mrs. Fitton, 52.—Mrs. Waterfield, of the Hind Inn, 72.—Mrs. Goodman, 82.

At Uppingham, Mr. Gamble, sen.

At Lutterworth, Mr. Bottril, printer and bookseller.

At Hinckley, 73, Mr. J. Neale.

At Kegworth, C. Hayes, esq. of Liverpool. On opening the corpse, a quantity of coagulated blood was found in the brain. He had been addicted to the pastime of jumping in his juvenile days, and his complaint which was somewhat problematical was inferred to this. His health had long been in a declining state.

In his 57th year, Mr. J. Rawson, of Wimeswould.—At Hugglescote Grange, 83, Mrs. Bainbrigge, relict of the late W. B. esq.—Mary, wife of W. Wood, gent. of Swinford.

At Staunton Wyvill, at his father's house, 35, Mr. Dunmore; described as a young man of great virtue and talents.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Wolverhampton, Mr. J. Scott, of Rugelay, to Miss S. Aldritt, of Bilstone.—Mr. N. Turner, methodist missionary (intended) to New Zealand to Miss Sargent, of Etruria.

Died.] At Stafford, 74, Mrs. S. Smith.

At Litchfield, suddenly, M. J. Bond, sen.

At Burton upon Trent, in his 21st year, Mr. G. Parrott, 4th son of Mr. J. P. solicitor, late of Wolverhampton.

At Wolverhampton, 61, Margaret, wife of Mr. R. Fenn, coachmaker.—Mr. W. Fletcher, 34.—Mrs. L. Morris, 50.—In his 44th year, J. Weeldon, esq. a kind and liberal benefactor to the poor.

At Wednesbury, 74, Mrs. Hawe, widow.

At Uttoxeter, in his 71st year, of short but violent spasms, the Rev. S. Chester.

At Leek, Mr. W. Sutton, silk manufacturer.

At Wood Farm, near Newcastle, 34, Mrs. Cordwell.

At Maple Hayes, near Litchfield, Marianne, wife of C. D. Broughton, esq.

WARWICKSHIRE.

At a late meeting of land owners and occupiers, at Warwick, a petition to Parliament for protecting duties, &c. was unanimously agreed to.

The chapel at Atherstone has been lately enlarged and a spacious gallery erected, by which the poor, who had no other accommodation than what the aisles afforded, are now provided with three hundred free sittings.

Married.] The Rev. J. Chambers, curate of Willoughby, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Mr. Chambers. of Milcote, near Stratford upon Avon.—At Dursley, Mr. E. Smith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. Player.—The Rev. G. P. Harper, curate of West Bromwich, to S. Isabella, 3d daughter of the late W. Paul, esq. of Bole Hall, near Tamworth.

Died.] At Warwick, in his 43d year, Mr. C. Baly, of the Wool-pack Inn.

At Birmingham, in her 49th year, Mary, wife of Mr. W. Ashford.—Mr. J. Plumb.—Mrs.

Mrs. M. Turner.—Mrs. Coxe, 73.—In her 20th year, Mrs. E. Tarlington,—Susannah, wife of Mr. Chapman, organist of St. Martin's.

At West Bromwich, 78, Mrs. Lewty, widow.

At Alcester, 70, J. Brandish, esq. surgeon in ordinary to the Duke of Sussex.—Maria, wife of Mr. G. Bill, jun. of the Sand Pits, 38.

At Henley in Arden, in his 69th year, Mr. T. Wallington, quarter-master of the yeomanry cavalry.—At Brierley Hill, near Dudley, 57, Mr. I. Taylor, builder.

Nov. 22, at her father's house in Philadelphia, the wife of Mr. S. Walker, merchant of Birmingham—I. Lowe, esq. of Bordesley, near Birmingham.

SHROPSHIRE.

Married.] At Easthope, J. Kaye, esq. to Miss E. Ames.—At Bishop's Castle, Mr. J. Randles, of Knighton, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. G. Barrett.—At Ludlow, R. Gibson, esq. surgeon, of Madras, to Hannah, daughter of the late E. Acton, esq.

Died.] At Shrewsbury, 53, Mr. Stevens, shoemaker.—Mr. J. Jordan, of the Unicorn Inn.—Mrs. Jones, widow, 66.

At Bridgnorth, in her 87th year, Mrs. M. Bree.

At Oswestry, R. Irlam, esq. 74.—Thomas, eldest son of T. Hilditch, esq. 17.—Miss Hughes, 25.

At Church Stretton, in his 84th year, Mr. Bridgman, tanner.

At Marlow, near Ludlow, Mrs. Cowdell, mother of the Rev. H. C. curate of Lintwardine.

At Shiffnal, 30, Miss E. Lovatt.

Mary, wife of R. Smith, esq. of Shares Hill.

At Bishop's Castle, Mr. J. Bower, maltster.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Great damage has been sustained in the vales, by the floods sweeping away live and dead stock, and in some parts the dwellings of the inhabitants. Letting water off the lands has been the general operation throughout numberless districts, in this and the adjacent counties. The number of destructive floods in almost every part of the country, and of shipwrecks on the coast, is truly lamentable.

Married.] Mr. E. Tyrer, jun. of Worcester, to the only daughter of R. Watkins, esq. late of Aberystwith.—Mr. T. Lewis, of Worcester, to Ann, 2d daughter of Mr. Young, of Begbrook Hill, Oxon.

Died.] At Worcester, in his 83d year, Mr. J. Saunders—G. G. Bolstrode, esq. 77.

At Great Malvern, 63, after thirteen months of unparalleled suffering, Sir Jonathan Cope, bart. uncle to the Duchess of Dorset.

In Liverpool, Mrs. S. Smith, widow, 74, late of Redditch in this county.

T. Barnes, esq. of Holdfast House, near

Upton-upon-Severn, 83.—At Higham Park Lodge, in his 69th year, Mr. J. Jenkins, gamekeeper to Sir B. W. Guise, bart. During forty years, he retained the confidence of his employer, and the good will and esteem of others.

Aged, 66, J. Berrow, esq. of Bourn Park, near Upton-upon-Severn.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The silver tankard and a hogshead of cyder, purchased by a subscription of one shilling each, from the freeholders and yeomen of this county, were presented, Dec. 7. to Joseph Hume, esq. M.P. in grateful acknowledgment of his recent public services.

Married.] C. Harwood, esq. of Stourbridge, to Ann, daughter of the late E. Moxam, esq. of Bromyard.—At Kentchester, John, 2d son of W. Reynolds, esq. of St. Mary Hill, London, to Jane, eldest daughter of J. Hardwick, esq. of the Wear, in this county.

Died.] At Hereford, in his 79th year, Mr. B. Farmer, gun-maker.

At Newport, in his 44th year, T. Foley, esq. son of the late Hon. A. Foley, M.P. for Droitwich and this county.

At Leominster, in his 56th year, J. Tudor, esq. a member of the corporation.

At Allensmore, near Hereford, in the 120th year of his age, Thomas Gilbert.

At the Wittern, Abigail, wife of the Rev. W. Domville, rector of Winforton.—In the East Indies, in his 22d year, Lieut. J. G. Hannington, youngest son of the Rev. Dr. H. of Hampton Bishop, in this county.—At Hampton, Dr. Hannington, father of the last mentioned, and prebend of Hereford Cathedral. To the erudition of the scholar, he united the manners of the gentleman, and the benevolent, endearing amenities of social intercourse.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

Mr. Hume, passing through Gloucester, Dec. 15th, the mayor and a deputation of his brethren, presented him with the freedom of the city, beautifully engrossed on parchment. This was in acknowledgment of the high sense which the corporation entertain of his public services.

Married.] Mr. Marling, of Woodchester, to Miss Farlan, of Stroud.—Mr. A. Jones, of Bristol, to Sarah, 2d daughter of W. Joyner, esq. of Olveston.

Died.] At Gloucester, 58, Mr. W. Wood, maltster.

At Cirencester, 74, Esther, wife of Mr. S. Bowley.—Aged 29, John, 2d son of Mr. R. Haviland, distiller.—In her 22d year, Miss Date, eldest daughter of Mr. D. of the King's Head Inn.

At Bristol, 57, Mr. J. Griffiths, late sergeant major of the Bristol volunteers.—Mrs. E. Foley, wife of Mr. C. F. currier.—In her 75th year, Mrs A. Greenaway, widow,

widow, late of Downend.—Aged 91, Mr. Joseph Pearce; he was a methodist 70 years, and the only surviving one in the city of the first establishment.—Mr. T. Webb, maker of gauging instruments.—Aged 21, Peregrine, eldest son of the late N. Stockdale, esq. of Drimpton, Dorset.

At Painswick, 67, Sarah, relict of the late Mr. T. Hogg, whose kindness of heart, together with her steady and successful exertions, during a long period of widowhood, to promote the welfare of a numerous family, entitle her to be remembered, with grateful affection, by a large circle of relatives and friends.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Married.] On the third of December, at Charles Town, South Carolina, J. M. Matheson, esq. to Mary, youngest daughter of Mrs. Field, late of Holywell, in Oxford.—At Oxford, Mr. J. Davenport, jun. to Anne, 2d daughter of Mrs. Carter.—At Cassington, Mr. W. Kerwood, to Miss Hales.—W. White, esq. of Tavistock-square, London, to the only daughter of J. Bull, esq. of Oxford.

Died.] At Oxford, the Rev. T. Hodson, D.D. Principal of Brazenose College, Regius Professor of Divinity, &c.—Miss Williams, stationer, 43.—In her 23d year, Charlotte, only daughter of Mr. Randall, livery stable-keeper.—Sarah, wife of Mr. W. Morris.—James, second son of Mr. Gardiner, city marshal, 18.—Mr. H. Tash, many years master of the Three Goats inn.—Eliza, eldest daughter of Mrs. Buckland, 23.

At Banbury, 63, C. Wyatt, esq. formerly an eminent banker.

At Bicester, 55, Mrs. M. Jones, of the Cross Keys inn.

The Rev. Mr. Faulkner, vicar of Deddington.—In her 84th year, Mrs. Clark, wife of Mr. R. C. brewer, of Ambrosden.

BUCKINGHAM AND BERKSHIRE.

The elegant little church, building at Theale, near Windsor, will shortly be ready for the reception of the inhabitants. Mr. Garbett is the architect.

Married.] At High Wycombe, the Rev. T. Boys, to Miss Somers—W. Sykes, esq. only brother of Sir F. S. of Basildon Park, Berks, to Miss Gattery, of Exeter.—The Rev. S. Sherman, of Reading, to Mary, daughter of H. R. Grant, esq. of Bristol.

Died.] At Reading, J. Bickham, esq.

At Buckingham, suddenly, Mr. B. Kirby, baker.

At Windsor, in his 69th year, Mr. Is. Silcock, surgeon.—At Newport Pagnell, in her 78th year, Mary, wife of Mr. G. Knibb.

At West Wycomb, 20, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Rawlinson.

At Cambridge, in his 23d year, C. C. Risley, esq. of St. John's College, and se-

cond son of the Rev. J. R. of Tingewick, Bucks.

Elizabeth, wife of A. Bacon, esq. of Benham, Bucks.

HERTFORDSHIRE AND BEDFORDSHIRE.

Married.] The Rev. R. Cecil, of Harpenden, Herts, to Miss Goodrick, niece to the Rev. J. Gilbert, of Hull.—At Turvey, Mr. G. Hitchcock, hosier, of Leicester, to Letitia, seventh daughter of T. Pinkard, gent.—Mr. T. Fellows, of Rickmansworth, to Mary, daughter of the late T. Howard, esq. of Batchworth Heath House.

Died.] At Bedford, C. Webb, esq. alderman.

At Hitchin, Mr. Sams, collar-maker, Striking the table with great force in waging an assertion, and rising to take out the money, he fell back into his seat and instantly expired.

Aged 74, the Rev. S. R. Weston, D.D. rector of Therfield, near Royston, and a prebend of St. Paul's Cathedral.—At Potton, 80, at the end of a long frolic, W. Livett, gent. an eccentric character, of much native humour, and many natural capabilities.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

The Roman remains (a pavement and other curiosities) lately excavated at Caisor, near Peterborough, are found, on examination, to exceed any thing previously discovered, in point of extent, beauty, and antiquarian value. The ground on which the digging commenced is near the church, and forms part of the premises and freehold of Mr. Wright.

Married.] At Clipstone, Major W. Fawcett, grandson of the late General Sir Wm. F. to C. A. Knox, eldest daughter of H. Coleman, esq. and widow of the late W. K. esq. of Carlton Hall, Leicestershire.—In London, Mr. Z. Stephens, of Empingham in Rutland, to Miss E. Berridge, late of Peterborough.—E. Faux, esq. of Thornby Lodge, to Miss C. Mousley, of Barton-under-Needwood.—W. L. Bicknell, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Louisa, daughter of the Rev. J. Lloyd, of Barnack, in this county.—Mr. T. Goffe, farmer and grazier, of Kings Sutton, to Miss S. Spencer, of Adberbury, Oxon.

Died.] At Northampton, in his 63d year, W. Paine, gent.

At Oundle, 76, Mr. T. Adson, watchmaker, but retired from business. He had been many years an inhabitant, and was eccentric in his mode of living and character.

In his 45th year, Mr. R. Rudd, second son of the late Mr. R. of Hardingstone, near Northampton.

CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

Complaints are made that in the Town Jail at Cambridge, there is neither chapel nor chaplain, nor any to give religious instruction.

instruction. What are we to think of this in a place nearly full of theologians?

Married.] At Bishop's Stortford, W. Gee, esq. solicitor, to Harriett, youngest daughter of Mrs. Norris.—At March Mr. W. Goldin, farmer and grazier, to Miss Bull, of Grandford farm.—Mr. J. Angood, to Miss R. Darby, both of Chatteris.

Died.] At Cambridge, 27, Mr. H. Burbage, cooper.—Mr. J. Barker, hosier, 60.—Mr. E. Shippey, haberdasher 43.—In her 73d year, Mrs. G. Didingham, relict of the late B. G. D. esq. She was a Howard, a branch of which noble family settled at Brockdish Hall, in Norfolk, in the reign of Henry IV. and continued there for many generations.

At Newmarket, 68, Mrs. Kent, widow, of Mr. B. K. painter.

At Wisbeach, Hannah, second daughter of A. Frazer, M.D.

At Caxton, while on a visit to his son, Mr. J. Sitdown, of Huntingdon, 60.

At Alconbury, 62, the Rev. Mr. Williams.

NORFOLK.

At the late county meeting, a number of resolutions, exposing the defective and corrupt state of the representation, were passed unanimously. Lord Albemarle, Sir Jacob Astley, Mr. Coke, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Thurtell, were the principal speakers. The first resolution purported, That the present depressed state of agriculture must speedily lead to the utter ruin of occupiers, &c. unless effectual measures be adopted by parliament, to arrest its destructive progress.

At the Harleston Agricultural Association, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, that "a more laboured, confused, contradictory, and unsatisfactory production than the Report of the Select Committee, never came under their notice."

Married.] At Standford, the Rev. Wm. Knox, son of the Bishop of Derry, to Louisa, second daughter of Sir J. Robinson, bart. of Buckenham House.—At Norwich, Mr. Thompson, to Miss Love, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. L. of Yarmouth.—Mr. Ferriby, surgeon, of Swaffham, to Miss Kirble, eldest daughter of the late Mr. K. of Lexham.

Died.] At Norwich, in her 24th year, Amelia, wife of Mr. H. Gridley, solicitor.

At Lynn, Mr. W. Clack, ship-master.—Mrs. Massingham.—The wife of Mr. Curry, ship-master.

At Aylsham, in her 45th year, Mrs. Weaver, of the Red Lion Inn.

At Wymondham, in his 37th year, the Rev. J. Abbot, minister of the Independent Congregation.

At Attleborough, 80, Mrs. M. King.—Mrs. E. Sewell, of the Griffin Inn.

At Loddon, Mrs. F. Poynter, 70.

At Stanhoe, in his 63d year, Mr. W. Wright, farmer.

At Southtown, Mr. Love, late a surgeon at East Dereham.

At Tombland, 18, the second son of Mr. J. Geldart, jun. wine-merchant.

SUFFOLK.

A correspondent of the Bury Post recommends the following method to destroy slugs upon wheat:—Collect a number of lean ducks; keep them all day without food, and turn them into the fields towards evening; each duck would devour the slugs much faster than a man could collect them, and they would soon get very fat for market.

Married.] J. W. Toosey, esq. of the civil service, in India, to Mary, eldest daughter of W. Deane, esq. of Alton Hall.—Capt. May, of the King's packet, Charlotte, of Harwich, to Mrs. Randall, widow, late of Ipswich.

Died.] At Bury, 98, Mrs. Norman.—Suddenly, while sitting in her chair, Mrs. Johnson, shopkeeper.—Mr. W. Lomax, 63. He had been grave-digger in the town 36 years, and still longer a morrice dancer at the borough elections.

At Ipswich, 76, Mrs. Rowland, widow of Mr. R. parish clerk of St. Mary Key.—The Rev. T. Bolton, perpetual curate of St. Mary Key, &c.—Frances, relict of A. Wood, esq. of Landguard Fort.

At Sudbury, 37, Mr. H. Hayward.

June 22d, at Chupra, in Bengal, in his 22d year, W. H. Smith, esq. of the civil service, eldest son of N. H. S. esq. of Deerbolts, in this county.

At Bildeston, Mr. Makin, shop-keeper.

At Yoxford, B. Whitney, esq. steward to Lady Sparrow, of Brampton Park, near Huntingdon.

At Melton, Ann, wife of Lieut. Col. White, of the East Suffolk militia.

The Rev. W. Cross, rector of Halesworth, &c.

Mr. W. Horrox, boot-maker, of Timworth.—Mr. Shave, sen. farmer, of West Thorp.

At Lavenham, 18, Susan, youngest daughter of Mr. G. East.

At Kessingland, in his 63d year, Mr. T. Cunningham, farmer.

ESSEX.

The new church at Harwich is considered as superior in beauty to any in the county. T. Cobbold, esq. has presented a service of communion plate. J. Hopkins, esq. has presented three stained glass windows for the chancel, tastefully executed, by Mr. Brookes, of London; all surrounded by borders and arches of curious design.

Married.] Mr. H. Firmin, solicitor, of Dedham, to Frances, only daughter of J. Pulham, esq. of Woodbridge.—Mr. T. H. Maberley, of Colchester, to Catherine, youngest daughter of Mr. J. Strutt, of Little Waldringfield.

Waldringfield.—W. Hewett, esq. R N to Miss Stevens, daughter of P. S. esq. of Harwich.

Died.] At Chelmsford, Mrs. Ambrose, relict of the late Mr. J. A. organist.—Mr. W. Smith.

At Colchester, in his 37th year, Mr. N. Hedge, jeweller.

At Harwich, 35, Mr. J. Deex, plumber and glazier. A father and mother, a sister and brother all died in this family within the last twelve months.

In his 67th year, Mr. W. Lilly, miller, of Debenham.

At Saffron Walden, in his 66th year, Mr. J. Rickard, farmer and maltster.

At Witham, after an illness of a few hours, the very Rev. J. Jefferson, Archdeacon of Colchester, Vicar of Witham, &c. He was an able defender of the church, a firm friend of the laws, as a magistrate, a kind mediator in cases which admitted of amicable adjustment, and a warm advocate of charitable and useful works. To him Colchester is indebted for an asylum for the afflicted poor.

KENT.

At a meeting of Agriculturists for the western division of this county, held at Maidstone, a petition to the House of Commons was unanimously carried, purporting among other representations, that "they had entertained the most sanguine hopes of relief from the Select Committee, &c. but had been grievously disappointed.

A petition, similar in its object, was agreed to at the East Kent Agricultural Association, at Canterbury, Dec. 29.

Married.] At Hawkhurst, Mr. T. Reeves, to the youngest daughter of T. Barrow, esq.—At Chatham, Dr. W. Lamert to Miss M. Allen.—At Dover, E. Lynn, esq. of Greenwich Hospital, to Martha, eldest daughter of Mr. W. Hedgecock, shipbuilder.—T. D. Stewart, of Sandwich, lieut. R.N., to Elizabeth, 3d daughter of G. Palliser, esq. of Vache Park, Bucks.

Died.] At Canterbury, in his 40th year, Mr. J. Tevelain, publican.—Mrs. Decaufour, wife of D. D. esq. 52.—Mr. C. Lepine, cabinet maker and a lay clerk of the cathedral.

At Maidstone, 27, Miss E. Ruck.—Rachel, youngest daughter of the late Lieut. W. Elliott, R.N.—R. Mathews, 76, who for a trifling debt, had been incarcerated in the county jail upwards of twelve years.—Miss A. Rachel, 21.

At Tunbridge, 63, Miss Wise, a maiden lady.

At Ramsgate, 86, Mr. R. Stock, formerly of Canterbury.—Mrs. E. Cublen, 52.—Mr. Bugden, 74.—Mr. Cull, sen. 86.

At Chatham, Mrs. Ladd.—W. S. only son of W. Jeffreys, esq. solicitor, 21.—J. Slade, esq. Chief Clerk in the Pay-office in Chatham Dock-yard. He having be-

come backward in making up his accounts, and being in arrears to a large amount, an order was sent to Commissioner Sir Robert Barlow to inspect his accounts. On this gentleman acquainting Mr. S. with his business, the latter opened his desk, and pointing to several bags, said they contained the sums due. On Sir Robert's proceeding to count their contents, Mr. S. left the room, and in a few minutes afterwards, was found in an adjoining stable, weltering in his blood and lifeless, having shot himself through the heart. The greater part of the bags contained only silver, instead of gold. The deceased was nearly sixty years of age, and has left a family of seven sons and daughters.

SUSSEX.

At the late meeting of agriculturists, at Battle, after able speeches from Mr. Curtis and others, it was noticed that Mr. Cobbett was present, and he was invited to take the top of the second table at dinner. His health was cheered, while that of the king and others were drunk, without any such token of respect. Mr. Cobbett treated the subject of distress with much freedom, and the tenor of his arguments was much admired. The Earl of Ashburnham presided at the meeting.

Married.] At Brighton, the Rev. Dr. Styles, to Sophia, 2d daughter of the late J. L. Colville, esq. of Parliament-street, Westminster.—At Chichester, Mr. H. Wiltshire to Miss L. Brown.—T. Yates, M.D. of Brighton, to Olive, widow of the late F. C. street, esq.—T. Dewdney, esq. of Ditching, to Miss S. Davies. of Chepstow, Monmouth.

Died.] At Chichester, 52, Mr. T. Martin.

At Lewes, in her 39th year, Lucy, wife of W. Payne, esq. surgeon.—Mr. R. Williams, of the Pelham Arms Inn.

At Brighton, suddenly, R. F. Wykeham, esq. of Old Windsor.—Susannah, wife of the Rev. H. Dodwell, of Maidenhead.

At Hastings, aged 20, Diana, wife of Col. J. Elphinstone, and only child of C. Clavering, esq. of Riddleham Hope, Northumb.

At Battle, Mr. P. Willard, solicitor, 40.

At Winchelsea, the Rev. D. Hollingbury, rector and chancellor of the Diocese of Chichester.

At East Grinstead, 70, Mr. T. Palmer, postmaster.

HAMPSHIRE.

Married.] At Southampton, R. B. Edyvean, esq. to Mary E. eldest daughter of the late R. Boor, esq.—At Ealing, in this county, Capt. R. Aitchinson, R.N. to Eliza, daughter of the late M. Munro, esq. of the Island of Grenada.—At Lyndhurst, the Rev. C. W. Wodehouse, to Lady Jane Hay.

Died.] At Winchester, Mrs. Williamson, relict of the late Rev. Mr. W. rector of Basingstoke.—W. Drewitt, esq. alderman.—Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late J. Crowcher, esq. of Densworth, Sussex.—

Mr.

Mr. J. Roblin, late master of the White Hart Inn, and one of the regariders of the New Forest, 58.

At Gosport, 69, Capt. G. Morey, R.N.

At Titchfield, J. Boys, esq. 81.

At Fareham, Mr. J. Merrett, auctioneer.

At West Cowes, Miss S. Read, of Fryern Court, 23.

At Kingston, near Portsmouth, Mr. O'Byrne, late surgeon, R.N.

At Bullingdon, Mrs. Hawker, relict of the late Rev. G. R. H. of Wareham.

WILTSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. C. Thick, architect, of Warminster, to Charlotte, daughter of Mr. R. Bird, timber merchant, of King's Stanley, Gloucestershire.

Died.] At Salisbury, 86, Mr. C. Othen, wine and spirit merchant.

At Devizes, Susannah, wife of Dr. Headley.

At Melksham Spa, Mrs. Sherry, mother of Mr. J. H. S. solicitor, of West Lambrook, Somerset.—At Harnam, near Salisbury, 81, Mrs. Lawrence, mother of Mr. L. wine-merchant, of Blandford.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The late floods at Frome were higher than any that have been known in that town for nearly 60 years. The damage sustained amounts to several thousand pounds.

The Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, held their annual meeting on the 17th of December. Addresses to Parliament are agreed upon, calling their attention to the present deplorable state of the landed interests throughout the country.

A meeting was held at Taunton, on the 16th of January, to petition Parliament on the relief of the agriculturists. Dr. Kinglake, in a short but animated speech, ascribed the present distresses of the country, as "the inevitable consequences of a war and funding system of government, that sooner or later must drain the wealth, and involve in pauperism any country, however rich in its native industry, and in its various national resources; and said he considered Parliamentary reform, retrenchment and economy, the only remedies for the existing distress." Mr. Easton, an eminent surveyor, stated that "unless some remedy could be discovered, 500,000 of the most useful class must be ruined." Mr. E. also recommended the "reduction of rents and taxes." The petition was ultimately resolved on.

Married.] Bedel Stanford, esq. of Carn Cottage, Ireland, to Miss Gale, of Angasleigh.—At Blagdon, N. Y. Warren, esq. to Miss Dean, of that place.—At Yeovil, Mr. John Gale, of Market Lavington, to Miss Ball, of Wells.—Mr. R. Andrews, of Cheddar, to Miss A. Hann.—Mr. G. Thomas, to Miss M. Wall, both of Cheddar.—W. Bush,

esq. of High Littleton, to Miss Ann Harding, of Farmborough.

Died.] At Bath, sincerely regretted by her friends and relatives, Eliza, wife of W. Wynne, esq. of Peniarth, Merionethshire.—In Marlbro'-buildings, 74, Elizabeth, relict of Thomas Percival, M.D. of Manchester.—Mrs. Garland.—Sincerely lamented, Catherine, wife of W. Griffiths, bookseller, of Argyle-street.

In Barton-buildings, after a protracted illness, 63, the Rev. Thomas Fothergill, D.D. formerly vicar of Twerton, near that city.—Mrs. Letitia Ironside, widow of Col. G. I.

At Bridgwater, J. Dunning, esq. M.D.—After a long illness, Mr. Henry Shepherd.

At Bishopsteighton, much beloved and deeply lamented, Mary, widow of E. Meadows, esq. youngest brother of the late Earl Manvers, and nephew of Evelyn, last Duke of Kingston.

At Weston, near this city, 34, much lamented, John Richards, esq. youngest son of the Rev. Thomas R. late of Bedford.—After a severe illness, Mary, the wife of Mr. Charles Geary, of Fountain-house.

In the Orange-grove, 78, John Copner, esq.

DORSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Dorchester, Mr. T. Bascombe, of the Dorchester Bank, to Miss Dare.—Capt. Wass, to Miss Clapcott.

Died.] At Dorchester, 61, Mr. F. Oakley, brewer.

At Blandford, in her 65th year, Mrs. A. King, widow.

DEVONSHIRE.

A meeting of the owners and occupiers of land in this county, was held at Exeter, on the 18th of January, for petitioning Parliament relative to the present distresses of the agriculturists. The high sheriff was called to the chair; Col. Drake, of Ippleden, after an appropriate speech, proposed the following resolutions:

1. That in the opinion of this meeting the distress of the agriculturists of this county has, during the three last years, been very severe, and is still alarmingly increasing.

2. That this distress has been chiefly occasioned by the importation of nearly thirty millions of bushels of foreign corn duty free, in 1818 and 1819; by the enormous amount of taxation and parochial rates, as compared with the prices of all agricultural productions; by the undue pressure of that taxation on the landed interest; and by the too speedy return to a metallic currency.

3. That to stay the progress of the distress which the agriculturists are suffering, and which is rapidly spreading among other classes of society, it is the opinion of this meeting that all descriptions of capital however

however invested, should fairly participate in the general onus of taxation; that the most rigid economy should be observed in the public expenditure; and that all the productions of the soil of the United Kingdom should be protected by *efficient* duties from the import of similar commodities, duty free,

The meeting, however, not being sufficiently numerous, a resolution was passed, that a requisition should be sent to the sheriff requesting him to convene a county meeting.

Married.] Capt. J. H. Kerr, of Barnstaple, to Miss E. Brown, of Southmolton.—S. Williams, esq. solicitor, of Plymouth, to Miss Symes, of Essex-street, London.—At Bodmin, Lieut. Edyvean, to Miss Boor, of that town.

Died] At Exeter, 92, Mrs. Mary Cornish.

In Gloster-place, Lady Ximenes, daughter of the late Dr. Manning, of Stoke, Devon, and wife of Sir Morris X. of Bearplace, Berks. universally beloved and regretted.

In Hampton-buildings, Mr. W. Little.—40, Mr. Thos. Bennicke.—73, Mr. Miall.—51, Mrs. E. Dawe.—Mr. R. Rutledge, deeply lamented by his family and friends.

CORNWALL.

Married.] Mr. B. Milliner, of Plymouth, to Grace, youngest daughter of Mr. R. Luke, of East Looe.—At Launceston, Mr. W. King, to Miss J. Dinham.

Died.] At West Looe, 72, Mrs. Rundle, 17, after a lingering illness, Charlotte daughter of Mr. Warren.—At Fowey, 84, Miss Powne.—After a protracted illness, Mr. Brown, solicitor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The contents of our present Number challenge particular respect. We regret our inability to conclude the valuable South American Letter in this Number, but it will be finished in our next, and serve, we hope, as the precursor of others from Mexico, Peru, and Chili, where, as this Magazine is sought after with eagerness, we hope some readers will indulge our wish to receive original information.—Dr. Silliman's account of the Old Man is an article of great curiosity.—The Letter from Spain opens new light in regard to the state of that renovated country, and will confer an especial value on this publication: their Patriotic Song is a novelty of rare interest.—The insolent pretensions of the Quarterly Review, a new and important feature of German Literature, an honest critique on Lord Byron's Dramas, and a superior analysis of Tibullus, occupy Numbers of so many series of papers, which are always sought with eagerness.—The Letter from Sicily concludes a pleasing series.—The Letter from Persia is valuable for its authenticity.—The Paper on Ireland, by a respectable resident land owner, and the details relative to the Slave Trade contain facts deeply interesting to every philanthropist.—Of the STEPHENSIANA we need not speak—it is a bonne bouche, such as we have not been able to lay before our readers since the Walpoliana.—The concluding extracts from Santini, and the view of Napoleon's Tomb would alone distinguish an ordinary Magazine.—Our Varieties, Proemium, and other useful departments will, we flatter ourselves, be found as rich as usual, and superior to their imitations in other Magazines.

The Supplement, which is always the most entertaining part of our series, contains extracts from Cox's Burmhan Empire; from Mrs. Wright's Travels in the United States; from two works on New South Wales; with indexes, &c. &c.

We feel it our duty to state, that some unprincipled person lately imposed upon us relative to the Trottell Plant by forging the name of James Sibbald, of Paisley; but as he referred us to Mr. Lawrence, bookseller, of that town, we hope Mr. L. or some other person will enable us to trace him and bring him to punishment.

WALES.

At a meeting lately held at Swansea, it was resolved to offer a reward of 1000l. to any person who shall destroy the pestilential vapour which arises in the smelting of copper, and effectuate the greatest reduction of the bituminous smoke.

SCOTLAND.

Died.] At Green Hill, the Hon. Sir J. Stuart, bart. of Fetter Cairn, baron of the Court of Exchequer.

IRELAND.

According to the late census, the population of this island amounts to 7,000,000.

Married.] In Dublin, the Rev. W. H. Foster, nephew of Lord Oriel, to Catherine, niece of the Earl of Loughford.

Died.] At Dublin, in her 53d year, Mrs. M. Wolseley, only sister of the late Sir W. W. bart. of Market Wolseley, in the county of Carlow.

At Daly's Town, county of Galway, the Hon. Dennis B. Daly, M P. for the county in successive parliaments upward of forty years. In principle, Mr. D. was a whig.

At Drogheda, the Hon. Catherine L. Montgomery.

ABROAD.

Died.] Near Paris, 51, Lucy, Countess of Lisburne, fifth daughter of the late Lord Courtenay.—72, the Duchess of Bourbon. She was married to the Duke of Bourbon Condé in 1770, but had been for some years separated from her husband.

At Argentan, in France, 60, Col. Lambrecht, R.N. senior officer of that corps at the battle of Copenhagen.

At the village of Pukra, near Futtighur, in the East Indies Capt. E. V. Dunsterville, of the 2d batt. 28th regt. native infantry.